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September
1929



Beginning
Green Timber,
The CURWOOD-MACALARNEY
Romance of a Rogue
Rudyard Kipling - Ethel M. Dell

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WORLD SCHOOLS

THIS month, all up and down McCall Street millions of mothers are getting their children ready for school. Books are ordered, clothes arranged and last words of advice given. How splendid it would be if each of these young people might start out knowing just why he is being sent!

For children do not wait until the school bell rings to begin their search of life. They meet it on the playgrounds, in their father's office, on the way to and from the corner store, and, best of all, at home. The school plays only a part in the symphony of their personal development.

For education is all experience. It begins, and ends, at home. Schools command our children for only a share of each day. We cannot expect them to turn out well-rounded, mature people at Commencement time unless we play our part at home.

The modern home may bridge the gap between

school and modern life even as the pioneer home did in the days of the little red schoolhouse. In that day the child spent fully half his time at home—in the fields, the garden, the kitchen—observing nature at first hand, mastering machinery and the arts of life, or listening to the tales of an itinerant traveler. Yet out of those humble little schools have come many of the foremost figures in American life—Herbert Hoover, Calvin Coolidge, Henry Ford, General Pershing.

Today's children are even more fortunate. The modern home with its devices and improvements is a chemical and electrical laboratory in one. Travel is a commonplace, radio a fact. In the library are books and magazines which hold the treasures of modern living. If we can bring the school into the home and the home into the school, youth may be better served.

—THE EDITOR

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Our frie
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Children
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First Neighbor: "How clean she keeps those children."

Second Neighbor: "Yes, and how spick-and-span she always is herself."



Real cleanliness makes friends everywhere

Our friends choose us just as we choose them now-a-days . . . not because we happen to live next door, but because we are the kind of people they really want to know.

And what suggests most plainly the sort of people we are? Does anything count more than cleanliness? . . . or the lack of it?

Only mothers know how true this is



Every mother knows, when she stops to think of it, that *she sets the standard of cleanliness for all the family.*

Of course it's a responsibility. But isn't it an opportunity as well? . . . a chance for her to help decide in no small fashion and in a *hundred* little ways, the friends they'll make, the fun they'll have, and the successes . . . individually, and as a family?

You can't expect them to

Children only want to play, eat, play. But they must learn to play, wash, eat, play, wash.

You know the saying, "As the twig is bent,



the tree's inclined." By example and direction, mother, first of all, must be a good twig bender.

Then there's father



Does father get a fresh, clean change of clothes every morning? . . . and his fair chance at the tub or shower?

He should. Someone should see that he does. Never before has real cleanliness been so important to the man who wants to get ahead.

It's really rather astonishing

Mother should be an expert in this matter of cleanliness . . . in scheduling it for the family . . . and in achieving it, efficiently.



For think how much of her job has to do with nothing else: baths for baby; bathing and hand-washing regulations for the older children, (to say nothing of face-washing); clean clothes, plenty of them, for everybody; a clean house for everyone; clean towels, clean sheets, clean table-linen, clean dishes, clean food.

It's the very essence of mother's work, real cleanliness . . . and has enormously to do with the health, happiness and success of every one of us!

Two things more . . . very important

To never quite *catch up* with cleanliness in your home or with respect to your *own* appearance, is to be thought of as a poor manager.



So there are two things more that mother must do: she must insist on having all the mechanical and labor-saving aids to cleanliness the family can afford; and she must demand time for her own daily bath, for keeping her hands and hair nice, her complexion clear, her clothes always fresh and attractive.

Real cleanliness does make friends everywhere, and for everyone. And like so many other of the substantial things in life, real cleanliness begins at home . . . is engineered by mother.

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, 45 East 17th Street, New York.



Canby Chambers



Clara Maxwell Taft



Gerald Mygatt

McCALL MIRRORS

ZANE GREY'S GREATEST NOVEL BEGINS NEXT MONTH

THE most intriguing romance this great author ever wrote—"Arizona Ames"—begins in the October McCall's. In Rich Ames, Grey has fashioned a romantic Galahad of the purple sage, a gleaming figure of adventure, who, in a fatal quarrel over the beautiful Nesta, raises his gun in salute and toasts his enemy:

"Tate, heah's to your Arizona!" and rides away in the sunset—a ride that ends only after days and nights of lonely exile in the range land of the West. Certainly, you will want to follow the trail of this gallant hero in his quest for freedom and high adventure through four big installments.

In the same issue, Lady Astor, known and loved all over the world, will tell what the woman of today is thinking about and working toward. And Geraldine Farrar in a ringing challenge to women of the dangerous age pleads: "Let's Dare To Be Ourselves!"

IN ADDITION, this splendid fiction number will contain short stories by some of our most beloved authors. *Jonguil*, a touching story of a mother's love and a daughter's triumph, written for us by Vivien Bretherton; *The Missionary*, by Achmed Abdullah, is a thrilling tale from the hills of India; *A Strange Boy in a Strange Land*, which reveals the amusing experiences of a Japanese boy in New York, is Sarah Addington at her best; Gene Markey has given us a gleaming mystery romance of a Graustarkian kingdom in search of its *Crown Jewels*; and again we have Vingie E. Roe within our pages—a stirring tale of reformation under the title, *The Soul of Ida Belle*.

WHEN living, James Oliver Curwood, of *Silent Men*", was the foremost creator of romance writing in the English language. In his last work, "Green Timber", which begins in this issue, he, with Robert E. MacAlarney, turned his pen to the solution of one of today's greatest problems—the prevalence of crime. Knowing the woods as he did, and having witnessed the healing influence which comes through communion with Nature, he brought the power of the forest to bear on the twisted soul of a good man, who, through environment, had become bad.

WHEREVER McCall's is known, there people also know of Ethel M. Dell, whose *Charles Rex* and *The Hundredth Chance* are two of the greatest love stories ever written. Already hundreds of readers have sent us letters declaring that *The Altar of Honor* surpasses even these masterpieces in the power and daring of its supreme emotion—the love of Charmaine and Rory. This superb serial will continue through six long installments.

AT SIXTY-FOUR, Rudyard Kipling still bears the honor of being the most widely read author in the world. In America his stories appear exclusively in McCall's. Those who tasted the humor of that immortal classic of boyhood, *Stalky & Co.*, will enjoy further accounts of their escapades in this issue.

CLARA MAXWELL TAFT, whose "Emmy and Angela" begins on another page, is a resident of California. She has studied in New York and has traveled extensively. She writes poetry as well as short stories and, what is more, has it accepted.

CANBY CHAMBERS, author of "Stockings," is as young as he looks; yet he has been writing for five years—in the intervals between trips to Vienna and Paris.

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Cover Design Painted for McCall's
By Neysa McMein

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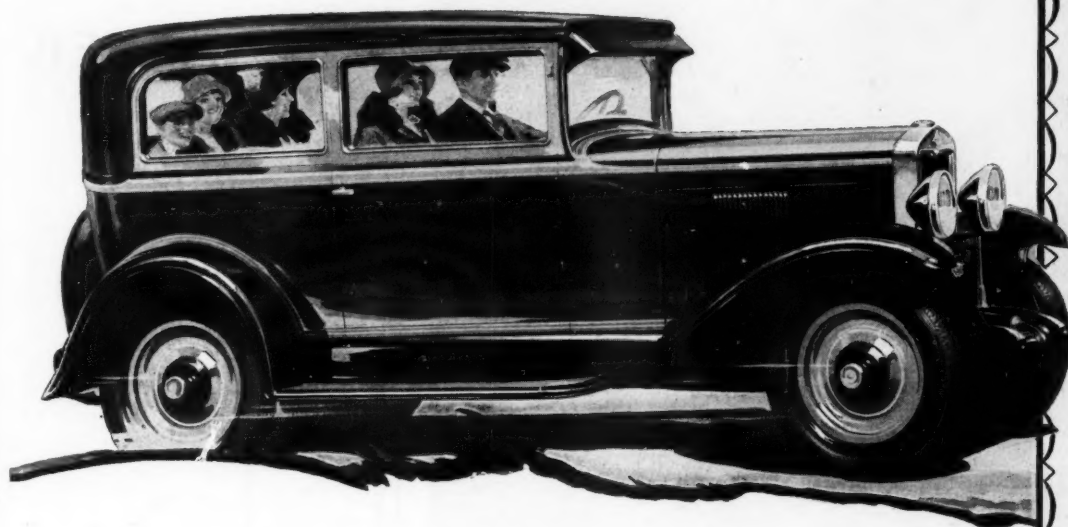
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for Economical Transportation



A SIX

in the price range of the four
that gives you everything you want
in a fine automobile!

It is easy to understand why the new Chevrolet Six is acknowledged one of the most sensational values ever offered the motor car buyer! For here is a Six that provides everything you want in a fine, sturdy automobile—yet it actually sells in the price range of the four!

The Chevrolet Six gives you all the advantages of smooth six-cylinder performance—thrilling acceleration and speed—abundant power that sweeps aside the steepest hills and pulls you out of any driving emergency—and freedom from vibration that adds years of life to the car. And most remarkable of all, it delivers this marvelous performance with an economy of better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline, with extremely low oil consumption.

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It gives you a host of features contributing to riding comfort, ease of control, and long, repair-free life ordinarily to be had only in far more expensive cars. And when you buy a Chevrolet Six, your investment is protected by a nationwide chain of 10,000 Chevrolet Service Stations, employing factory-trained mechanics, using genuine Chevrolet parts with charges based on a low, flat-rate system!

See and drive the new Chevrolet Six! Find out how much more it gives you for your dollar than any other low-priced car you can buy!

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A full ball bearing steering mechanism, a remarkably easy gear-shift, and powerful, non-locking, four-wheel brakes enable you to drive the Chevrolet Six for hours without the slightest fatigue.

Every Modern Convenience

—including twin-beam, foot-controlled headlamps; adjustable driver's seat and VV windshield in all enclosed models; and a completely equipped instrument panel with electric motor temperature indicator and theft-proof Electrolock.

Enduring Quality

Due to the vast combined resources of Chevrolet and General Motors, the Chevrolet Six is built to exceptionally rigid standards of precision, using only the highest quality materials.

Value that defies comparison— reflected in amazing low prices

The Roadster	\$525	The Imperial Sedan	\$695
The Phaeton	\$525	The Sedan Delivery	\$595
The Coach	\$595	Light Delivery Chassis	\$400
The Coupe	\$595	1½ Ton Chassis	\$545
The Sport Coupe	\$645	1½ Ton Chassis With Cab	\$650
The Sedan	\$675		

All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

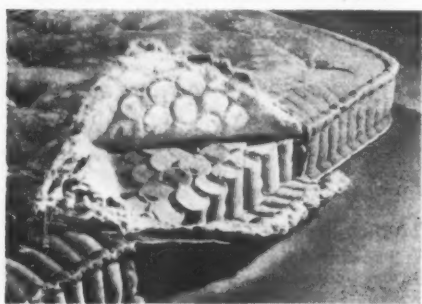
COMFORT? *I never knew real comfort until I got this MATTRESS and SPRING," says*



MRS. JOHN
WANAMAKER

III

A BED ENSEMBLE in Mrs. Wanamaker's home as attractive as it is comfortable! The marvelous Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—already in over 700,000 American homes—is amazingly resilient with strong, upstanding sides. Damask covers, choice of two patterns, six colors. Simmons Ace Box Spring matches Beautyrest in damask covering, integrity of construction, comfort, fine finish. Mahogany-finished Windsor Bed from Simmons, No. 1590, with delicately turned spindles.



Inside the Beautyrest—the superior inner coil structure makes this mattress supreme! Hundreds of finely tempered coils closely packed in separate pockets extend to edges and are stitched firmly in place. Luxurious layers of upholstery cover coils. Damask covers in a choice of six colors and two designs.



The Ace Open Coil Spring—sturdily constructed, low in price. Hundreds of closely placed coils insure marvelous resiliency; special banded border protects sheets.

THE HOME of Mrs. John Wanamaker III in Ardmore, an exclusive residential suburb of Philadelphia, has the gracious air of mingled beauty and comfort typical of America's finest homes.

For this lovely bedroom, to match the sturdy dignity of her old Colonial pieces, Mrs. Wanamaker chose a quaint, mahogany-finished Windsor Bed, No. 1590, from Simmons.

And to insure perfect rest she wisely fitted it with the mattress and spring which women everywhere are finding so much more comfortable.

"Of her Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring Mrs. Wanamaker says, "They're simply matchless—such soft upholstery! And so attractive looking with their trim, upstanding sides. Their damask covers are the final touch of perfection. I chose a lovely rose all-over pattern in charming contrast to my mahogany."

After years of research the Simmons Company has perfected this marvelous Beautyrest Mattress with an inner coil construction that is extraordinarily resilient, and permits perfect distribution of body weight. Their Ace Box Spring, equally buoyant, boasts the same integrity of construction.



MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER III has all the qualities that make the woman of today so charming, so able; an informal cordiality of manner which endears her to her friends, keen judgment and the flair for affairs which characterize the famous family into which she married.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Ace Box Spring, \$42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, \$19.75; Beds, \$10.00 to \$60.00; Windsor Beds, \$12.00 to \$25.00. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons."

SEND 10¢ to the Simmons Company, Dept. A4, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for "Bringing Beauty and Comfort to the Bedroom," a book with bedroom photographs and ideas for home decoration.

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SIMMONS

World's largest makers of

BEDS • SPRINGS • MATTRESSES



Ronald Colman with Joan Bennett in "Bulldog Drummond"

What's Going On In The World

The Lost Chord In Modern Religion

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

DR. DAY, pastor of Christ Methodist Episcopal Church of Pittsburgh, is one of a growing group of gifted young men of the pulpit who find themselves drawn together, far beyond sect lines, into a larger fellowship of realistic faith and enterprise. His recent book, *Present Perils in Religion*, is a forthright handling of old orthodoxy and new heresy alike, bringing the insight of a fresh mind to the issues of our time, speaking clearly and with prophetic accent.

"Something is missing in modern religion," says Dr. Day; "everyone is aware of it. There is a lost chord of music, a dimmed radiance, a poverty of power felt everywhere. We sit dumbly at the instrument of the Church, fumbling at the keys, unable to recapture the heavenly hosanna that has died away. An ineffable melody has ceased, and the world is left wistful and lonely—the thrilling songs once heard at our altars are seldom sung today.

"Of course it is nothing new; such times have been known before, in obedience to the law of ebb and flow of faith in the heart of the race. Christianity began with the sublimest melody that ever fell upon the ears of men, which in time was muffled and depressed, until it was well nigh lost in the Dark and Middle Ages. It swelled out once again in the lofty strains of the Reformation, but again formalism came back.

"Again it welled up in the Methodist Revival in England, and London escaped the passions which filled the streets of Paris with revolution and made its gutters run with blood. It leaped the Atlantic, awakened pioneer souls on the new continent and in them went singing through the wilderness of America, making a vital contribution to the New World Symphony which was being written and which had as fair a beginning as any national movement in history.

"But, alas, that high music has been hushed. Everywhere throughout the Church there is a vague sense of loss, of something wrong. Some think this can be overcome by some new device, some magic of method, by making up in 'pep' what is lacking in prophecy; but

REV. ALBERT EDWARD DAY, D. D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

it cannot be done. No new card-index, no art of salesmanship, no go-getter-push can supply a lack of creative faith, of spiritual dynamic. There must be a new chord of

faith, deeper and more challenging than either literalist or liberal now knows, if the lost radiance of religion is to be restored.

"Slowly we are attaining breadth in religion, but at the expense of depth, power, vitality, needed to make a new type of man and a more humane social order. Faith in Christ we must have, yes; but it must be more than a faith about Him. It must be such faith in Him that will move us to make trial of His way of living in our dealings with men, groups and nations. And that way of Christ-like living must reveal its reality and power, first, in the Church, in new unities, in deeper fellowship, in creative coöperation.

"Some will think that I am about to make a plea for Christian mysticism. I am! In spite of its errors or excesses in the past, mysticism is the soul of religion, without which its head, which does the thinking, is cold and hard, and its hands are limp or harsh. It is that vital spark, this haunting note that one misses in the religion of today.

"What is this mystic experience? It is neither occult nor esoteric. It is the realization, the finding real, in our hearts, of what is already true to us in idea. It is such an intuition, or experience, of union with the whole which gives unity and meaning to all its parts; such an affinity of the soul of man with God that the soul becomes aware of God and of its oneness with Him. Here is the heart and core of religion, and to miss it is to miss both its meaning and its power.

"Why do we need a deeper religious life?" Dr. Day asks in conclusion. "Because the Church has too many business men who deny the law of service; too

many politicians in league with rotten political machines; too many rich who are vain and selfish; too many poor who are envious, because all of us know hardly the first meaning of the religion which Jesus taught. Even we who stand in the pulpit every Sunday summoning our people to trust Christ have not yet found our hearts ready to follow Him."

Here is plain speech going to the roots of things, telling us what we have lost, and why our religion seems no longer satisfying; it is a revaluation of Christ in thought, a recovery of Him in mystical experience, and a daring obedience to Him in practice.

Back To Normal

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

ALTHOUGH less than a year has passed since the movietone first began to assume the proportions of an international menace, the talking picture is now as completely an accomplished and accepted fact as though it had been in existence since the Golden Age of Pericles. Even that offensive word "talkie" has begun to disappear from everyday language; the equally offensive term "movie" is coming back into current use and is being applied to all forms of celluloid entertainment without regard for sound.

There is a good reason for this adjustment of the popular point of view; the film producers themselves, having gone through a period of hysterical indecision, have finally learned that the addition of spoken dialogue does not necessarily convert a moving picture into a mere reproduction of a stage play. When first confronted by the terrifying microphone, the actors and directors of Hollywood promptly forgot all that they had learned about the art of the cinema and proceeded to behave as though they were facing the footlights of a Broadway theater. Now they have recovered from the shock and they are going back to the work of making moving pictures. Consequently, most [Turn to page 104]



Dr. Albert Day



R. C. Sherriff,
author of
"Journey's End"

What's Going On In The World

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

War And Life

WHAT can we know of war—we who have never grappled with death, hunting us down with a thousand hands and helmets; we who have never known the sick stench of poison gas, the long starvation of life in the trenches, the tension of ceaseless bombardment, the irony of furloughs, the agonizing death of comrades? We can know nothing, of course. And yet it is highly important that we should at least try to understand what war is like, since we, or our children who come after us, will be the ones to decide whether there shall be another war, greater and more terrible than the last. For such an understanding we can only look to books. Up until the present time there have appeared more than a few vivid narratives, but each, it seems to me, has presented only one man's, or one group of men's, personal impressions.

Now at long last we have a book that speaks for every soldier, for the Unknown Soldier, if you will, no matter what country he fought for. Written by Erich Maria Remarque, a young German of French descent, who went up into the trenches at the age of eighteen. *All Quiet on the Western Front* purports to be "neither an accusation nor a confession, and least of all an adventure, but a simple account of a generation of men who, even though they may have escaped its shells, were destroyed by the war." Himself a man with a sensitive nature, Remarque has achieved the amazing feat of telling the whole truth about a soldier's life and thoughts, without a trace of per-

sonal bitterness, but at the same time with an eloquence and a poetic sense that give the book the stamp of genius. Already it has reached the unparalleled sale of 400,000 copies in Germany, while in England the critics are hailing it as the greatest book of the war; and nine other countries are soon to have the opportunity to read it in translation.

A vivid, although briefer drama of the Great War, is to be had in *Journey's End*, the English play by R. C. Sherriff, which all New York is flocking to see, and which is now available in book form. Here the chief characters are all men of education and breeding. It is this very breeding, this fatal susceptibility to imagination, this inability to stop thinking, which drives Captain Stanhope to constant drinking and to terrific outbursts of temper. Yet it is only that way that he can carry on and lead his company with the courage which he demands of himself. Set over against him is his best friend, an ex-school master, who sees the horrors of war no less clearly, but who manages to [Turn to page 105]

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

Stravinsky's "Wedding Rites"

IT IS an interesting speculation, even if it is not a particularly fruitful one, to wonder just what the career of Igor Stravinsky would have been without Sergei Diaghileff. For Diaghileff is the founder and director of the famous Russian Ballet; and it was for Diaghileff and his ballet that Stravinsky wrote the five works upon which his fame as a composer largely

rests. Without the *Ballet Russe* there would have been no "Fire-Bird," no "Petrushka," no "The Nightingale," no "The Rites of Spring," no "Wedding Rites."

In Europe, of course, even if there had been no Diaghileff, there might have been someone else. But not here. You would naturally expect a movie-mad public like ours to be interested in the art of pantomime, since for fifteen years several millions of us have been looking at little else. Yet so innocent are we of any organized ballet season company that, with all our boasted up-to-dateness in music, even Stravinsky has had to wait years to get an American hearing for his most important works. The "Fire-Bird" dates from 1910 and "Petrushka" from 1912. Both have long been in the current orchestral repertoire, yet not until 1916 did we see them in their original ballet form. "The Nightingale," written in 1912, had to wait fifteen years for an American stage production (at the Metropolitan Opera House).

"The Rites of Spring," written in 1913, has, so far as I know never been seen here at all in its stage form. [Turn to page 104]



From the "Russian Wedding Rites" by Stravinsky

Serve Color with your next meal



Here's a bright idea for that dull and dreary dining-room



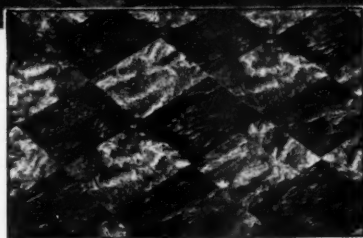
Embossed Inlaid No. 5032

WOULD you like a simple recipe for adding new zest to the meals you spend so much time in preparing? It's easy, not costly, almost magical in its effect. Just serve color with each course—cheering color, color that perks up jaded nerves as well as jaded appetites.

First take a few moments next time you are shopping. Spend them in a good department, furniture, or linoleum store. There you will see the latest floor fashions in Armstrong's Linoleum—scores of them for every type of room.

Next select just the one you've always dreamed of having in your home—a textured flagstone, perhaps . . . or a soft-toned Jaspé . . . even a rich, regal marble effect.

Shortly after breakfast a few days later remove all the furniture from your dining-room. Take a last look at the old,



Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid No. 95

time-worn floor. For by early afternoon, in plenty of time for the evening meal, that old floor will be out of sight and out of mind. And for keeps!

Other decorative touches will suggest themselves once your new Armstrong Floor is in place—firmly cemented over builders' lining felt. In fact, you'll find your own good taste inspired to do many original things with walls, woodwork, and windows by the smart color and design of your new Armstrong Floor.

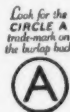


Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum No. 18

You'll make, too, many more happy discoveries. Your new floor is quiet, springy to the step, warm. And it's so easy to keep clean! Its surface, you see, is Accolac-Processed, made spot-proof, stain-proof. Dirt wipes right up. Light

waxing and polishing keeps it gleaming. Even where floors may need washing (kitchens, baths, halls) care is simplified—just an occasional freshening up with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

"New Ideas in Home Decoration" brings you a bookful of rooms in all their natural colors. Its author, Hazel Dell Brown, tells you a clever yet simple way to plan your own color schemes, to know in advance just how each room will look. This helpful guide will be sent for 10¢. (Canada, 20¢.) Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 321 Lincoln Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.



Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN . . . INLAID . . . EMBOSSED . . . JASPÉ . . . PRINTED . . . ARABESQ and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

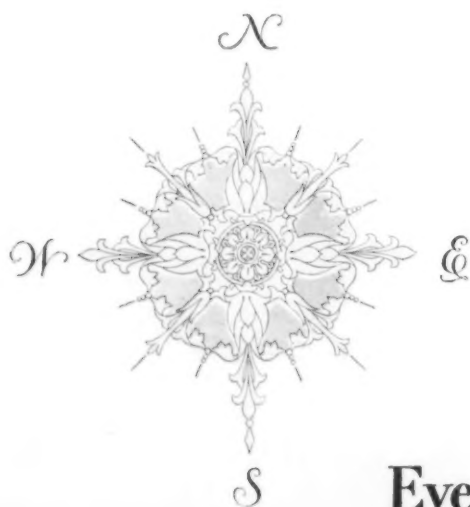
Why the largest-selling



East "A nice, white soap . . . makes clothes whiter"—Mrs. C. R., Maine.



West "Makes suds in the hardest water"—Mrs. L. D. S., Arizona.



When you go into your grocer's store, you see great piles of PANDG the White Naphtha Soap in his windows or on his shelves and counters.

Then you learn that this fine *white* soap is the largest-selling soap—not only in America, but in the world.

And, since you know that PANDG is a laundry and household soap of un-

surpassed quality—giving rich suds and fine results quickly and safely—perhaps you wonder how it can be sold at prices actually lower, ounce for ounce, than those of other soaps—why the big *white* cakes are larger than all others at anywhere near the same prices!

The answer may interest you: Millions upon millions of cakes of PANDG

Every year more and more women are turning

g soap in the world costs less than ordinary soaps!



North "Brighter colors—and much less rubbing"
—Mrs. A. H., Montreal, Canada.



South "No yellow soapy streaks after rinsing"
—Mrs. L. M., Alabama.

are sold every month of the year. This fact enables Procter and Gamble, its makers, to purchase in enormous quantities the fine materials which make it so white, safe, and efficient.

Now, as you know from your own experience, large quantities always cost proportionately less than small quantities. Furthermore, the cost of large-scale manufacturing is proportionately

less than the cost of small-scale manufacturing.

This, then, is the reason why PANDG's exceptional quality can be offered to you at such low prices.

If PANDG were *not* the largest-selling soap, it would have to cost you much more than it does. It is the largest-selling soap because it is such a fine soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



to white soaps – and most of them are using P and G



Why

do salespeople everywhere
advise Ivory—
*for fine silks,
colored woolens,
baby clothes,
stockings*

Read the statements of these experts

Wherever you live—as far east as Boston, or as far west as San Francisco—you will find that the salespeople in the finest stores of your own city advise Ivory for washing the nicest things they sell.

"Use Ivory" is definite enough for the majority of customers. But if you should ask, "Why?" you would receive some very interesting answers.

Here are typical statements made to customers by salespeople in cities scattered all over the country.

"For all kinds of silks Ivory is best. Other soaps are likely to be too strong. All the manufacturers who sell to us advise Ivory." (Richmond, Virginia)

"Use Ivory Flakes for glove silk. Ivory is very mild and won't fade the garment. Many other soaps cut and rot silk in time." (Leading New York store)

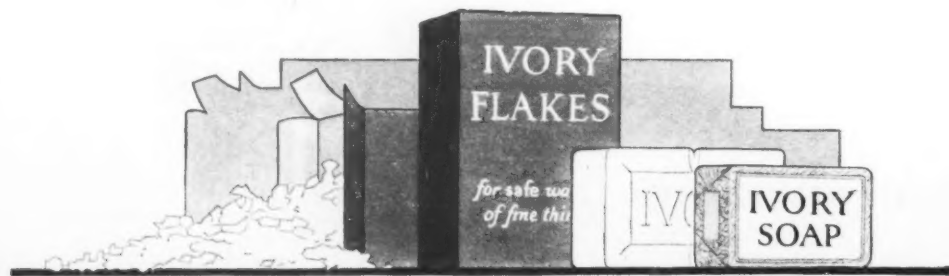
"Use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes if you want to get the most wear out of your stockings. This make of hosiery is washed at the factory with Ivory. So you see Ivory is what they consider best." (Denver, Colorado)

"We never recommend anything but Ivory Soap for baby woolens. Use Ivory by all means. It won't shrink woolens and it protects the color." (New Orleans)

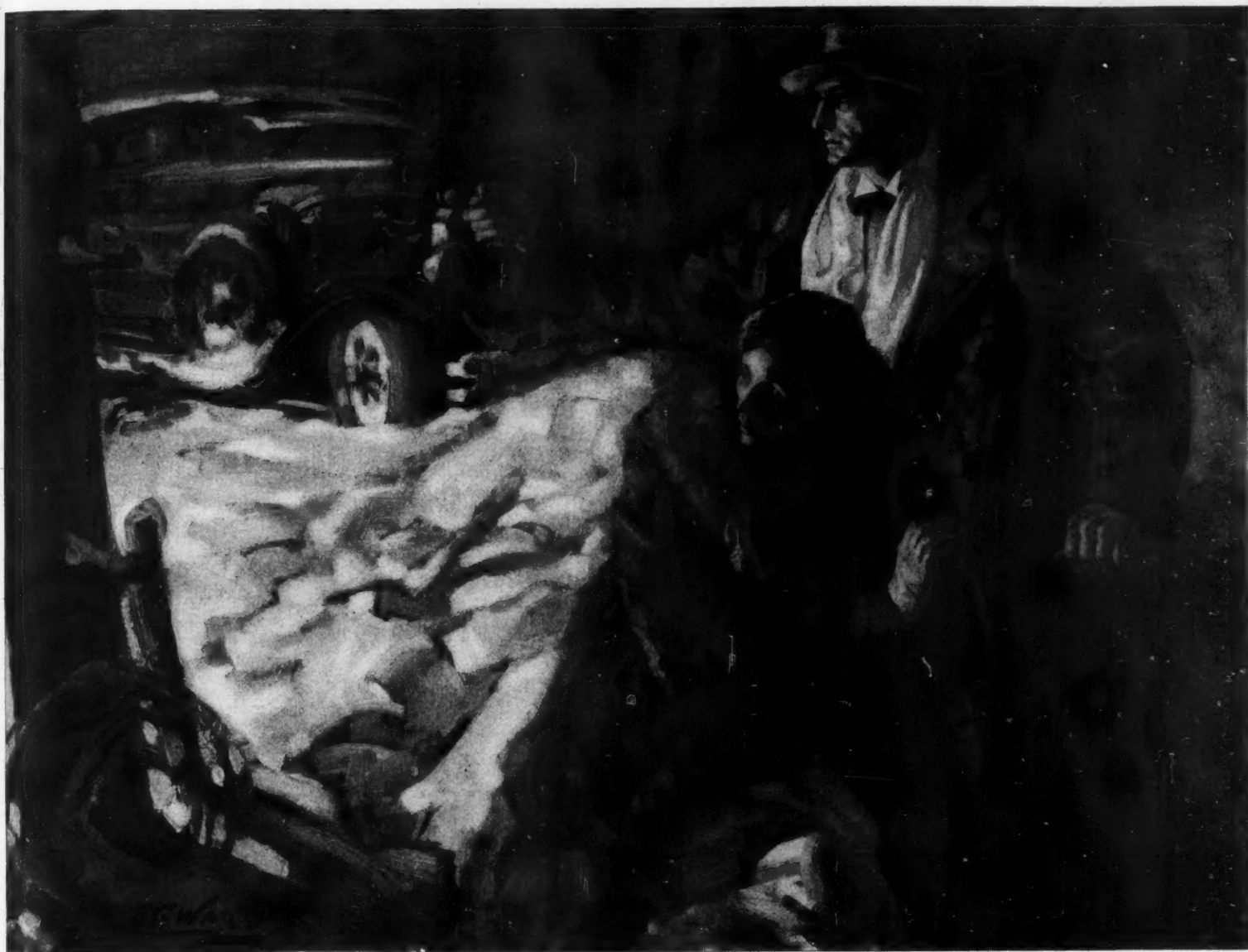
You will see that the reasons given by salespeople mean one thing—Ivory is safer for the things they sell, safer for the things you buy. And doesn't it sound like common-sense? Ivory is pure enough to be safe for a baby's sensitive skin. So it is certain to be extra-safe for fine silks, woolens, rayons—for all your nicest things.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free—a little book, "Thistledown treasures—their selection and care" gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Simply send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VM-99, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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Alan Campbell had just destroyed both a man and a precedent

GREEN TIMBER

The romance of a rogue

*By James Oliver Curwood
and Robert E. MacAlarney*

Illustrated by E. F. WARD

ALAN CAMPBELL should have been a poet, for he was born with the lutes of Parnassus in his soul. Yet he had never created a line of verse, had not contributed a single grace-note to the symphony of living. Circumstances had made him a successful criminal. He sinned persistently against man made laws, retaining, however, a profound respect for the Greater Law that controlled the planets, including the one upon which he dwelt. This was no egotistical gesture. Strange as it seems, it fitted perfectly into his intelligently warped scheme of existence. He was thirty-five, and thus far in his illegitimate adventuring had never killed. He possessed none of the traditional impedimenta of the law-breaker. There were golf clubs, etchings and overflowing bookshelves in his snug, bachelor apartment; but, despite his dangerous profession, you would have searched in vain among his knickknacks for brass knuckles or revolver.

His code classified killing as stupidity; he resented the clumsiness which prompted slaying. Rarely, he informed the Twisted Kid, did intellect motivate a bullet; killers lacked imagination as well as the prime fundamental of crime—self-control. The Kid did not comprehend that his odd associate was a poet—a poet who had gone wrong without being able to anaesthetize an innate hatred of ugliness.

While Alan Campbell drove through crowded streets this crisp December night, death trailed him—and he was aware of it. He was conscious of red-ribboned wreaths in lighted windows also. In less than a week the city would celebrate the Yule. Peace upon earth! Good will to men! There might be other than stereotyped holiday chronicling in the Christmas newspapers.

His name might be there. "Another victim of gang warfare," the headlines would phrase it. He was familiar with this label; had read it as the meager obituary of sundry recalcitrant acquaintances, transformed into grotesque exhibits of underworld retribution. The newspapers would negate the lutes of Parnassus, would list him as a negligible integer sponged off the gangster slate. The finesse, the unfailing restraint he had employed, would be disregarded brusquely. A front page caption would serve as his totally misleading epitaph.

He was not a gangster; he was utterly an individualist. It was because his outlawry was flavored with a psychology of its own that he had come to grips with Drew Scarfell, the rum-ring oligarch, who numbered judges, clergymen and bank presidents among his cronies. Scarfell did not despise psychology; he had exploited it proficiently during the amassing of his ill-gotten wealth. Twenty-five years earlier he had been a police-court hanger-on, a shyder peddler of straw bail.

TO ALL intents the straw bail era was forgotten. Ever ready to bulwark tottering charitable projects, Scarfell had endowed a hospital and built a church. Scarcely any in the social stratum to which he had climbed surmised the truth, and these were safely shut-mouthed. His wife opened welfare bazaars with tremulous dignity and his daughter was received everywhere. Among the rabbit warrens of bootlegged alcohol he was an unnamed power, to be obeyed at long range. Few of his pawns knew him by sight. Drew Scarfell's supremacy was rooted in a sound premise. His had been the chain-store, gradual assumption of underworld sway. Only Alan Campbell, who displayed temperament when engaged in what should be purely business transactions, remained obstinately beyond the pale.

Ordinarily this might be considered a nuisance to be abated by patient measures. But vital policies were at stake and Scarfell was not inclined to be annoyed further. This mood had been imparted to Pudge Tricker, his liaison understudy. Hence death clung to the rear fender of Alan Campbell's sedan on the eve of Christmas. The crimson sign manual of gunmen was to eke out the scarlet of holly-berries—logical sequence in a city where seventeen murders in thirty days had provoked extremely mild public outcry.

There was still a chance to retreat. Let underworld grapevine telegraph announce that Campbell was going into voluntary exile and triggers could be stayed. None the less he did not purpose retreating. He was on his way to the hovel of Twisty Fogger, to make this plain.

The Twisted Kid's shanty clung to a bluff overlooking a railroad yard and nudged the desolate acreage of a municipal dumping ground. Its peeling shingles were splashed by the flicker of naphtha torches thawing frozen switches as Alan Campbell halted in the lee of the rubbish mountains; the windows were dark. He rapped, once, then used his key and entered, waiting in the gloom before striking a match; he was listening for a snore, or the scrape of the stunted crook's iron-braced shoe. Hearing neither, he lit a brakeman's lantern.

"You was a sap to take a chanct. I knew you'd come, though," Twisty Fogger grumbled. "Been expectin' you." He perched upon a rickety cot, hugging his knees. "Where do you go from here?"

"So the glad tidings have traveled?"

"Overdue, ain't they? It's from the top down, this time—the Big Noise. One of Joe Pioggi's mob put me wise. Where you headin'?"

"I'm sticking."

"Don't stall. The high-hat racket's flopped, buddy. It's your move."

"I'd miss my books and pictures, Kid. I stick."

The crippled law-breaker shuffled toward the lantern, holding a cigarette over the smoke-fouled chimney. "Okay," he said, as the tobacco smoldered. "Then what?"

"We'll see. From now on you're out of it. That's why I came. It's an order. This is my own funeral."

"Funeral is right. You can't listen for Santy Claus in an undertakin' parlor. Been figurin' how to cross the dope. They're makin' up a fast freight for Chi on Number Seven track. Twenty bucks'll buy you a bunk in the caboose. I got it all fixed."

"Bargain life insurance, but not interested."

"Cripes! Lay off the laughin', can't you? Soup an' fish underneath your overcoat, too. No sense joy-ridin' to a cemetery."

Alan Campbell tossed a wad of banknotes upon the blankets.

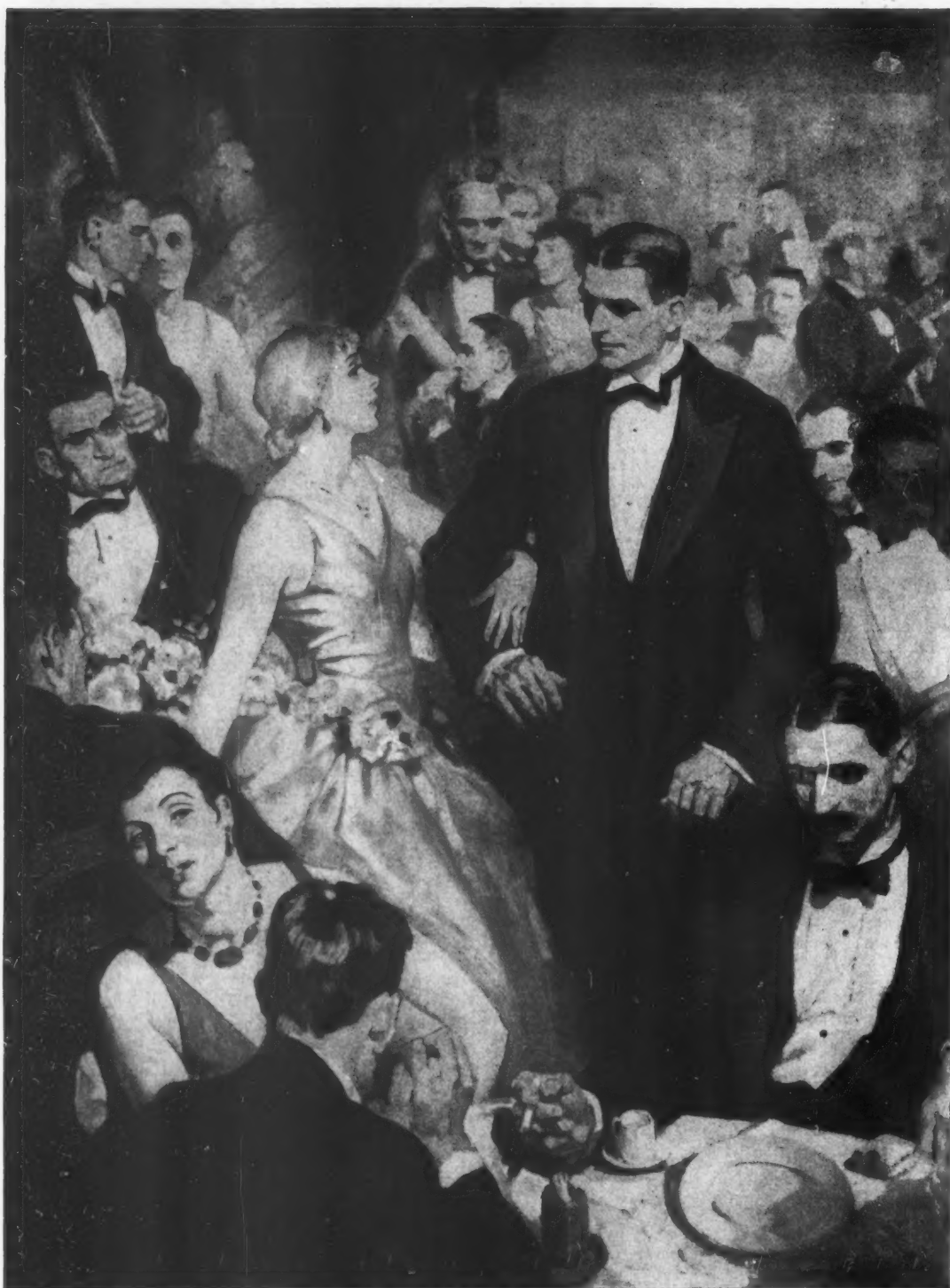
"No sense," he agreed. "Merry Christmas in advance, Kid, and so long. I'm not joy-riding. I'm going to pay a call on Pudge Tricker."

Rusty hinges squeaked as he shut the door behind him. He did not circle toward his objective when he emerged from the zone of naphtha flares and jolting couplers. He drove southward, to Tricker's night club, downtown.

IN A garish fashion the resort was attractive. Reared in a tenement air-shaft and beginning life as a bartender apprentice, its proprietor had sloughed off the aura of beer spigots and ten cent whiskey. His had been the acquisitive slum instinct. When opportunity beckoned he assembled the flotsam purloined from the jargon of better-grade customers. The net result was approximately convincing, although to the initiated the restaurant manifested a brass rail finish. Visiting Tricker's was costly diversion, but your money purchased superb food and entirely trustworthy drinkables. A lacquer of decency had been applied to the thickly carpeted lounge and plush-roped dancing floor.

Early in his beer-spigot career Pudge Tricker had learned to reverence the magic of externals. His entertainers avoided horseplay and off-color japey. He catered to "classy" patronage; got it and held it. Tricker's had never been raided, not even as police camouflage. No scum floating on this noisome, white-light pool was malodorous enough to outrage the nostrils of civic virtue. Triple cocktails in bouillon cups may assume demureness, when apportioned discerningly, and discernment was unerring at Tricker's, from eleven until the final wail of saxophones at dawn.

Here Scarfell gave a feast occasionally. None of the waiters who sidled over taupe rugs guessed that the ponderous lawyer with the resonant voice was his feudal master. Which was a tribute to the flawlessness of Scarfell insulation and demonstrated why the menace of blackmail was practically extinct. Twice in five years this maneuver had been attempted. Both misguided exponents of an archaic tradition had been blotted out by the Twisted Kid. Until the Kid compounded his bizarre alliance with Alan



"Do you ever wish you were old-fashioned, Peggy?"





"You was a sap to take a chanct. I knew you'd come, though"

Campbell, he had been rated a gunman who performed commissions with neatness and dispatch. His fees were comparatively moderate.

Drew Scarfell would be at Tricker's tonight. That was why Campbell had telephoned a reservation and donned his tuxedo before journeying to Twisty Fogger's shanty. Society columns had advertised Mrs. Scarfell's theater party, with supper afterward. There would be stimulation in one last dance with Peggy Scarfell, under her father's immobile stare. He foresaw that Pudge Tricker, scanning the reservation list, would indulge a perverted itch of humor, installing him near the Scarfell group. In the oligarchy of profit through terror the plausibly smooth night club proprietor was major-domo for his outwardly respectable chief. He knew when doom had been pronounced; he would enjoy the whimsicality of this elbow-rubbing ere sentence was executed.

Premonition had been correct. Campbell could have touched the linen-hidden trestles banked prodigally with orchids and roses, hedged about by twenty-two empty chairs. His lobster salad materialized while Peggy Scarfell and her jocundly clamorous friends appeared. Drew Scarfell and his wife shepherded them.

Imagine a brunette canary and you had Mrs. Scarfell. Out of the shards of her husband's shyster epoch she had glued together a perpetual flutteringness. In all likelihood some of this synthetic innocence was congenital, but how much was debatable. Pudge Tricker himself would have been merely speculating if he had gauged her understanding of why these banked orchids were possible. Peggy Scarfell resembled her mother. She was the true canary type, though—a wispy, corn-colored blonde; her flutteringness was palpably volitional. A stunningly turned out chit—sports model. As a by-product of straw bail shards she was a triumph, obviously destined to be popular.

ALAN CAMPBELL fished for the meat in the pink claw, harkened to the metronome throb of the latest "blues" and appraised Drew Scarfell's brooding over an only daughter. *Patria potestas!* Thus the ancient Romans had styled it. Power of life and death over the family clan. Scarfell's heavy-lidded pupils registered hypnotic concentration upon the babble of his progeny. Power of gilded life for canary Peggy, power of death for faulty cogs which did not mesh on the wheel of crime. Cogs such as Twisty Fogger; cuddling automatics like babies, crooning squalor lullabys to their favorite 38's while manicuring them for another "kill." Power of death! Any sociologist would protest the anachronism. But what price anachronisms when revolvers spat in a blind alley!

A copper-haired singer took her stance upon the dais, bending for a word to the sleek youth at the piano. She was a new entertainer; a buzz of curiosity was exhaled by the restaurant "regulars." Tall and slender was the girl; her white frock flaunted no jingling beads,

was unrelieved by a slash of color. Stark against the background of fabricated jollity she stood. A girl in white, in a jungle of jazz, preoccupied, aloof. Her glance did not sweep the murmuring room; it was remotely intent, as if she were searching for something difficult to locate. The sleek accompanist crashed into a prelude; the girl began to sing. An old ballad, a ballad hopelessly out of key with tom-tom foxtrots and 'varsity drags:

O, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

Not in years had Alan Campbell heard that. It swung him back, rudely, to the shabby farm on the outskirts of a prairie village.

His mother had loved this setting of Kingsley's poem; she had sung it often. Between stanzas, in the summer evenings, trickled the lonely plaint of whippoorwills. Sands of Dee and whippoorwills—they had belonged together. He had come into the world with whippoorwills calling around the house, his mother had said. She died when he was seventeen, a homesick freshman in a university town, stoking dormitory furnaces to pay for meals and tuition. Then whippoorwills ceased.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand
And round and round the sand.

Sand. That was what the years which followed had been; nothing else. Some of it glistened; most of it was hardly more than tainted mud. The war had been a Sahara which swallowed up all the other sand, burning into his marrow a consuming lust for excitement. At the outset he realized he was an individualist, averse to sharing emotional experience. Not until chance had decreed he should extricate the Twisted Kid from a transparent "jam" did he league with any other human. And this misfit alliance endured because, once evoked, the loyalty of Twisty Fogger could not be cast off.

The Twisted Kid. What a pittance he had extorted from crime; lucky to hole in a dumping ground shack,

with a five-spot in his pocket against starvation. While Drew Scarfell, the dynamo generating a current which made Twisty's revolver barrel short-circuit in troublesome flesh, had squeezed a fantastic million out of his rum-ring protectorate in a twelvemonth.

PUDGE TRICKER had tendered Campbell the underworld ruler's friendship, although no names were mentioned. "You can be useful," he had said. "There's five, grand, in it, for a starter." He diagnosed refusal as holding out for more money. A fortnight ago the inducement had been increased. Campbell bulled his way into the portly attorney's skyscraper suite, told him where to go, and immediately was ticketed "Dangerous—to be removed when convenient."

It would have been simple for Scarfell and Tricker to frame him. But one does not erect an underworld dynasty upon obsolete procedure. Framing a rebel breeds discontent among fellow outlaws, is disquieting portent of what may happen to others, without warning; morale suffers. A bullet is different, as normal in Gangland as Mother Goose in the nursery. Even Scarfell bowed to precedent; without adherence to precedent there could be no underworld.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
To her grave beside the sea.
But still the boatmen hear her
Call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

Queer, that the whippoorwills should call again here, from the dais of a lacquered night club. Queer, and nauseating. That song and darting nightbirds; his mother's hands, coarsened by scouring pans and scrubbing floors yet touching the untrue keys of an installment reed-organ with velvet caress. Cruel, crawling foam. Fear of Drew Scarfell was that. Twisty Fogger and his ilk were the skulking Marys who called the dollar cattle home.

Enough to split the veneer of Tricker's rendezvous, uncovering its hideousness—that song. Why didn't the lacquer crack? The girl in white [Turn to page 80]

"Who is this, please?"....
 "A man who thinks you're
 the most wonderful
 girl in New York"



Stockings

The wrong Miss Smith became the right
 Miss Smith when romance turned on a run

By Canby Chambers

Illustrated by JOHN LA GATTA

THERE was a lump in Smitty's throat as she came out of the huge dress pattern house where she was employed. It was one of those disheartening days that come sometimes at the shabby end of winter: there was a sticky film upon the pavement and a raw chill in the air that struck through her last year's muskrat and skimpy business suit to the gooseflesh underneath. But the main trouble was that everybody had been making fun of her again. There had been another society note in the newspapers that morning about Nancy Smith—a rumor of her engagement this time; and all day, up in the fashion department, they had been razzing Smitty about it. "It's so silly," she told herself. "There are thousands of Smiths in New York. I can't see anything so screaming about the fact that two of us should be named Nancy."

It had never occurred to Smitty that the reason they loved to tease her might not be because there were so many Smiths, but because there was only one Smitty. The whole game had started nearly a year ago when one of the designers, looking through a newspaper, had exclaimed:

"Well! I do think the child might have invited some of us to her debut. Look at this, gang. Our Smitty's coming out tonight. Dinner of fifty at Sherry's. Ball afterward for a thousand guests."

SMITTY had raised an ink-smudged little face from the drawing table where she was sketching beautifully tall and haughty ladies in next season's styles. She had tossed her hair out of her eyes and caught the short, preliminary breath with which she always prefixed any remark.

"Oh, but that's not me!" she had replied sweetly. "That's another Nancy Smith."

The fashion department had howled with glee. Smitty had simply stared back at them from beneath her tousled shock of amber-colored hair, out of big, puzzled, shining brown eyes. Like a well-meaning spaniel that cannot understand why anyone should want to abuse it. And since that day the name of Nancy Smith had never appeared in the society columns without their razzing her about it.

Smitty had tried to laugh it off. But there were some things which she was not very good at laughing off. Wisecracks, for instance, about the chances which any girl who spent her salary on pets and old lamps instead of on clothes and haircuts had of ever getting married. So tonight she dug her small fists fiercely into the sagging pockets of her muskrat as she pattered, with galoshes flapping, toward the subway.

"I wish," she passionately informed the leaden sky, "that when I get home I would find an enormous box of flowers. Yes—and a perfectly stunning man!"

Her handbox of an apartment was unlighted and chill when she let herself in. In the cage that hung before one window a canary was huddled up sulkily upon his perch as if he would never sing again.

"Poor Gold Dust," she murmured. "I s'pose you're tired of waiting for spring to come!"

Beyond them her view was terminated by the dreary rear wall of an apartment house. Clothes-lines and radio antennae were interlaced between it and her own

house. She opened the window and from a clothes-line, extending over a pulley in her window sill to one in the house opposite, took in some still damp silk stockings.

But as soon as she drew her orange tarlatan curtains and switched on the light, something happened. First, the walls of her room leaped cheerily toward her. Nice walls. Smitty had painted them herself in order to get a color that would look sunny in the mornings and golden by lamplight. Then Gold Dust, deceived into thinking it was the sun, began to sing. As she touched a match to the fire laid in the grate, the whole apartment took on a warm and living individuality—a cosy individuality that was really Smitty's, although no one, perhaps, in the huge dress pattern house where she worked ever had suspected it.

SHE alone knew how many precious Sundays had gone to achieve that atmosphere of lived-in hominess, how many Saturday afternoons spent rummaging in second-hand shops and in scheming to make one dollar do the work of ten. There was her lamp, for instance—an old-fashioned kerosene one, with a beautiful blue font, that she had bought from a junkman. She had had it wired and, on to a six-sided parchment shade, had shellacked Godey's fashion plates. Its soft light picked out other little treasures. Things of brass and lacquer. A piece of old brocade that made a splash of color against one wall. A yellow Angora kitten, peeping out of a cretonne-covered hatbox at its own reflection on the floor.

She changed into a smock and entered her tiny kitchenette. It smelled of soap and honest scrubbing; its porcelain sink was dazzling, and its neat shelves gay with peasant crockery. She opened a can of salmon for Sawdust and then paused for her nightly debate: was it worth while, bothering to get one of her nice

dinners just for herself, or should she merely finish up the kitten's salmon?

It was at that moment, startling against her loneliness that the telephone rang.

A MAN'S voice asking for her! Something rose precipitately in Smitty's breast.

"Yes, I'm Nancy Smith," she replied. "Who is this, please?"

There was an instant's silence. Then that low-pitched voice, quite unfamiliar, yet so confidential and intimate that it might have come from just beside her instead of over miles of telephone wire, said: "A man who thinks you are the most wonderful girl in New York."

Smitty caught her breath. Then the thing that had risen in her breast slowly sank. She might have known. It wasn't the first time it had happened.

Every now and then, since she was the only "Smith Nancy Miss r" in the directory, someone got her by mistake. Once it had been an automobile agency wanting to know if she would like to trade in her last year's car for a new model. Another time a boy's voice vibrating eagerness as he stammered out an invitation to some football game. Always Smitty had to interrupt and explain that if the Nancy Smith was the one on Park Avenue, she could be reached through the telephone listed in her father's name under that address.

"Oh!" she breathed. "But you see—I'm not—"

"Isn't this Miss Nancy Smith?"

"Yes, only—well, who are you?"

"Trevor Huntington."

"I'm terribly sorry. But you must have—"

"I hardly expected my name would mean anything to you," the frank, engaging voice interrupted. "You see, I've just never happened to meet you anywhere. But the first time I saw you I thought you were wonderful. And every time I've seen you since then I've gone on thinking it. So tonight—well, it was raining and I felt sort of blue, d'you see? I got to wondering whether you'd be very angry if I just called you up to tell you how wonderful I think you are."

He paused. The receiver became the stillest thing on earth. Then a whimsical inflection came into his voice.

"I finally tossed a coin," he confessed. "I decided if it came down heads, that would mean you wouldn't be angry."

"And did it?" asked Smitty.

"Yes—the third time. You're not angry, are you?"

Thinking was a visible process in Smitty. Ideas had a way of chasing each other across her soft little face like shadow and sunlight. All at once a sly, gamin's smile appeared there.

"I haven't decided—yet. Did you say you'd seen me somewhere, but that I'd never seen you?"

"I thought once that you noticed me looking at you. But I guess you really didn't."

WITH eyes dancing, Smitty leaned closer to the transmitter and inquired: "You aren't that young man who was having tea one table away from me at the Ritz this afternoon, are you?"

"Sorry." He sounded so. "But I would have been, if I'd known you were having tea there."

"Well, then, are you the man who kept following me around at that last Junior Assembly? The one with the little waxed mustache?"

"No." Emphatically. "I haven't any mustache and I wouldn't wax it if I had."

"I thought this one was rather nice," remarked Smitty innocently. "But where have you seen me then?"

"I'll tell you all about it if—Well, do you suppose I could possibly persuade you to have dinner with me tonight?"

"I'm sure you couldn't." A chuckle bubbled up in Smitty's throat and broke into gleeful laughter on her lips. "You've no idea how sure!"

"Tomorrow night?"

"No. Thank you very much."

"Will you have luncheon with me?"

"No, thank you."

"Then won't you meet me at the Ritz for tea?"

"No," said Smitty. "I—I think I'm going to hang up."

"Wait! Hold on! I say, how about—breakfast?" he demanded desperately. "Look here, I'm going to meet you sometime. That's inevitable. So there's really no use in your putting it off. Sooner or later we're going to have lots of meals together."

"Breakfasts, too?" inquired Smitty. "Dear me! Have you found out all that by tossing a coin?"

"Wait, I'll try it." Over the wire she distinctly heard the tinkle of a coin upon some hard surface. Several times. His voice came triumphantly: "The coin says we are going to have breakfast together. It says it quite regularly, too!"

Smitty softly replaced the receiver.

But a little smile hovered over her lips all through her solitary dinner. Afterward, when Gold Dust's cage had been covered for the night and the companionable kitten had rolled himself into a ball of sleep, she drew two chairs up before the fireplace. That smile kept reappearing as she sat there, facing the empty chair.

Trevor Huntington telephoned her the next evening. He telephoned her every evening. Soon he got into the habit of telephoning even in the morning. It was now: "Good morning, Nancy."

"Good morning, Trevor."

"Are you going to have breakfast with me?"

"No. I'm having breakfast here. Waffles for Sunday."

"Oh!" He groaned enviously. "With real maple syrup?"

Then would follow his successive invitations to luncheon, tea and dinner. That had become a little ritual between them; and he tried vainly to tempt her by mentioning every fashionable restaurant in New York. But before she hung up now, she usually confessed that she was not very angry at him.

SHE had experienced some qualms at first about the deception she was practicing. But after all, she reasoned, her name was Nancy Smith. He could not expect her to know that she was not the one he thought. Besides, that débutante would probably have cut him off peremptorily. And when all was said and done, Smitty knew that a make-believe lover, even a stolen one, was more precious to her than an extra, bona fide one could possibly have been to the Miss Nancy Smith.

He did have such a nice voice! Earnest, whimsical, grave, humorous—she came to know the whole gamut of its inflections. At times it fairly reached inside her; it did things to her, so that for minutes after she had hung up she seemed to feel his living presence there with her in her apartment.

Once she asked him what he looked like.

"Oh, not much."

"Well, describe yourself," she suggested. "Eyes?"

"Yes," he replied. "And a nose and [Turn to page 75]"



"Look at this, gang! Our Smitty's coming out tonight! Dinner of fifty at Sherry's"

*Illustrated
by*
RAYMOND
SISLEY



*After all,
average or
not, Harry
was awfully
sweet*

AMBITION IS A WOMAN

"If it hadn't been for my wife—" So
most success stories begin— including this one
of the Average American

THE atmosphere in the Chadwicks' living-room was faintly charged with a tension. Harry was well aware of it and he knew that Marge was, too. She sat there sewing, hemming towels, and now and again, a little too cheerfully, she would lift her head and give utterance to random thoughts—to anything, as a matter of fact, except what Harry knew was really on her mind.

She had just finished telling him in some detail about Edna Lane's new jersey dress; and she had even laughed, which normally she wouldn't have, at Harry's rather lame query as to whether they were beginning to name clothes after States. Then the conversation had lapsed again.

It was Harry's turn now. Anything was better than sitting there like a couple of dummies. He looked up from his newspaper and said without much hope: "I

By Gerald Mygatt

see Jim Bottomley's been voted the most valuable player in the National League."

"That's nice," said his wife, as if she cared.

"Yeah, he gets a thousand smackers for it," Harry volunteered. "He's with the Cards. Plays first."

"Oh, yes," said Margery; and then because her comment seemed vaguely inadequate she added, "of course."

That concluded that. Margery went ahead with the hemming of her towels. Her husband went ahead with his intensive study of contemporary history. Inevitably

he read his newspapers backward; radio page first, a glance at the comics, then the sporting pages and

then, if there was time, the general news. Tonight, however, his mind wasn't with him.

It would have been a whole lot better, he reflected, if only they could have gone to the movies. But they couldn't on account of the kids, fast asleep upstairs. Even Mrs. Bellinger next door, who came in sometimes to stay while he and Marge went out, was off at the movies tonight herself. A super-special picture, too; one of those war things with a punch in it. So here they were, sitting like a couple of boobs and making phoney talk out of nothing; not even able to play the radio, since Junior was teething and restless. It was a bad break all around. Funny, Marge always got blue this way when anybody they knew down at the plant was promoted or got a raise.

It was as if she had an idea, thought Harry, that he himself ought to get all the raises, and nobody else. Not that she ever said so, actually. But Harry could tell. . . Oh, well! She'd snap out of it, all right. She always did.

With the required crackling calisthenics Harry turned over a page of the newspaper and smoothed it neatly, then idly gave it his attention. Presently as he read his forehead creased itself, then little by little his eyes brightened and he began to smile.

"That's funny, all right," he mumbled. He read some more and broke out chuckling.

"Wouldn't that put the bee on you!" he remarked aloud.

"What's that, Harry?"

"Oh, nothing. Just a college professor who claims he's doped out the average American. You know, they're always talking about it—average American this and average American that. Well, this professor has been dopping it out from insurance statistics, see? Wait a minute. See if this doesn't give you a laugh."

He bent over the paper again and read:

ASSUMING that these masses of figures are trustworthy it follows that the average American renowned in editorials and political speeches, can be described with exactitude. He must not be confused with the typical American, who does not exist. The average American is a mathematical certainty. That's the hokey part," said Harry. "Now listen:

"The average American is thirty-three years old. He is scant 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 152 pounds. He has brown hair and brown eyes. He wears a size 38 suit, a 15 collar, a 7½ hat and an 8-C shoe. He is married and has two children, a boy and a girl. The

chances are almost precisely even that there will be a third child."

Margery said: "That's news. Does he mean us?"

"Listen and see whether he means us.

"The average American lives neither in the city nor in the country, but in a combination of the two. His average home is in the outskirts or suburbs of a manufacturing town or city of moderate size. He owns his home in theory, but actually he does not, since he either has it mortgaged or is paying for it on some installment basis. He has an automobile and owns it; it took him fifteen months to pay for it and he bought it second-hand. He has a radio upon which he is still paying installments; and the overstuffed couch and two overstuffed chairs in his living-room were bought on the same basis." Harry paused profoundly. "Say, wouldn't that knock you for a loop! Size 8-C shoe and all!"

He studied his own shoes now as if he had never seen them before.

Margery said, "Is there any more?"

"Sure, quite a lot."

"Read on, MacDuff. It's interesting."

He picked up the paper. "At the age of thirty-three, which is his age, the average American is working for somebody else. He is either a skilled mechanic or a clerk, using both terms in the broadest sense. He is content with his position in life and will defend it. His first interest is his home and family. His second interest is his work. He belongs to a lodge and goes to it. He belongs to a church and seldom goes to it."

Said Margery with a shadow of a smile: "That's wrong. You never go."



"Yes, I do too. Remember that time last year?" He bent over the paper again. "Where was I? Oh, yes! He belongs to a church and seldom goes to it. Instead he spends his Sundays at home, resting, reading the newspapers, tinkering with his car; in favorable weather he goes out driving with his family. Though not religious in the old-fashioned sense he is scrupulously honest and is bound by a strict code of ethics. In politics he is a conservative."

Now Harry Chadwick lifted his head. "I guess that's not so bad," he stated with a gleam as of pride.

Margery said: "You're crazy, Harry. You'd think he was describing you personally, the way you talk."

"Well, isn't he, just about? Sure he's describing me. You, too—the house and everything. I'd like to know why not."

"But Harry, he's just making somebody up. It isn't a real person."

He withered her with a look. "What do you take me for, a sap? He doesn't know who the guy is, naturally." Now he began to grin. "That's where you and I have it on him."

She faced him. What she said was: "You wouldn't want to be just an average American, Harry."

GEE, what's the matter with that?" He eyed her with astonishment. "I guess there's nothing to be ashamed of in that, Marge. Being an average American is good enough for anybody, if you ask me." He shook his head and added: "I don't get you at all."

She sat silent for a moment. Then she asked him to let her see the paper. He tossed it to her.



"Aw, lay off it, will you?" Harry pleaded. "A joke's a joke"

"My husband hasn't any picture and he's not going to have one taken!"



She reread the entire article, nodding thoughtfully. Then abruptly she looked up with a smile.

"You didn't finish it," she said, "why didn't you go on?"

He moved his hands negligently. "Oh, the rest is just tripe."

His wife laughed. She said good-humoredly: "I take it back. He was writing about you, big boy—you and nobody else. Listen: 'The average American sets great store by common sense and believes he lives by it, but he cannot define it. He is extremely gullible, readily falling prey to quack medicines, humbug character analysis and fraudulent investment salesmen.'"

Her husband reddened. He did not need to be reminded of a certain hundred dollars that had gone two years ago into an entirely imaginary oil well. But he managed to smile and say lightly: "That has all the marks of a dirty crack, honey. Anyway, I wasn't the only one that fell for that bird."

Margery crossed the room swiftly and kissed him and ruffled his hair. "Forget it," she commanded. "Just the same, Harry, it does complete the picture. As the political speechmakers say on the radio, 'I concede you the victory.' You win the fur-lined brown derby. You're him. You're the average American, and no questions asked."

He smiled at her half-sheepishly. "Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of," he protested.

"No, it isn't," she conceded. Now suddenly she thought of something. "Harry, it doesn't say there how much the average American earns. I'd like to know."

TOGETHER they searched the article in the newspaper. There was no mention of wages or salary.

"That's funny," said Harry uneasily. "Though maybe they haven't any way of doing that out. You know, they'd have to find out exactly what everybody made, and people are always sort of leary about broadcasting their own pay envelope. It's only in the army and navy that men wear their wages on their arms and shoulders." He fell silent. "I'll bet I earn as much as the next man though," he said presently. "If I'm average in everything else it's a cinch I'm average in that." He looked toward Margery as if for confirmation of this theory, but apparently she was not listening. Then he remembered with a start that tonight was no night for a discussion of this topic. Herb Anderson,

only that morning, had been promoted and given a neat raise; and Herb Anderson's wife, Eunice, was one of Margery's close friends.

It seemed that a woman didn't look at those things in the same sensible way a man did. Herb was a good guy and he deserved a boost. He'd worked for it, too. But that didn't make it any easier for Marge to see. Funny, the way she took it. As if it was personal. As if Eunice Anderson was cheating her out of something, almost. Harry shook his head moodily. Oh, well! Marge would snap out of it. She always did. Anyway, tomorrow would be another day.

Tomorrow was. As he drank his morning's coffee Harry's eyes twinkled and he proclaimed to Marge and the children that he was a movie of the average American eating his breakfast.

"You mean a talkie," said Marge.

Even in his hurry to get away Harry found time to pose grandiloquently for a second upon the lawn. "Average American going to work," he announced with a deep bow. Then he raced down the street to catch the bus.

Margery followed his diminishing figure with eyes that were maternally fond. Harry was so darned nice, so good-natured when he wasn't actually cross about something, so friendly and generous to the kids and to her. And yet—and yet—she couldn't exactly name it, but there was something she wished.

Now he disappeared, still at a run, around the far corner, and there was nothing to look at but the street; a nice plain street lined on both sides with nice plain houses; trees quite bare now but green and shady in summer. There was every reason they should be satisfied, and yet—Marge turned briskly back into the house.

Down at the plant Harry naturally showed the newspaper around. He knew he was letting himself in for a lot of kidding, but it would be friendly kidding, and after all not everybody could boast of being an average American. It was something to be proud of, really. His fellows in the checking department crowded around

him, and even the department manager read the piece in the paper with solemnity. When he returned home that evening Harry found a reporter from the local paper waiting for him on the porch.

"Gee, how did you hear about it?" Harry asked in complete wonderment.

"Somebody from the plant telephoned it in. You know, we have representatives there." Now the reporter became reportorial. "We want a statement, of course, Mr. Chadwick. And we want a picture, too—your best and latest. Of course we'll send a photographer up in the morning to get a picture of your house and your family and your car and all that, but if you've got a picture you could let me have now—"

Margery, who was standing beside him, said bluntly: "My husband hasn't any picture and he's not going to have one taken. This is just a joke and it's gone far enough."

The two men looked at her blankly. She gave them look for look, her face unsmiling. Now her husband frowned. "But listen here—" he began uneasily.

"There's nothing to listen to, Harry. I've been thinking about it all day, and then when this—this gentleman came, I made up my mind. Why, Harry, you're not an average American at all."

THE reporter, sensing the abrupt loss of a story, proceeded to take charge. "Now Mrs. Chadwick, that'll be all right. Honest it will. Naturally it's a surprise to you, becoming prominent this way all at once, but wait till you see the way we handle it. Wait till your friends see your pictures in the paper. Of course, if Mr. Chadwick hasn't got a picture of himself we'll send our man here or to the plant, whichever you say. But naturally we want some pictures of you and the kiddies, too." He turned to Harry. "Now Mr. Chadwick, if you'll just kindly answer a few questions. [Turn to page 68]"



Mrs. Ray Cooper

PIONEER WIVES

What are they like, these women who wait while their husbands ride the skies?

THE pioneer boundaries of America have been forced off the map and up into the air. And side by side with the airman, exploring the new frontiers of the clouds, often unannounced and unnoticed, flies the modern pioneer wife. She may not be able to swing an axe or guide a plow. But the flying wife has this in common with the old-time pioneer—she stands shoulder to shoulder with her husband, pushing back horizons.

Not long ago twenty-six planes looked curiously down upon the snow-clad Rockies, buzzing like a swarm of gnats about their giant slumbers. And in each of nine of these cruising planes there was a pioneer wife. Mrs. Phoebe Fairgrave Omlie of Memphis, Tennessee, was even piloting her own plane. The other eight wives were riding with their husbands at the airplane controls.

For centuries these heaven-scraping peaks had reigned supreme. Men had tunneled under them; had crept like clinging flies over their jagged heights. But still the mountain tops looked undisputed toward the sun. Then came the lonely pioneer flier impudently daring the unconquered Rockies, and now this family air cavalcade of many planes, sweeping westward.

"This was the only time I was ever frightened in 50,000 miles of flying!" confesses Mrs. Edward Stinson who was flying with her famous husband in this National



Mrs. Thomas Lanphier

By
Grace
Nies
Fletcher



Mrs. William Brock

Air Tour from Detroit to the Pacific coast and back. "When I looked down on those hungry mountain peaks and realized that for two and a half hours if anything went wrong, nothing could prevent a crash—well, I was glad I was riding with Eddie."

Mrs. Stinson's remark is significant of the attitude of the modern flying wife. "To believe in my husband and be a good sport—" this is the creed of these new pioneers, as it was the creed of their grandmothers who crept laboriously westward in covered wagons half a century ago. For the modern wife who curls calmly up in the back of the plane, dauntless and unafraid while her husband zooms through the vast reaches of perilous prairies of the sky is a worthy successor to the wife who crouched behind a thin canvas cover and poured powder into a gun while her husband was disputing the right of way with the Indians. Methods of locomotion may have changed, but the courageous spirit of the pioneer woman remains the same as it was in covered-wagon days.

BUT flying with their husbands is not the bravest thing these pioneer wives have to do. It is harder yet to be left behind. We see them clutching wilting bouquets at the flying fields, smiling fixed smiles when their husbands hop off for France, for Tokio, or for one of the Poles. We read of their stubbornly refusing to believe that their husbands have crashed when the rest of the world is mentally tying crepe on their doors. Of what sturdy stuff is their courage made, these wives who can send their husbands off into the unknown with a smile, while the rest of us are running after our own husbands with clean handkerchiefs or rubbers!

"How do aviators' wives get that way?" shivered one little bride in the crowd which was watching the wife of a soldier flier send her husband off to the North Pole. For there were neither tears nor clinging arms when this aviator's wife said goodbye. She simply laid her hands in her husband's and smiled up into his eyes. It was as if she had laid a sword into his hand, a sword forged of her own gallantry, of her courage and of her belief in him. The pioneer creed, again, to be a good sport and believe in your husband.

What with seeing her husband off for the Pole, for Miami, or for Boston, or with welcoming him back from Los Angeles, or Kansas City, the wife of the pioneer aviator lives a hectic life. How often she must sigh for the husband who stays safely parked at his office.

And imagine running a home routine which is entirely dependent upon wind and weather conditions! For aviation has not yet advanced to the point when it is safe to have a set schedule. While a fog may delay the pioneer husband for days at a time, good weather may bring him home hours ahead of schedule.

"I've given up making engagements with any but aviators' families," sighed one flier's wife, "because they are the only ones who can possibly understand how it is when you have to leave a dinner party after the soup because the wind is just right!" [Turn to page 100]



"The Pride of Detroit" winging toward Tokio



An au revoir to "Eddie" Stinson



The ALTAR of HONOR

By Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

PARTY at Mrs. Deloraine's—there Charmaine, a pretty little English girl of twelve, meets Rory, Mrs. Deloraine's young nephew, called "Rory Daredevil." Charmaine's life has been made so miserable by her father, Colonel Aud-

ley, and her two older step-sisters, Griselda and Sylvia, that Rory's friendship takes on an air of enchantment. The day following the party the little girl steals away from home and meets Rory on the beach. Hours fly by in confidences until Charmaine discovers that it is nearly sunset. Her good nurse, Mrs. Dickey, has been unable to keep her absence a secret from stern Griselda, who punishes the child unmercifully upon her return.

Never again is Charmaine allowed to leave the family estate, but even after she is sent to London to make her home with her step-sister Sylvia, she continues to idealize Rory. At Sylvia's one of London's most aristocratic society women—Lady Cravenstowe, meets Charmaine and is attracted by the young girl's beauty.

Part II

THE May sunshine was streaming upon an enchanted world when Charmaine set forth to pay her visit in Park Lane the following day. She went in her brother-in-law's car which had previously deposited Sylvia at the Ritz, and the lonely grandeur of the brief journey filled her with a sort of joyful trepidation. She was desperately nervous, but happy.

A powerful novel
revealing the
eternal sacrifice
of a woman to
whom love is
all existence

When the tall front door swung open and she was confronted by a tall footman of imposing presence, she could hardly find sufficient voice to make her request for Lady Cravenstowe audible. But he swept the door wide for her as though she had been a princess, and she entered, still murmuring inarticulately.

She went up the thickly carpeted staircase, following the lordly footman, and in response to his lofty gesture entered a room of palatial dimensions with a high painted ceiling and walls of cream

and gold. Here her guide left her with a request to be seated which did not even penetrate her consciousness.

She remained standing in the middle of the great apartment, feeling as if she were in a strangely-familiar dream. Three tall windows along one side of the room looked out on the greenness of the Park. They were shaded by striped sun-blinds that threw a cool shadow on to the polished floor with its dim, glowing rugs. And in a far corner she caught another glimpse of green mingled with exquisite color which drew her as by a spell. Here was a conservatory arranged like a grotto with a tinkling fountain that played over a marble pool of gold fish, with a great bank of ferns behind it and myriads of rare flowers around.

The heavy fragrance of the place was like incense. She paused at the entrance, longing to enter, yet half-afraid. All her life she had had a passion for flowers and in this enchanted spot was some wandering scent that reminded her vividly, vividly, of a certain tiny conservatory where once she had sat and wept in lonely desolation and someone had come to her—someone with an amazing warmth of vitality, and had charmed her tears away. Several seconds must have elapsed before she

realized that the scent which so enthralled her came from a mass of dark heliotrope in one corner. She reached it, bent above it; then, as the scent rose all about her, she knelt and, gathering a great head of the flower into her two hands, she softly kissed it.

The next moment, at a sound behind her, she sprang to her feet, scarlet with confusion, to meet the eyes of a stranger looking in upon her. They were kindly eyes, but Charmaine was too startled and dismayed to notice that. She stood quivering and downcast, as one caught in a guilty act.

He spoke at once, easily, and with a most reassuring friendliness. "I say, are you fond of flowers? They are jolly, aren't they? I'm Basil Conister. I've been sent down to amuse you till my aunt comes."

"I'm afraid I ought not to have come in here," she murmured.

"Why not?" he said. "I should say to look at you that it's the one place you really ought to be in." He smiled at her, and she gave him a very shy smile of gratitude in return.

"It's Miss Audley, isn't it?" he said, holding out his hand. "That's all right," as she gave hers timidly in return. "Now we know each other. What's that flower you like so much? Have a bit of it!"

HE MOVED forward—a tall, loose-knit figure of athletic build, and gathered a beautiful bloom.

"Oh, thank you!" said Charmaine. "How lovely!"

"That's fine," he said, as she fastened the flowers into the simple frock into which Marie had introduced so much hidden subtlety. "You're right to choose heliotrope. It suits you down to the ground. That dark bit is just the color of your eyes. I suppose that's why."

Charmaine laughed. "You ought to wear some, too, then," she said. "Your eyes are just the same."

"Oh, no!" he protested. "Mine are the light shade—not nearly so romantic as yours. You find a bit that really matches them and I'll wear it."

His eyes were, as he said, much nearer in shade to the pale heliotrope than to the dark; but she liked them because they were so open and honest. The rest of his face did not impress her very particularly. It was quite good-looking in a simple, straight-forward fashion. The principal thing that struck her was its complete friendliness.

"You know what'll happen to it, don't you?" he asked, as, emboldened by his semi-coaxing attitude, she consented to insert the sprig she had gathered into his buttonhole.

"What will happen to it?" she asked, with eyes of deep innocence raised to his.

He smiled down at her, his look half-reverent, half-tender. "I shall press it in my Prayer Book, of course, and keep it for ever and ever."

"Shall you?" said Charmaine, momentarily puzzled; and then, with a hint of humor she asked: "Is that what you use your Prayer Book for?"

He laughed. "Bravo, Mademoiselle! And I deserved it. But I protest—my Prayer Book is not a museum. Your gift will reign alone. But come and look at the goldfish! By Jove! They get fatter every day. Put your hand in and see if you can catch one!"

It was amusing to sit on the edge of the marble pool with him and make attempts to waylay the darting fish.



They became in fact so uproarious over this occupation that Lady Cravenstowe's entrance was unheard by either of them, and not till her laughter joined theirs were they aware of her presence.

"You mischievous infants!" she exclaimed, as they started and looked up. "If you don't both of you deserve to be sent straight to the nursery! Look at you! Simply drenched!"

"Oh, no! We're all right," her nephew assured her, though he looked for the moment slightly embarrassed. "We haven't done any harm. Are you very wet, Miss Audley? Have my handkerchief!"

"Is she very wet?" cried Lady Cravenstowe, smiling at the sweet flushed face of her guest as she shook hands. "Her sleeve is soaked!"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" protested Charmaine. "It isn't indeed! And it doesn't matter. Really it doesn't!"

"Well, I don't think my nephew's handkerchief will help you much," said Lady Cravenstowe. "Has he introduced himself properly by the way?"

OF COURSE he has," said Basil Conister with his frank smile. "That was the first thing I thought of, naturally, so we needn't go back to the beginning of things, need we?"

"You certainly haven't wasted much time on preliminaries," commented Lady Cravenstowe. "Well, my dear, come along and have some lunch! My dear, you look like a rose—the most refreshing thing I've seen."

She smiled appreciatively at Charmaine and drew her hand through her arm to lead her from the room. It was a cheery little luncheon party, [Turn to page 105]



"But I say, there's nothing to be afraid of! Are you afraid of everybody? Afraid of me?"



*A mother
who is play-
mate and
partner of
the famous
"Stepping
Stones"*

In Miniature — Mrs. Fred Stone

Who has created a home on the American stage
and a place in the hearts of the people

By Dorothy C. Reid

OCCASIONALLY we run across a real life story that revives our youthful faith in fairy tales—the rich little girl marries the poor little boy and they live happily ever after. Of course, it is perfect if the boy also makes a name and money for himself.

This is the story, stripped of detail, of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stone, who have done so much to keep the American stage clean and wholesome.

Mrs. Fred Stone was Allene Crater, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Crater of Denver, Colorado. As a little girl she and her sister, both vivacious, curly-haired and blonde, were the envy of other Denver children as they drove their own Shetland pony and cart through the city thoroughfares. Probably not the least envious, or admiring, was Fred Stone, who, from his position on the sidewalk, frequently watched the sisters airily driving by in their own miniature equipage. Although it was many years later that Fred Stone met Allene Crater, he never forgot the picture of those two little girls.

WHAT Mr. Crater's ambition may have been for his talented daughter, I have never heard, but certainly it was not the stage. Allene, however, quite unconscious of his disapproval, went on her way, enjoying her singing and acting in amateur theatricals and withal hoping. She was just thirteen when she made her stage debut. It was a short-lived affair although it settled for all time the question of her career.

She knew the manager of the Denver stock company and easily obtained a small part. As a peasant lass, she entered a scene, the taunting mob standing back, and after a few preliminaries she consented to sing for them.

Her mother and father knew nothing of this new venture. The dutiful daughter kissed them both good-night, and, so far as they knew, went to bed. But, had they been standing at their back door, they might have seen her stealthily slip out on her way to the theater.

She was too well-known in Denver to keep her secret long. Mr. Crater, lunching downtown one day, was astonished when one of his friends said, "Allene is a great little hit on the stage."

"Stage!" snapped the surprised Mr. Crater. "No child of mine is on the stage."

"Indeed?" said the communicative friend. "Well, you come over to the theater with me tonight and let's see."

It is typical of Mr. Crater that he made no scene at the dinner table that evening. He attended the theater and sure enough, as the mob drew back, his Allene walked from the wings and burst into song. Most of the audience recognized "the youngest Crater girl" and her songs were well received.

Mrs. Stone says of that momentous evening, "Immediately after the performance I left the theater intending to hurry home and slip up the back way to my room, but at the stage entrance stood my Dad! For a moment I was frightened; I knew I had been unfair and looked for merited punishment. I should have known my Dad better than that. He was never anything but gentle with his children. He took my hand in his, and,

as always, put them both in his overcoat pocket. We had a long, comfortable talk as we walked home from the theater and it was decided right then that my sister and I should go to the Female College in Chicago, finish our educations, and afterward I would be allowed to take up my musical career.

"It was while we were in Chicago that my father lost his fortune in a financial upheaval. Soon after we left school my sister married the manager of the Denver stock company and I was allowed to join my brother-in-law's company. This experience was priceless."

Mrs. Stone was prima donna with DeKovin and Smith, Oscar Hammerstein, Frank Daniels and Francis Wilson. She sang many rôles in Washington, D. C., in a musical stock company under the direction of Mr. Perry who was also stage manager for the Metropolitan Opera Company. After these well-known productions, she joined *The Wizard of Oz*, and for the first time met the man she married. Fred Stone immediately remembered the fair-haired driver of the pony and cart, a picture he had carried in his mind since he was a little boy. They were married in Jersey City very soon after they met.

ALLENE CRATER STONE then stepped out of stellar rôles. She had many opportunities to star in shows that were not of Montgomery-Stone origin, to accept them meant leaving her husband for months at a time. She could never consent to do this, preferring to submerge her own light beneath the bushel of talent of her famous husband in order to troupe with him.

After her three gifted daughters were born—Dorothy, the lovely, blonde, dancing star in [Turn to page 72]

SAY IT WITH MUSIC

The charms that music has "to soothe the savage breast" merge in this tinselled story of Tin Pan Alley

By Jesse F. Gelders

Illustrated
by
W. C. HOOPLE

MADISON ADAMS WILEY, known to his friends as "Fish" Wiley, laid down his hickory drumsticks tenderly, and confided to his friend, Henry Runter:

"She's wonderful!"

His blue gaze was turned across the ball-room of the Crystal Slipper Dance Hall, toward Rita Griffith, an instructress.

"Yeh," Henry agreed. "She's kind of pretty."

"Pretty?" Fish replied. "Pretty? Man, look at her!"

Henry looked, while he fondled the mouthpiece of his trombone. He was tolerantly silent, glad that nobody heard Fish, while he flooded a whole fifteen minutes' intermission with his raving. The color of her hair, Fish said, reminded him of Smitty's violin. Imagine! Comparing a girl's hair to a fiddle! Then her eyes, the curve of her mouth, the set of her chin, her dancing. Well, it got tiresome.

"You better make a date with her," Henry advised, because that was the best cure he knew of, in such a case. "You take her, and I'll take the girl that's with her—Mary Carter."

Fish and Henry walked over to the two girls.

"Mary, old thing," Henry said, "I'll take you for something to eat tonight."

"Miss Griffith," said Fish, "may I take you?"

"May I." It was like him to make himself ridiculous in that way.

"Fine!" replied Mary to Henry. "That'll be great."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Rita to Fish, "but I have to get home right away."

She gave some hazy excuse about getting to sleep early, and to work at eight, in order to be through in time for her music lesson, and Fish, instead of giving her a sizzling reply, just said, "I'm sorry," grinning in that way of his.

You could not help liking Fish, but lots of times you felt like reaching up and grabbing his blond head and shaking that grin off his face. Away back in high school days, it helped to fix his nickname, which was "Poor Fish" at first. He was always taking the blame that somebody else deserved, and somebody else was always taking the credit that should have been his. You would argue with him, trying to get him to show some spine, and after you had talked yourself out of wind, he would still be looking down at you with that grin. "His sad, sweet smile," some of the girls called it.

WHEN he came to New York, looking for a job, Henry, a boyhood friend back home, took him out to the Crystal Slipper, and Smitty, the leader, hired him. For Fish really was a regular Paderewski with drums. He almost could have carried a piece by himself, had the rest wanted to stop for a rest or to smoke. As you listened, it would make your pulse throb with the rhythm of the tom-tom.

On the way home, after he got his job, Henry had the first intimation of the embarrassment Fish was to cause. There was a group of women, [Turn to page 102]



"Do you think that you could write another verse to that song?"

THE SATISFACTION OF A GENTLEMAN

Kipling's legion of followers will
welcome this return to the adventures
of *Stalky and Co.*

By *Rudyard Kipling*

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Illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY



"First blood satisfies honor"

TIME: *Boyhood*

PLACE: *An English Boys' School—or 'The Coll'.*

WITH THE WELL-KNOWN CAST

STALKY, *the resourceful executive*

BEETLE, *a sure shot though he wore spectacles*

TURKEY—named McTurk—*of noble Irish lineage and a free Irish tongue*

VS

DICKSON QUARTUS, or Dick Fourth, *nicknamed 'Mandrill' because of his nose*

TERTIUS } *his study-mates*

PUSSY }

NOT TO MENTION

THE HEAD—*renowned in the boy-kingdom for a sense of justice*

VS

COL. CURTHWEN, *"A red-coated Ancient," who started the trouble*

LONG before the days of Cyrano de Bergerac, the Coll. knew that you might discuss his red nose with Dickson Quartus in all amity and safety, so long as it did not turn blue, and he did not gnash his teeth and begin to speak with tongues. If that happened, why, anything might happen; and the worst generally happened after long stretches of lean living. For example, "Pussy" Abanazar and Tertius, his study-mates, being the junior Sub-Prefects of that winter term, were in the field, taking Lower School footer, which, of course, took both of their fags, and Dick coming up from place-kicking found his study fire out, too.

Naturally, he went up to Number Five, immediately overhead, and borrowed from Beetle, *in reposo* on the domestic hearth, a shovelful of burning coals. Coming down with it, he almost ran into Mr. King, his own housemaster, at the bottom of the stairs, and from sheer nervous shock tilted out the whole affair at, if not over, his feet.

There was some energetic dancing and denouncing, as Beetle noted through the banisters, and when it had ceased Dick had five hundred lines, which did not prevent him from being very happy with Beetle over the spirited action of King's hind legs among the cinders.

Last lesson that day was English Literature—*Paradise Lost*—and when Harrison Major, in a voice like a lost sheep's, bleated about Satan treading on

"burning marl," Beetle sputtered aloud. King might or might not have guessed the connection. But he said nothing beyond, "Two hundred Latin lines." Dick consoled with Beetle after tea; but also developed his own grievance, which was that Beetle had heaped too many coals of fire on him.

"I like that!" was the retort. "I kept on tellin' you your shovel wouldn't hold 'em, you blue-snouted mandrill." Beetle knew much about the coloration of mandrills, and imparted it to Dick.

But this time Dick's nose blue-fired where it stood; he gnashed his teeth, and emitted the war cry of the Royal Line of Ashantee. (His naval uncle had fought in those parts and, Dick swore, had taught him all the languages). What followed, though painful for Beetle who was alone, and "Pussy" who was with Dick, was merely an affair of outposts. The Temple of Janus was opened ceremonially later. After prayers, Number Five, who were sitting up from nine to ten for extra work, caught a fag of their house about to undress, hustled it into a nightgown over all for tabard, and sent it to Dick's study with a stolen gym boxing-glove, which Turkey called "the Cartel." Dick spared the quavering herald, and pranced up to Number Five, robed in a tablecloth, at the very top of his rarely shown form. As Head of the Gaboon and the Dahomey Customs, he talked Fantee, which includes, with whistlings and quackings, Rabelaisian accounts of the manners of the West Coast, and the etiquette of native courts thereabouts; for his uncle had been an observant officer. It altogether destroyed

raspberry vinegar for a pledge of naked war.

When they went up to their study next morning, after second lesson, they found, when they could see everything in it furred with a ghastly, greasy deposit; and a smell fouler than the sight. Dick had shut down their chimney damper, set an old "guttie" golf ball in a sardine-tin on the new-made fire, jammed their window, plugged up with paper beneath their door, and let nature do the rest. Their pictures left white squares on the walls when they took them down. Turkey felt it most, for Art was his province. Beetle wanted to bore

Number Five. They clung to the table, beseeching Dick to stop and let them get breath, and they topped off the ribald hour with pickled onions and



"This is a private affair, thou scurvy varlet"

holes in the floor, and pour melted lead through; but, as Stalky pointed out, "Pussy" and Tertius were Sub-Prefects, and one could not include their study in the field of unrestricted warfare.

"Dick's flank is covered all right," he said. "Beetle ought to have thought of that. Yes, you ass, I have thought of snuff; but don't you try to think, or you'll hash it. Leave him alone!"

So when the King of Ashantee quacked his triumph at next call-over, they all looked to their own front, and lifted neither hand nor hoof. Only "Pussy," on an exquisite note between apology and authority, reminded Stalky that the day following would be a house-match (Macreas vs. Kings), which would claim him, Tertius and Dick from three to five. As Sub-Prefect he could have commanded a truce, but as ally of Dick he had sanctioned the war and had taken part in the execution of Beetle: Death by the Hundred Slices between two forms.

"That's all right," Stalky answered him. "We wouldn't dree-eem of goin' into studies when they're empty."

"Dick didn't think," Pussy went on. It was the extreme limit of concession.

"Don't you worry, Kitten.

He's goin' to." After which, Stalky removed from Beetle six penny stamps reserved for correspondence.

"Want 'em all?" asked Beetle.

"I didn't. But I will now, you selfish hound. I do all the work an'—"

"All right. 'Tisn't my fault if I can't write home," said the robbed one in a relieved voice, and went on plaintively: "Who's bagged my new socks?"

"Those Mandrill ones? Wouldn't be found dead in 'em. Turkey most likely. He's eesthetic."

BEETLE sighed.

They were a church-going pair of a provocative peacock-blue, which, when coquettishly exhibited across an aisle, would make Dick's nose glow through half the sermon.

On Saturday afternoon, with everybody down at the house-match, Stalky brought out the communal frying-pan, and laid in it large slabs of the fattest bacon.

"Old Mother Hunt gave me all that for four pence. She thinks it's a bit off. Fry it, Beetle."

The slices rendered as generously as blubber. When the pan was about half full of fat, Stalky fished out three slices and tied each to a string from a new penny string-ball. Then he and the others leaned out of the window, and bobbed them against the window of the study below. In that crisp October air, each bob left a white blob of coagulated fat on the pane. When a slice ceased to register, it was hauled up and reconditioned. At intervals, someone would go down to report on the effect from the ground-level, or to direct the more delicate striplings. They put on a second coat to make sure and judged that it would do.

The returning enemy were too full of their game to notice anything till they had washed, and were well at home again.

Then, peering from above, Number Five saw Pussy's huge paw put forth, and an experimenting finger drawn through the creamy deposit on the panes. "Go an' jape



"Fire!" croaked Turkey. Both pistols popped together. It was a clean miss

with them, Turkey. Get Dick's head well out. Keep that fat just off the bubble, Beetle," said Stalky.

Turkey presented himself on the area-railing outside the lower study and, as usual, let others make conversation. He had gifts that way. Things had not gone much beyond "filthy swine!" when the King of Ashantee, ousting his slower-minded mates, leaned forth, and addressed himself directly to Turkey, with two golf-balls, one after the other. Here Stalky took the pan from Beetle, and decanted, say, one pint of pure bacon fat onto Dick's scalp, where it set at once into a frosty wig. The bag of flour, dashed down after it, was sheer waste of the sixth of Beetle's penny stamps. Without a glance at the result, Turkey sauntered back, and pushed the study table against the door.

"All right. Tomorrow's Sunday," said Stalky. "Good for Dick's topper. But don't you notice him. He's the Lord's anointed."

Saturday prayers were worth attending; but next day's divine service was—just that! Dick's locks had clotted into irregular overlapping scales which, when flattened by a desperate hand, sprang up again unrelatedly. Even his study mates mocked him, but, for Number Five, it was as though he had never been upon earth or in memory. They merely put it about that his was a disease which comes from never brushing the hair and that presently it would bleed.

That same Sabbath eve, disregarding advice and scornful reinforcements, the Head of the Gaboon tore upstairs alone to call upon them, when, seeing that he appeared to be armed, they fell on him, ankle, waist and neck, without a word. Presently he was understood to say something about "slugs in a saw-pit." They let him up.

"It's your gloat," he gasped. "Let's top off with a duel in the Bunkers. I challenge the lot of you. Death before dishonor. An' give me some of that raspberry vinegar."

"Your sally any good?" McTurk asked. He had Number Five's armory in his own care.

"Hellish stiff. I was bringing it for you to clean a bit. I've got cartridges but no oil." He picked up from the floor a lock-jawed, twenty-two rim-fire Belgian saloon-pistol, which Turkey took over at once.

"Get expelled for duellin'," Beetle observed sourly.

"You abject cur! You're the only one with gig-lamps, too," Stalky rebuked.

"You called me the Mandrill," said the Head of the Gaboon. "An' what was that beastliness of yours about my hair bleeding—thou—thou varlet?" (That was Dick's word of the week, so to say).

"Oh, *Plica Polonica*," said Beetle, and brightly summarized as much as he could recall of Polish-Plat out of a heaven-sent old encyclopedia.

"Two shots at Beetle for that," said Dick icily.

"You shall have 'em!" cried generous Stalky. "But look here, you can't take us all on. What about a quadrilateral duel?" Stalky saw himself excelling Marryat. "What for? You each get plugged at three times, same as me. I don't mind."

"What distance?" said Turkey, with his head in his playbox among the oiled rags.

"Dunno. Ten paces too much?" Stalky suggested. "Rot!" Beetle protested. "You can make a donkey bray his head off at a hundred yards with dust-shot. I've done it."

"You unfeelin' brute! Now you can do a little brayin' on your own, an' see how you like it. I vote we make it twelve paces for the duels, and after that we'll pick sides and have a general stalk in the Bunkers."

"Who's to give the range then?" Beetle asked.

"Guess it, you old burler. Besides, dust-shot don't hardly sting even at point-blank."

Beetle explained what his spiritual adventures must be ere he lent himself to such speculations. His piety wearied them.

"If you say much more we'll decree you a rabbit, same as Maunsell did young Vivian. He made him cock-up at point-blank." Stalky was referring to an episode of their early and oppressed past.

YES, an' Gartside Major got hold of it and half cut Maunsell's fat soul out of him in the dormitory. That shows what prefects think of duellin'! An' s'pose King spots us in the Bunkers with his filthy telescope? I've looked through it. I swear you can see the crabs runnin' about on Braunton Sands." Beetle delivered this all in one passionate breath.

"You're sickenin'," said Turkey. "Maunsell was bullyin' young Vivian. D'you mean to say you're bein' bullied? An', tell me now, has King or Prout or Foxy—has anyone—ever told ye that duellin' is forbidden at Coll.? Don't prevaricate. Have you ever seen it posted in the Corridor?"

"Then get Pussy and Tertius for seconds," Beetle howled.

"I'd not dream of runnin' in on them for a little thing like this," Turkey concluded; and Dick added:

"Besides, this is a private affair. It's the satisfaction of a gentleman, thou scurvy varlet."

"Oh, shut up an' listen to your Uncle. The Bunkers tomorrow after call-over. Shots all [Turn to page 90]



"Blast you—who are you?"



"Don't call me Emmy! Listen, Ted; listen hard—Emmy's dead!"

Emmy and Angela

How many times have you
wished to be someone
else? And if you
were would you
be satisfied?

HOW should she do it? Now that the time drew near she was feeling rather nervous. Should she just look up from her soup, across the table at him, or from her salad, or from the dessert, and say casually, as she often did about someone else, "Too bad about Emmy, isn't it?"

Then he'd be startled, or curious, or—something, and blurt, man-fashion, "Well—what about Emmy?"

And she'd say, "She's dead. That's all." Would that be tactful? Would that be breaking it to him gently?

Um-m . . . hardly.

And yet she thought she'd really do it just that way. Apparently Emmy had been ailing for some time. Had Ted noticed? She thought not. She believed no one had noticed. Least of all, Emmy. This morning, all of a sudden, she had just keeled over and died.

Emmy was gone—gone. Never to return.

Was it the Hicks' visit last night that had done it, the poor innocent joyous Hicks? George, gray-haired, pink-cheeked, assertive, jingling coins about in his trouser pockets; Maude, moon-faced, wide-eyed, young, smothering in sables. Poor Emmy! Yes, the Hicks' visit had done it. And she must break it to Ted.



By
Clara Maxwell Taft

Illustrated by
F. SANDS BRUNNER

To live with a man for fifteen years ought to make you almost sure of what he'd say and do in this and that strange circumstance. Didn't it make you certain just when he'd lose his color—when he'd flush—just when the perspiration, there, below the left eye, would form in shiny beads—just when he'd take his handkerchief to mop it?

Well, did it? For this was a thing that had never come to Ted before, to him or even to her.

Emmy was dead. Absolutely dead. Stiff and stark, dead.

Poor Emmy, with her dreams. Poor Emmy? No, queer Emmy—to have waited so long.

But here was Ted.

"Ted," she said to herself, as she often did after a few hours away from him, "you're a good-looking man. A happy, no, a contented—no, a comfortable looking creature." And whose fault was that? Emmy's.

"Emmy's dead, Emmy's dead—" She kept whispering it to herself, wishing, she might suddenly forget and say it aloud. She kept whispering it to her soup, to her salad, to her square little cracker, which would have been crisper had she remembered to put it in the oven. And all the time she tossed across the table bits of nervous conversation.

Ted's left shoulder was a little higher than the right. Rather attractive, she thought. When he raised his spoon the shoulders evened. She'd never noticed this before. Odd, to choose a moment so pregnant with bigger things to make such trifling discovery.

SUDDENLY she felt a little faint. She was afraid she was being absurd. But it must come out. It must be said. It might be absurd, might be any number of things, but it was true.

She lowered her eyes. With the prong of a bow-legged fork she traced, not too steadily, "E—M—M—"

Then Ted, unconsciously, set things going. He raised a spoonful of pudding chin-high, paused, and said, "Emmy, this is good."

She dropped the fork and curled her fingers over the edge of the white cloth. "Don't call me Emmy. Call me Emmeline, if you must. But I'd prefer my middle name. Angela. For the truth is—Listen, Ted; listen hard, with both ears! Emmy's dead!"

There! It was out. It was over. She folded her hands in her lap, leaned back in her chair.

Ted's expectant spoonful descended to its saucer, but only to supplement itself with a dab of whipped cream. He smiled. His eyes dwelt humorously on the whimsical creature across from them, as though they were saying, "We knew she was a queer one, minute we saw her. That's why we love her."

"Ready for your coffee?" She filled his cup.

"Well, what did she die of?" asked Ted.

"She died of dissatisfaction, of a new thought, and of a mental picture."

"In other words," put in Ted, "of no disease, simply of complications. Complexes, I believe they call 'em. And Emmy seemed so simple."

"And was, poor soul, until the last. You'd scarcely have recognized her, Ted, on her deathbed. I'm going to tell you everything, just as it is."

"Last night," she began, "when the Hicks were here, I had the most peculiar sensations. You might say it was my eyesight that was queer. But in Maude's chair, behind her, yet showing through her all the time, I saw poor, drab, worn-out Caroline. She was looking so reproachfully at George, not reproachfully, regretfully. Darling, she wore that shiny checked suit she'd lived in, you know, for years, literally died in."

"Is that all you saw?" Ted flicked off a long cigar-ash and straightened a curve at a corner of his mouth as he asked the question.

"NO." She hesitated, shot him a quick look, plunged on. "I saw you, in George's place, spruced-up, proud, rejuvenated."

"Yes. And in Maude's place?"

"In Maude's place—well, no one special. I can't just put a name to her. But someone very like Maude, with youth, and looks, and leisure, and an ability to—to spend."

Ted took a deep puff. "I see. But this sudden precipitation toward the next world—Aren't you well, Emmy?"

She smiled. "Angela's well, darling. Perfectly, utterly well. But you seem to forget. Emmy's dead. You see, dear, it didn't come to me all at once just as I'm telling you. But as I sat there, watching George and Maude, and you and whoever she may be—I said to myself, 'I'll put this away. I won't do anything about it now. But tomorrow, when Ted goes to the office, I'll think it out.' And I thought it out—that is, Emmy did. And Emmy died of the thought."

She swished from the table and perched on the arm of his chair. "You're going to be married, dear. Right now—right off. I'm going to do some sweet young thing out of a job. I'm going to be your second wife!"

Close to his cheek she pressed her own. "I, Angela, take thee, Edward," she whispered, and paused for a kiss on his ear. "For better, for worse—"

And the "worse" was now to come. But again Ted helped her.

He slipped a slow arm about her waist. "There's something more than fun under all this. Am I right?"

She drew his head close to her shoulder. "Will you understand?"

"Go on. Try me."

She went on—guardedly, at first, then headlong.

"First wives, sweetheart, spoil their husbands. They always do. They're so careful—so afraid they'll cost them an extra dollar. So they pinch and save and slave. While the money goes on mounting, mounting in the bank. Then they die—the wives. And the dear little Maudes rustle in silks, and snuggle in furs, and—and have jewels, hung on them like—like Christmas trees. And they travel—go to Europe, just as the Hicks are going to do. Oh, Ted, I do so want to go to Europe! And I want to be a Christmas tree! And I'm tired of cooking—I'm tired of housework—"

"How long have you been tired of it?"

"Just fourteen years and—and eleven months, I think."

"But only last year I asked you to get a maid, felt you were getting worn out—"

"You asked me with your lips, dear. But in your mind, you were already missing my biscuits. No, it wasn't your fault. It was mine: Emmy's. Dissatisfaction with herself—that was one of the complexes that—that 'took her off'."

Ted stood behind her. "Come, I'll help you with the dishes. It's the last time you'll do them. You get a maid tomorrow."

"Yet Emmy always made me happy," he sighed, as they stood, elbows touching, at the sink.

"No, dear. Emmy made you comfortable. Angela will make you happy. She'll never be tired, you see. She'll be always ready to do things—not for, but with, you. Ted, you've never been happy before. You won't know what happiness is till you've lived awhile with Angela. You see, it's this way: First wives make their husbands proud of them, but second wives make their husbands proud of themselves—like George, beaming, rubbing his hands together. You'd think he'd made Maude—her clothes, her jewels, her bead-bag—everything. And, in a sense, he has—"

"My dear," Ted interrupted. "I've had a double shock. A widower and a bridegroom, both in the last half-hour. I'm not certain whether I should grieve or gloat. But, seriously, I've been doing a little thinking. You've been kept pretty close to the same man and the same place for fifteen years. You've never had a real vacation. No wonder you're tired."

"Oh, but I'm not tired of the man."

"I've some bonds growing rusty in my box. We'll not miss the coupons greatly. I could do a little business in London. Would you like to go to Europe on our honeymoon—Angela?"

"Would I!" A saucepan clattered to the floor; rolled, unheeded, to a corner.

Suddenly Angela rushed to the table, took down the pad and pencil that hung above it. "But at least we'll have an epitaph for Emmy."

Hurriedly she wrote, nodding her head as she sought for rhythm.

"What do you think of this? Will it do, Ted?"

Here lies Emmy,

First wife of Ted.

Yearned for Europe,

Went to Heaven instead."

Ted held it over the stove, struck a match. "Ashes to ashes," he muttered.

SO WILL you never grow tired of châteaux, Angela?"

They were standing, Angela and Ted, on the rectangular terrace of Chenonceaux. Behind them the walls of the Château—fluted and curved and gray, faced the moat and the drawbridge.

But Angela didn't answer, didn't even hear. She was "seein' things," Ted called it. A rider, plunging along the avenue, clattering across the drawbridge, the trailing plumes of his hat streaming in the air like smoke. Henry the Second, and up from a narrow gloomy castle window, Diane de Poitiers, watching.

There were footsteps on the pavement, and the droning voice of the concierge. But, at another voice, both Ted and Angela wheeled.

"Well, did you ever! The Hicks!"

"George! Good old scout!" And Ted rushed forward.

"Well, who knew you were headed this way?" George released their hands and rubbed his own together. "Here's Maude!"

The little bride flushed, and the face of the gray-haired, apple-cheeked groom all but shouted, "Well, Emmy, you're looking mighty fit yourself!"

"George Hicks"—she took a short step backward to look at him the more intently—"don't you ever call me 'Emmy'. My name is Angela."

"Since when?"

[Turn to page 86]



"But Angela's human, Ted. Sometimes she gets tired, like—like—"



HIDE IN THE DARK

*The end of a sensational
novel revealing love as the
greatest mystery of all*

By Frances Noyes Hart

Author of "The Bellamy Trial"

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

YOU?" Gavin Dart turned incredulous eyes from the smouldering copper of Kit's arrogant head to the velvet of the little dark one against the dim brocade. "Why should I ask you?"

Lindy let the pearls that she had been twisting into a rope all evening slip through her fingers as though she no longer needed them, and leaned forward out of the shadows into the light.

"Because it was I who put them there." In the dancing firelight the clear serenity of the small, pale face was as unflawed as the voice. "Because it was I who murdered Doug King."

The snap of Kit Baird's pencil between his fingers cracked sharp as a pistol shot, and Gavin Dart's voice sounded curiously flat after it.

"I don't believe you."

"Don't you, Gavin? Is that because truth is so hard to believe? . . . I'd begun to think that you could believe almost anything—you're really almost as bad as the White Queen! You remember, she practiced until she could manage as many as six impossible things before breakfast; I think that you could manage seven." A light, too delicate, too remote and elusive for mirth, hovered behind the shadowing lashes and Gavin Dart turned his eyes from it, as though he found it intolerable. "You could believe that Sherry, who adored him, killed Doug for fifty thousand dollars, couldn't you? You could believe that Tom did it for a shattered business career—that Kit for four cards with little pricks on their backs. You've believed quantities and quantities of other things almost as foolish and almost as dangerous, and yet you can't believe the simplest of truths. Why can't you, Gavin?"

Out of the deathly silence, through which the limpid voice ran like a brook, Gavin gave his answer, clearly, emphatically:

"Because it's sheer insanity. All this has been too much for you, Lindy; it's been pretty well too much for the lot of us. Hysteria has more than one way of hitting us, my dear, and this happens to be the way it's hit you. You are no more capable of committing murder than that baby of mine at home."

Slowly choosing her words Lindy said: "I hope for his sake, and for yours, that you're as wrong about that as you are about everything else. Why don't you think that I killed Doug, Gavin? No, don't bother to tell me—I'll tell you. You don't think that I killed him because I have long lashes and small hands and pretty manners. They're none of them real deterrents to murder, I think—Damaris had them, too, but Sidney died at his desk for all of them."

"It's that story that's turned your head." Gavin's



*"Don't you want to know
how I killed Doug, Gavin?"*

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"Since this is the best I can do, may I kiss you good night, Lindy?"

voice was harsh with pain. "You'd never have so much as thought of trying to make us believe a monstrous thing like this if it hadn't been for that worn-out tale of blood and revenge. Lindy, do you realize that you are practically the only person here who hadn't the shadow of a motive for killing Doug?"

"You are wrong again. I am the only person here who had a motive urgent enough to make murder the only solution."

"What motive?"

"Doug King was trying to ruin someone that I loved . . . He gave me only one alternative to prevent that ruin—he forgot that there were two . . . I chose the second."

"The second?"

"I chose murder," said the lovely, tranquil voice.

Chatty, who had been staring at her with eyes that terror had burned dry of tears, made a strange little sound, and covered her face with her hands.

FOR a moment no one spoke at all, and then Jill Leighton, holding the smock that covered the blood stains together with hands that shook uncontrollably, asked in a voice that did not shake at all:

"Was it because of Sunny, Lindy?"

"No . . . not Sunny. I loved her, too—I loved her dreadfully—and Doug would have been kinder to have used a knife to kill her. But Sunny's lucky—Sunny's dead. He couldn't hurt her any more . . . It wasn't Sunny."

Joel tried twice before he found enough voice to ask the question that hammered through that clamorous silence. "Who was it then?"

"Don't you know, Joel? Oh, I should have thought that you at least would have known. You love him too, don't you? . . . It's Kit."

The red-headed young man did not move. He stood looking down at her, the broken fragments of pencil still in his hands. After an interminable moment he said in a voice that he did not lift a fraction of a tone, but that was as warning and challenging as a tocsin:

"Lindy . . ."

She met it, gentle and unflinching.

"You don't want me to tell them that, do you, Kit? You didn't want me to tell even you that . . . I know. But how else will they understand? I'm sorry, but truly, I have to make them understand." She turned back to Gavin Dart, a little smile edging the blanched lips. "You see, Gavin, he doesn't love me at all, so it makes all this a good deal worse for him . . . I've loved Kit for twelve years—frightfully. He didn't know it until tonight, when I told him that I didn't want to live without him any longer. It isn't supposed to be a thing that nice girls do, but I believe that they do it rather oftener than they're supposed to. And I imagine that almost any man reacts just as Kit reacted—a little annoyed, a little disturbed—and a little—oh, just a little—touched . . . But I don't think that most girls mean by love what I mean. When I hear all of you talking about love, it's as though you were speaking a strange language. Your talk about something all compounded of ambitions and standards and exigencies and desires, something as mysterious to me as integral calculus or double entry bookkeeping. . . . When I say love, I mean thunder behind my ears and lightning behind my eyes, and the stars in my hands." She

unclenched the small slim hands slowly, staring down into them as though in their cupped palms the invisible stars still shone, terrible and beautiful. For a moment the terror and the beauty shone across the pallor of the small bent face and was gone before those who watched it could draw breath. "If you ask Kit, he'll tell you what he told me . . . that he's worthless and worse than worthless; that he's a rotter and a dead-beat and a card sharp. I don't believe any one of those things, but if every one of them were Heaven's truth, if every one of them were proved ten times over, if every one of them were blazoned on banners in the market place, it wouldn't make a feather's weight of difference to me. He's Kit; nothing else matters . . . nothing else matters in the whole world. He is the whole world."

The red-headed young man who was her whole world made no sign that he even heard her; only his eyes rested on her, unswerving and inscrutable.

"Don't you want to know how I killed Doug, Gavin? Or should I wait and tell that to the police?"

GAVIN was not looking at her; he was looking at the broken pencil in Kit Baird's fingers. After a moment he said, quietly: "You had better tell us first, I think. Then we can decide just how much to tell the police later."

"Oh, I think that I'd better tell them everything, don't you?" asked the crystal voice. "If I start telling some bits and leaving out others, I'm apt to get badly mixed up and I don't want to do that. They mightn't understand at all why I did it, you see, and that seems to me rather important."

[Turn to page 95]



WHAT IS HUMAN BROTHERHOOD?

By Basil King

Illustrated by E. F. WARD

LIKE everybody else Mabel had her worries and anxieties. In her immediate family, with Leroy and the two children, she was comparatively free from them; but when she turned to her own relatives there was scarcely one who did not present a problem. Her elder brother, Jack, was frankly a ne'er-do-well, and was living in the Philippines; Ned, the younger, was a lawyer in the city, having much ado to make a living. The war had unnerved him, but had left him the legacy of a penniless English wife. To keep their three children well and happy was becoming, for a young man of no inherited means and a limited earning capacity, a more and more difficult task.

Devoted to Ned as Ned was to her, Mabel did what she could for his little family. All the clothes, hats, shoes, and toys which Bobby and Ellie had outgrown were passed on to the children, while she scrimped on her personal allowance to make them little gifts in cash. Mabel was distressed when Ned and Susie were called on to face what to them was a calamity. The landlord having raised the rent above anything they could pay they were forced to look for a cheaper house. This meant an undesirable neighborhood. It would also involve a break with the little church which Susie loved and in which she headed the Altar Guild, finding in its sweet activities a link with her old home.

WHEN, a fortnight later, she drove out to see her brother and sister-in-law, what she heard then amazed her more than anything she could remember during all her married life. If it made her happy it also made her grave, silent, pensive. To her husband she said nothing till the confidential hour after dinner. The evening being chilly a fire had been lighted in the drawing-room, where they sat Darby-and-Joan-wise, one on each side of it. Mabel had her workstand which she didn't touch. Leroy read a book, of which she had already seen that

the title was, *What Is Human Brotherhood?* Across the back drawing-room she could see into a corner of the library where Bobby, deep in a great leather armchair, was engrossed in a tale of the goldrush in the Klondike.

"Leroy, you're awfully queer," Mabel said, at last. "Do you know it?"

He allowed the book to drop to his knee, though marking the page with his finger. "I'd begun to suspect it; but how have you come to find out?"

"I've been to see Susie."

He shifted in his chair uneasily. "Oh?"

"And she says you've bought that house and deeded it to her."

"She's told you that, has she? I was hoping she wouldn't say anything about it."

"The idea! Of course she would. She tried to tell me over the telephone several days ago, and I didn't understand her. Naturally I know you must have done it for my sake, and I can't tell you how—"

"Oh, but, my dear, I didn't—or only indirectly. Except insofar as you're the link between Ned and Susie and me you have nothing to do with it."

Mabel swallowed a little disappointment. "But I didn't know you cared so much about them."

"I don't. They're all right. I like them, in a way, but they're not the kind I should ever have picked out—" He broke off to correct himself. "This is the way I should put it. Till I bought that house and made it over to them I didn't care anything about them beyond

the fact that they belonged to you. Now—" As he hesitated she supplied the phrase:

"You like them a little better."

He spoke thoughtfully. "Liking isn't the word. It's rather a kind of tenderness, such as you feel toward children when you're looking after them. But that came later. When I did the thing it wasn't from affection for anyone."

Mabel looked her amazement. "Then for mercy's sake, Leroy, what could have been your motive?"

"That's a little difficult to explain. I'll see if I can tell you." While he reflected Bobby strolled from the library toward the fire, asking as he perched on an arm of his father's chair:

"May I listen, father?" Consent being given, he put a hand on his father's knee, while the latter flung an arm over the boy's shoulder.

"You see the title of this book?" As he held it up Bobby read the title aloud. "Well, the subject has been in my mind all summer. I used to think there could be no such thing as human brotherhood till all the world, or a good part of the world, got together and worked out a plan. Unless it were on something like a colossal scale it didn't seem to me as if it could be brotherhood. Other people, that is to say, were to be brothers to me before I could act as a brother to them. In fact, for a good many years I've been hung up right there."

AND, father, what let you down?" Bobby asked. "I wasn't let down at all; I was lowered by degrees. First it came to me that if there was to be a brotherhood of man, it was, so to speak, to begin with me. I mean that I was the only brother for whom I was responsible. I'd been looking for kings and bishops and saints to start the ball rolling, when it was my job to start it for myself. In other words, the brotherhood of man begins with the individual." [Turn to page 78]

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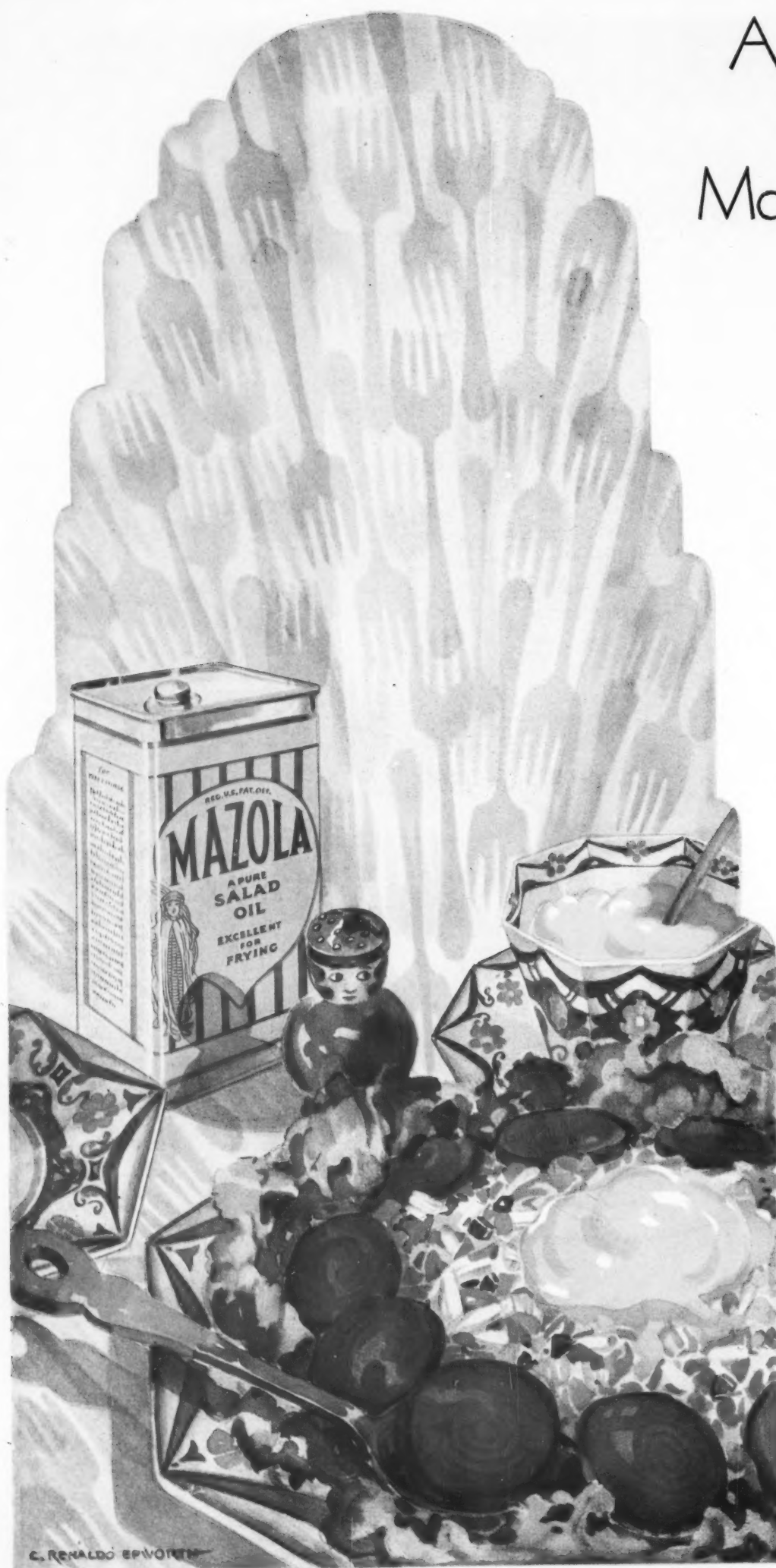
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Dance Study:
Martha Graham



MAKE YOUR FEET BEHAVE

By HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

McCALL'S BEAUTY EDITOR

STAND on any city street at a populous time of day and watch the feet of passersby. See how few girls and women walk with a free, graceful, springy tread. In these enlightened days, when clothes are light and gracefully designed, when sunshine and pure air and all the good gifts of Nature conspire to make us lovelier, we are still, many of us, as footbound as the ancient Chinese. Our greatest difficulty seems to be achieving a happy range between shoes that are distinctly frivolous and have very little use in the world except to be worn for those occasions when we want to look frivolous, and the scientifically designed shoes that look graceful because they fit and give both the proper play and the right support to the feet and to the body.

Martha Graham, the celebrated American dancer and teacher of dancing, gave me some interesting observations on feet and their behavior. "Of all physical possessions of modern women," she said, "feet are the most inarticulate. To the dancer, of course, they must be the most articulate part of the body. I've had girls in my classes who used their feet as if they were made of one solid block of wood, rather than the intricate pattern of bone and muscle that composes the foot structure. As soon as we recognize this quality in a girl's feet, we know that she can never become a good dancer. It's quite likely, in fact, that her feet are so broken down that she can never walk beautifully."

"Not long ago a wealthy woman came to see me. She made it plain that she wasn't interested in making her daughter a dancer. But she explained that her daughter's debut was scheduled for the next season and she wanted me to teach her daughter to walk properly."

"The kind of walk a girl has expresses her character and personality far more than we ever imagine. In character work in dancing we use that 'block-of-wood' step, the heavy, inelastic walk, to express age or clumsiness. This type of walk is quite as much of a give-away in teetering high-heeled shoes as it is in heavy, clumping

peasant boots. In dancing we think of a dancer's foot as 'loving the ground,' as being sensitive to it. Of course, in walking it is this same quality that gives a vibrant sense of well-being to the whole body. It is only possible in shoes that fit, shoes with medium heels designed for walking. High heels are beautiful, and appropriate for many occasions, but they were never meant for walking, either on hard, jarring pavements or on country turf."

"Not long ago the heads of a woman's college held a graphic demonstration of the relation between the right footwear and figure beauty. They showed that the girls whose beauty was marred by protruding abdomen, the swayback condition, and the condition known as 'ewe neck', were the very ones who persisted in wearing high, teetering heels all the time, who cramped their feet into shoes that defied the laws of beauty and health. Those who were accustomed to wear shoes made for walking, rather than dancing or promenading in a drawing-room, did not show these striking defects. And by this concrete illustration of what the wrong kind of daytime shoe does to our feet and figures, they won many new recruits over to the side of sane footwear."

Most eminent medical authorities in the country agree that to insure organic health we must maintain correct posture. For those of us who have satisfied a secret vanity by wearing ill-fitting shoes to make feet look smaller, it is good news that several manufacturers have scientifically developed style and comfort footwear which keep feet well. We do not need the evidence from women's colleges to tell us that women's feet are growing larger. Activity in athletics, golf, dancing and the like have contributed to this. Shoes are now fitted longer and narrower. Every reputable retail shoe dealer carefully trains his sales force in the science of corrective

fitting. We might just as well admit once and for all that no woman nowadays can be correctly dressed for any occasion with ill-fitting shoes. She cannot demonstrate good style and the quality that shoe manufacturers call "airiness" if her feet are not comfortable.

The Department of Commerce at Washington reports a tremendous increase in the production of women's shoes. Much of this increase is due to our knowledge that the well-dressed woman must have shoes for every occasion. And it is just as necessary that our feet behave beautifully working in the garden in the morning as they do tripping along on a polished dance floor. Correct fitting is the secret of making your feet behave. An increase in the individual shoe wardrobe means economy in the end. It means changing shoes frequently and never allowing them to wear down and injure foot structure.

Foot care has been sadly overlooked by the modern woman. Women who go faithfully to a manicurist's every week, or as often or oftener give themselves a good home manicure, pay only the most perfunctory attention to their feet. Chiropodists ought to be visited at least as often as dentists.

Foot authorities point out that "only certain parts of the foot were intended to carry the body's weight; the heel, outer side and ball of the foot." As soon as foot muscles are weakened, the supporting bones are disturbed and the arches they make begin to sag painfully. In serious cases the orthopedic surgeon should be consulted. One well-known foot surgeon told me that most of his cases were men and women who found that misbehaving feet were making them unfit for their jobs. "But they usually wait," he said, "till the feet are so broken in strength that their jobs are actually imperilled."

The right kind of shoe for walking—indoors and out—is more than a matter of taste. The behavior of your feet concerns the health and loveliness of the whole body as well as that of the feet themselves.

Photos by
Mattie Edwards Hewitt



American Chippendale and Sheraton furniture is used in this well-furnished, attractive dining-room

NEW FURNITURE BRINGS LIFE TO OLD ROOMS

By LAURA DUFFY



Painted furniture and simple upholstered pieces furnish the bedrooms. In one room only a cretonne valance with ruffled Swiss curtains appear at the windows, while in the other glazed chintz shades introduce color at the windows and a flowered chintz is used to make the draped dressing table and cover the chairs. The dressing table in the first room is draped with organdy and lace. Simple charm prevails here



MANY homemakers faced with the problem of refurbishing their houses despair that the old furniture and rugs and hangings will not "do" if new ones are bought and installed in their proper places. All too often housekeepers are faced with such a situation for which there seems no remedy: old furniture which is ugly in design and finish (it was ugly when bought!) and which cannot be refinished with any degree of satisfaction.

However in many houses where this seems to be the case, actually the pieces have many merits hidden under old paint and varnish. This finish removed, the piece simplified perhaps by having curlicues and scrolls sawed off, the wood properly stained and varnished or painted, then the remodeled pieces are fit to take their places in the house where new furniture appears. Also slip covers may be used to cover a multitude



of ugly upholsterings and bad furniture shapes. If these slip covers and the new finish on the old pieces are selected after the new pieces have been bought, and if they are related to the new pieces, then the completed room may achieve that object in all home decoration—harmony.

In one such house the wide hall is papered in an old *toile de jony* foliage and figure pattern paper. Hooked rugs and a practical laced-felt rug are on the floor. The chairs are old American painted "kitchen" chairs. The necessary radiator in one corner has been smartly covered, thus providing a table top where a pot of ivy grows and a candlestick stands ready as a night light for any tardy home-comer.

Through a wide doorway from this hall we enter the living-room where modern hooked rugs of beautiful colors and interesting patterns cover the floor. [Turn to page 66]

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Be a little kind to your skin in summer, even if you do love short-sleeved frocks, and long days in the open air. Keep a bottle of Jergens Lotion near at hand, and apply it liberally whenever your skin feels hot and dry. Jergens Lotion is deliciously cooling and soothing. It takes out all the sting of the sun—keeps your skin smooth, soft, and white all summer long.



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Lotion, forming a fragrant silvery liquid that softens and whitens your skin, giving it a lovely velvety texture.

USE JERGENS LOTION always before going out into wind and sun. Apply it freely to your face, neck, arms, hands—then dust on a protective coat of powder. Use Jergens Lotion before and after washing when you come in. If your skin is a bit red and inflamed—do not use water on it at all. Stay in a darkened room and apply Jergens Lotion generously, smoothing it in, but taking care not to rub. Repeat the application every

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You will find Jergens Lotion delightfully pleasant to use, for it leaves not a trace of stickiness—your skin absorbs it instantly. Get a bottle today! 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

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Under the well-laid modern rug or carpet, a protective cushion should be used

YOUR RUGS

Domestic rugs blend fabrics and patterns from many lands

By ELIZABETH HALLAM BOHN

A SHOPPING tour for American rugs opens doors fascinating and often unexpected. For the most gratifying vistas are revealed in the great advances made in the creating of domestic "carpets," as all floor coverings were originally called. At present when style is the essence of almost any purchase, the actual construction of the rug is too often given less consideration by the purchaser than in former days. It may be of the ingrain type; or a pile carpet—the looped Brussels or the cut Wilton. Or the rug contemplated may be tufted in the manner of the old hooked rugs, like the Axminsters, Chenilles and Orientals. It is left to the manufacturer to get his effect by what technical system he chooses. Few will question his process if the result is appealing in pattern, texture and tone. Will these blend harmoniously with furnishings already in the room? Will the new rug strike the right note in an established scheme or provide a distinctive background if a new room is to be furnished? Will its colors retain their charm and its texture remain resilient under constant use? Will it wear?

These are questions of paramount importance in the rug purchase. And the manufacturers have answered them by producing a bewildering selection, from the highest grades of Wilton to the most modest tapestry or velvet, in values to meet every purse. The classic periods of history have contributed a wealth of design adaptable to the needs of the American home. A folk tale out of old China will spread over the soft surface of an occidental Wilton, especially suitable for the dining-room where the scattered pattern adapts itself

gracefully to the circumscribed arrangement of the furniture. Or the talent of an American artist will translate the luxurious atmosphere of some regal court into the coloring and design of a Chenille rug now to be had in stock sizes and patterns.

Great Variety of Patterns

The creative staffs of the great carpet companies have not neglected the geometric motifs we term "modernistic" and they are in touch with the developments in the still tentative twentieth century art movement. Practical and appealing patterns in the most alluring color combinations show the possibilities of this new decorative mode which draws its inspiration from the pulsing life of the city. This radically different "modern" influence may limit its scope in the house already furnished. In modified form, however, it is usable and charming. Other motifs too, lend their charm to these novel and up-to-date rugs—the symbols of old Peru, the quaint designs of Mexico and many of less traceable but unique origin.

Through all grades of rugs imported and American made, the lovely Persian patterns ride high on the crest of favor. Their romantic designs—"The Tree of Life," the "Hunting Carpet" and countless other well-known themes—record the conquests and invasions of the land of Omar. Egyptian and Byzantine suggestions were

woven into the Arabs' rugs, Chinese and Tartar symbols too were assimilated and woven into the carpets, giving that rich diversity and appealing charm distinguishing the rugs of Persian inspiration, which blend so satisfactorily with furniture used today.

In no phase of rug weaving do the Persian patterns appear to such striking advantage as in the new "Domestic Orientals"—a real innovation in the manufacture of American rugs. Their soft deep pile carries a lustrous sheen through to the foundation of the rug. The back is soft in the manner of the old Orientals yet these rugs have exceptional weight and body. Especially selected yarns go into the construction of these exquisite rugs to hold the great variety of colors under a very difficult dyeing ordeal. The domestic Orientals come in both large as well as scatter sizes, and in price compare favorably with the high-grade Wiltons.

At the other end of the scale from these formal and luxurious carpets with their soft colors and silky pile, come the hooked rugs, interesting in texture, naive of pattern—more in vogue than ever after the passage of a century. To the charm of their authentic original designs, symbolic of this native American folk art, the modern machine process adds the practical advantage of quantity and unusual durability of construction. A worn old original can be copied to order into room size. Or stock patterns are available in large or small sizes in many styles, to blend their peculiar appeal with the furnishings of Colonial America, provincial France, Georgian England or Spain's provincial furniture.

It is not alone design and color, but [Turn to page 40]

Piquante Vivacious Chic

MRS GIFFORD PINCHOT II

A lovely young Parisian-American reveals the French philosophy of Beauty

LOVELY young Parisian—welcome to America! Born and bred in France, you bring its sunshine in your smile. As the bride of a New Yorker of distinguished name and family, your pretty ways and sparkling wit have won all hearts.

You are so beautiful, with your golden hair and laughing brown eyes and your flawless fair skin sun-tanned to coppery sheen. A true "October blonde"! Tell us your French philosophy of beauty! What is the secret of your inimitable charm?

"This is our rule," says Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II: "Be always meticulously groomed, *toujours soignée*! For beauty in France is chic, and chic is smartness, simplicity, fastidious perfection of detail.

"Yet, after all, it is to your clever America that we owe four wonderful ways to guard our loveliness—simply, swiftly, surely."

Delightedly the young Parisian announced her discovery:

"Just the four steps of Pond's Method—faithfully followed every day and never omitted—will keep one's skin exquisitely smooth and fresh and clear.

"The Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing is the best I have found anywhere. The dainty Cleansing Tissues are the perfect way to remove cold cream. The perfumed Skin Freshener to tone and firm the skin bestows the gift of youth, and the delicious Vanishing Cream for powder base

keeps your skin like velvet. In all the world," she summed it all up with her flashing smile, "nothing is finer or purer than Pond's four delightful preparations."

MRS. PINCHOT adds an illustrious new name to the long list of beautiful women, distinguished for their elegance in the exclusive circles of America and Europe, who are devoted users of Pond's. They follow these four steps of Pond's Method:

DURING THE DAY—First, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, patting with quick caressing upward and outward strokes, letting the fine oils penetrate every pore. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are so much softer, more absorbent—such a saving of laundry and towels.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, tone and firm, and preserve the youthful contour of your face and throat.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

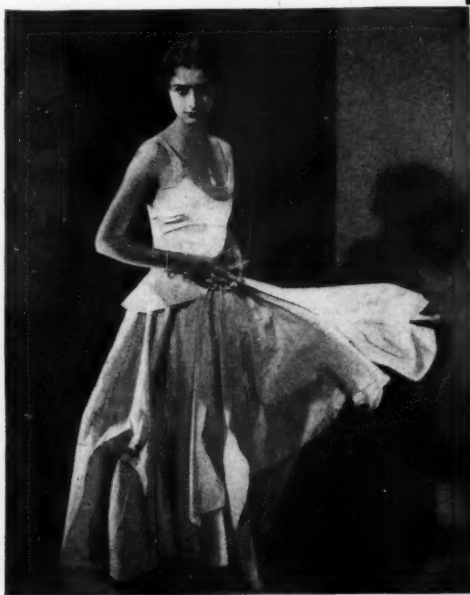
AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. The coupon brings trial sizes of all four preparations. Try them!



Beautiful Mrs. GIFFORD PINCHOT II was recently married to the young American scientist and sportsman of this distinguished family. She was Mademoiselle Janine Voisin of Paris, daughter of the famous French "industrial." A radiant October blonde, her golden hair and laughing brown eyes contrast with her flawless fair skin. Imagine this lovely coloring set off by the splendor of this Russian evening coat of crimson velvet embroidered in gold!

(right) She is enchanting in evening dress, with her lovely neck and arms. Her Lanvin frock is of ivory taffeta and tulle.

(below) On her Florida honeymoon, this young Parisian discovered the delights of deep-sea fishing. A keen sportswoman, she rides, drives, swims and dives superbly.



(left) Pond's four delightful preparations—famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream, and Skin Freshener to banish oiliness after cold cream cleansing.

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**"Thank God!
At last I'll be able
to read and write."**

Somewhere near you is a grown person groping in the dark, in many ways helpless as a child, because he cannot read or write. You can bring sunlight into his darkened life. More than that, you may be the means of bringing him better health—even of saving his life.

Today he cannot read messages on disease prevention. He does not know, unless someone tells him, the important rules of health or how to keep his family from having diphtheria, smallpox, or typhoid fever. These and other preventable diseases often make illiterate localities their breeding places and thus endanger the health of the educated, despite all their precautions.

Perhaps you share the mistaken belief that it is impossible to teach grown-up illiterates how to read and write and that they are content to be illiterate.

Get the confidence of an illiterate and ask him if he would like to be able to read and write. Tell him he can learn to write his name in 30 minutes and learn to read in a few months. In all probability his eager response will amaze you.



It may surprise you to learn that the majority of illiterate persons in the United States are native born—more than three million illiterate Americans. Many of them have never

had a chance to learn and do not know where to look for instruction.

Illiterates are not hard to find—a servant, a farmhand, an employee in your own or your neighbor's shop, a laundress, a deliveryman, a laborer in your neighborhood.

There are more than 5,000,000 men and women in the United States who cannot read health messages concerning sanitation and prevention of disease—more than 400,000 of them are in the State of New York, more than 300,000 in Pennsylvania, about 150,000 in Massachusetts. You can find them in every State of the Union—in cities, in towns and in country districts.

Will you give someone a present that he would not exchange for hundreds of dollars—the ability to read and write—a present which costs you nothing?

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FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

YOUR RUGS

[Continued from page 38]

the right use of both which strikes the vital note in modern decorating. The third or fourth tone in a figured rug may be the means of lending accent and interest to a room, but in the general scheme of texture and color the floor covering does well to repeat the colors in furniture and curtains. Realizing the reign of the ensemble, rug manufacturers are following the trends in other furnishings so that the rug of today will harmonize with the draperies and coverings for which it forms a background. Where there is much brilliant color or striking design elsewhere in the room, plain rugs or carpets—their soft surface reflecting the light in interesting shadings—or patterned carpets of small design and subdued coloring will unobtrusively merge into a harmonious picture. The proportion of the rug in relation to the room size is of importance in balancing a decorative scheme for complete harmony. The medium size room where one rug is used needs a rug coming to within twelve inches of the wall and well up to the fireplace. For larger floor space, the floor margin should be proportionately greater—possibly eighteen inches. And if small rugs are to be scattered about to cover the main space units, the lines of the rugs should harmoniously follow the lines of the room.

To Protect the Carpet

There will always be homes which prefer carpets to rugs and during the past two years this number has increased surprisingly. There is unquestioned charm and friendly warmth in a figured carpet of fine quality. The advent of the vacuum cleaner has made this type of floor covering practical for homes not prone to moving days.

Science has developed the simplest sort of device which practically doubles the life of pile rugs and carpets through eliminating the constant stabbing and friction of heels. This cushion makes a rug seem thicker and more luxurious and it adds to the quietness of the floor covering. It is of felted hair, cut just enough smaller than the rug so as not to show. Under carpets it is laid without lapping. It clings flat to the floor, free of any fastening, keeps the rug from all possibility of buckling and makes it delightfully luxurious underfoot. For the lighter and smaller rugs, an anchor of thin rubber at the edges serves the same purpose.

A varied array of less expensive rugs present themselves to solve the problem of carpeting the bedroom or informal room—cotton braided rugs, wool braided rugs, rag rugs, hooked center rugs. Reversible rugs may be made in two colors from old carpets while the early American bedroom fairly clamors for the colorful new wool rugs in oval shapes, so appropriate for this popular style of furnishing. These floor coverings match up in sets so that additional scatter rugs may supplement the larger sizes at any time. The excellent color combinations and the patent dirt-proof construction make

them especially desirable for a room subject to hard wear. And who can pass by the charming cotton chenille rugs which combine so artfully with colorful bathrooms and "do not choose to run" under the morning baptism from the shower? There are grass mats for the sleeping porch, delightful nursery rugs, and many novelties which aid the housekeeper in her efforts to carpet her house properly and variously.

Neglect takes more out of rugs than years of real usage. Yet it is a rare housekeeper who rolls up domestic rugs in summer or has them cleaned regularly as she would the more costly Orientals. Seldom are large rugs turned around to distribute the wear. Our present systems of house heating are far too drying for the best interests of fine carpets, for wool in its natural state holds 35% of its weight in water.

The Care of Rugs

A new rug, when delivered, perhaps out of a warehouse, may be entirely too dry and should not be swept for two or three weeks so that it can absorb the necessary moisture and have a chance to mat. The short fibers in the wool yarn will fuzz out if too dry and years of wear will be lost if heavy broom or suction cleaner is used when the rug is first laid down. Crushed pile and shading—that optical illusion caused by reflected light from the side of the pile—are also aggravated by lack of moisture. A container of water on the radiator during the winter months will help remedy this condition.

Heavy beating of carpets eventually breaks the threads, loosens the binding, throws the fabric out of shape and causes it to pull apart. A carpet sweeper should be used every day or so and the vacuum cleaner once a week. It is wiser to send a rug periodically to a cleaner who is familiar with materials and dyes, and who knows what will benefit and what harm them, than to try radical home treatment which may injure color or fiber. Small spots will usually disappear at the magic touch of carbon tetrachloride, wiped on with a clean cloth until all traces of soil have disappeared. For more extensive damage the repair man should be consulted. The woolly fuzz which accumulates on the surface of a new rug or carpet of deep pile is only the loose ends of the nap, accumulated in the pile during the shearing.

In the purchase of a rug the reputation of a manufacturer goes far in inspiring confidence. The untrained eye cannot tell of the quality and fastness of the dyes used, or of the wool blend on which rests the final beauty and wearing qualities of the carpet. When lustrous and resilient wool is employed, long of fiber and strong, the rug will show its aristocratic lineage by growing more beautiful as time passes. The genius of modern production has drawn beauty from long study and combined with it practical manufacturing and moderate cost for the rugs in our modern home.

FOR THE HOSTESS

Just off the press—two new editions of our most popular booklets: *Unusual Entertaining*—plans for bridge parties, dances, school affairs—all delightfully original—and *What To Serve At Parties*—delicious menus for all party occasions (with recipes). Send twenty cents each for these booklets to:

McCALL'S SERVICE EDITOR, 236 W. 37TH ST., NEW YORK CITY

Making "Slow" Children "Quick"

Through Right Breakfasts

The important part food plays in your child's progress at school recently discovered by dieticians. Many "slow" children really undernourished, say teachers in discussing what they call "the breakfast crime."

YOUR child's schoolwork is planned to utilize the bright morning hours of the day. Recent nationwide investigation showed that 70% or more of "hard" classes fall before lunch time.

Yet, teachers claim, the majority of children are sent to school inadequately nourished to do their schoolwork well. Report cards reflect this condition, continued poor marks give the children the name of being "slow." Actually, they haven't had a proper chance.

Dieticians, working with school authorities, today are largely changing this. And conditions are improving as mothers realize the important part breakfast plays in their children's schoolwork—in their entire lives, in fact.

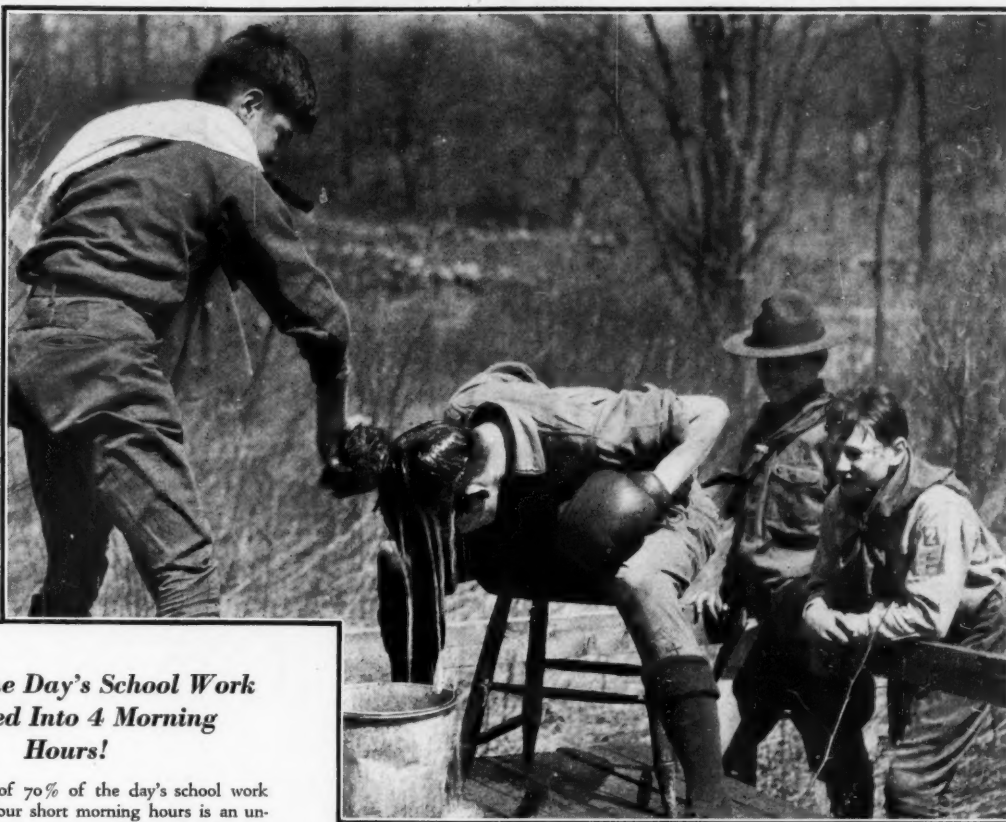
The need for food's growth elements, properly balanced

To start the day right—according to recent scientific findings of world-respected scientists—the growth or protein element of food must constitute an important part of the

70% of the Day's School Work Crowded Into 4 Morning Hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to *Watch Your Child's Breakfast*—to start days with food that "stands by" through the important morning hours.



Learning the manly art of self-defense. These boy scouts also learn the importance of eating properly to build sturdy bodies, alert brains. They start each day with Quaker Oats.



Youthful Mrs. Reardon Ellis, who is training her youngsters for athletics. Proper feeding is an essential, and Quaker Oats is on the daily breakfast menu, you may be sure.

child's breakfast each morning. Many home breakfasts, investigations reveal, are seriously lacking in this element. Children inadequately supplied are dull and listless.

For these reasons, Quaker Oats is found on almost every dietician's chart for children's proper growth. Food that "stands by" them, that builds muscles and re-supplies the body with tissue lost in exercise and play.

Thus children from the age of six months are given strained Quaker Oats and so supplied, in earliest life, the protein in which many cereals are gravely deficient. Then at the age of two years, full Quaker Oats is given as protein-containing, whole-grain food.

16% is protein . . . plus—

In addition to its high content of protein—the "growth element"—Quaker Oats is rich in minerals and abundant in Vitamin B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives.

The oat is the *best balanced* cereal that grows—offering the needed food elements in correct proportion to afford the maximum of good.

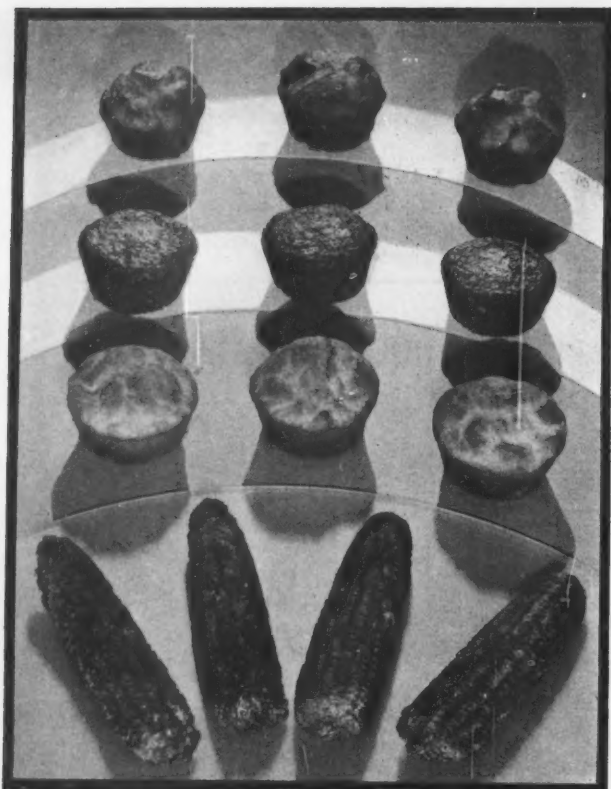
Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies, too, the most *delicious* of all breakfasts—a creamy richness that no other cereal known excels.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Grocers have 2 kinds of Quaker Oats, that which you have always known, and Quick Quaker, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes.

The makers of Quaker Oats also make Mother's Oats and Quick Mother's Oats, which you may have been accustomed to buying. They use the same care in selection, the same high standards of milling, that have made the name Quaker a household word.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



Plain muffins and three variations, including cornmeal



Shortcakes, biscuits, scones and butterscotch buns

BE YOUR OWN BAKER

*From three standard recipes you can make
seventeen different quick breads*

I SOMETIMES think we are living in the Golden Age of homemaking, so many important facts are being discovered which make our work easier and more accurate. Baking, for example. In the University of Chicago, Miss Halliday and Miss Noble of the Department of Home Economics carried on a long series of experiments with baking powder mixtures, and the results they obtained upset at least one theory with which many of us were brought up. Weren't you always warned to handle baking powder biscuit dough as little as possible? Well, this exhaustive research proves that a few seconds of quick, light kneading helps to distribute the ingredients thoroughly, thus giving the baking powder a chance to act completely and evenly throughout the dough. (But, the work *must* be done quickly!) Undermixed biscuits, Miss Halliday and Miss Noble found out, did not rise to their full capacity, and so were rather close and solid in texture, instead of flaky. Also, such biscuits were apt to have a yellowish color inside instead of being creamy white, and the crust was rough and unattractive.

But, muffins, they discovered, were different. With them there is more danger of overmixing than undermixing. A plain muffin batter should be mixed very quickly with only enough stirring to moisten the ingredients. More mixing than this causes "peaks" or knobs on the outside, and "tunnels" inside. It was also proven that by adding the liquid *all at once* to a muffin mixture, less stirring was needed than when a little was added at a time, and a better texture resulted.

By adding information like this to our other modern equipment—standard measuring cups and spoons, an oven thermometer or regulated oven, good ingredients and an accurate recipe—we eliminate the element of luck from our baking. Even the inexperienced housekeeper will be able to make a presentable product the first time, and as she grows in experience she can add a variety of perfect "quick" breads to her accomplishments. Just think how an economical meal becomes a gala affair by the addition of hot bread. The following

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of
Foods and Household Management

ARE YOUR QUICK BREADS LIKE THIS?

PLAIN MUFFINS

should be light for their size, should be a golden brown color, should rise evenly and have a slightly rounded top, but no peaks or knobs. The inside should be fairly even-textured (holes of about the same size) with no "tunnels."

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

should be very light; should double in size in baking; should rise evenly so that the top is fairly level and sides straight. The crust should be a golden brown color. The inside should be light and flaky and have an even texture, that is, holes of about the same size; it should be a creamy white color with no yellow spots.

POPOVERS

should be very light for their size; should rise very high (about once again the height of the pan); should have a golden brown crust which will not become soft when it comes from the oven. The inside should be hollow and practically dry.

recipes have been tried again and again in my kitchen. The breads made by them meet all the requirements in the box below. I shall be glad to know whether you get good results.

Baking Powder Biscuits

(standard recipe)

2 cups flour $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder 4 tablespoons shortening
2/3 cup milk

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Work in shortening with finger tips until mixture looks like coarse meal. Make a well in center, add the milk all at once and stir until well mixed. (This should form a soft dough; if it does not, add a little more milk.) Turn out on lightly floured board and knead quickly while you count ten. Pat or roll out lightly to about one-half the thickness you desire your baked biscuit to be. Cut and place on baking sheet. Bake in quick oven (450° F.) about 12 minutes.

Variations

Cheese Biscuit: Follow standard recipe adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated American cheese to the flour mixture.

Graham Biscuit: Follow standard recipe substituting 1 cup graham flour for 1 cup of the white flour. Add 1 tablespoon granulated sugar.

Fruit Biscuit: Follow standard recipe or use Graham Biscuit recipe. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins and dates to dry ingredients.

Emergency Biscuit: Follow standard recipe or use the recipe for Graham Biscuit, adding enough more milk to make a dough soft enough to drop from the spoon. Drop by tablespoons on greased baking sheet.

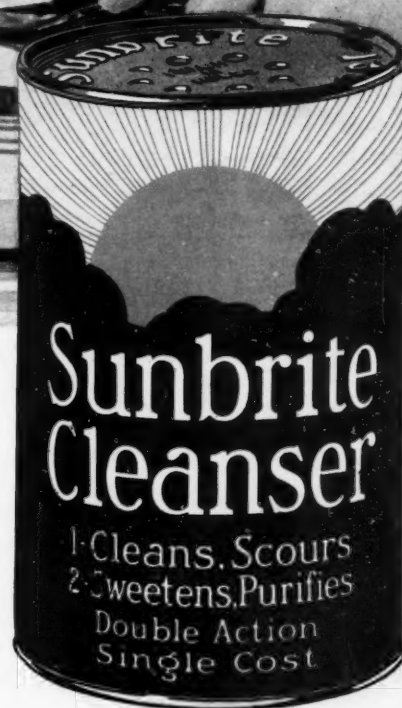
Butterscotch Buns: Follow standard recipe. Roll out $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick, spread with 4 tablespoons softened butter and sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light brown sugar. Roll like jelly roll and cut in slices about [Turn to page 45]



THE CITY
OF SUNBRITE
IS FRESHLY CLEAN

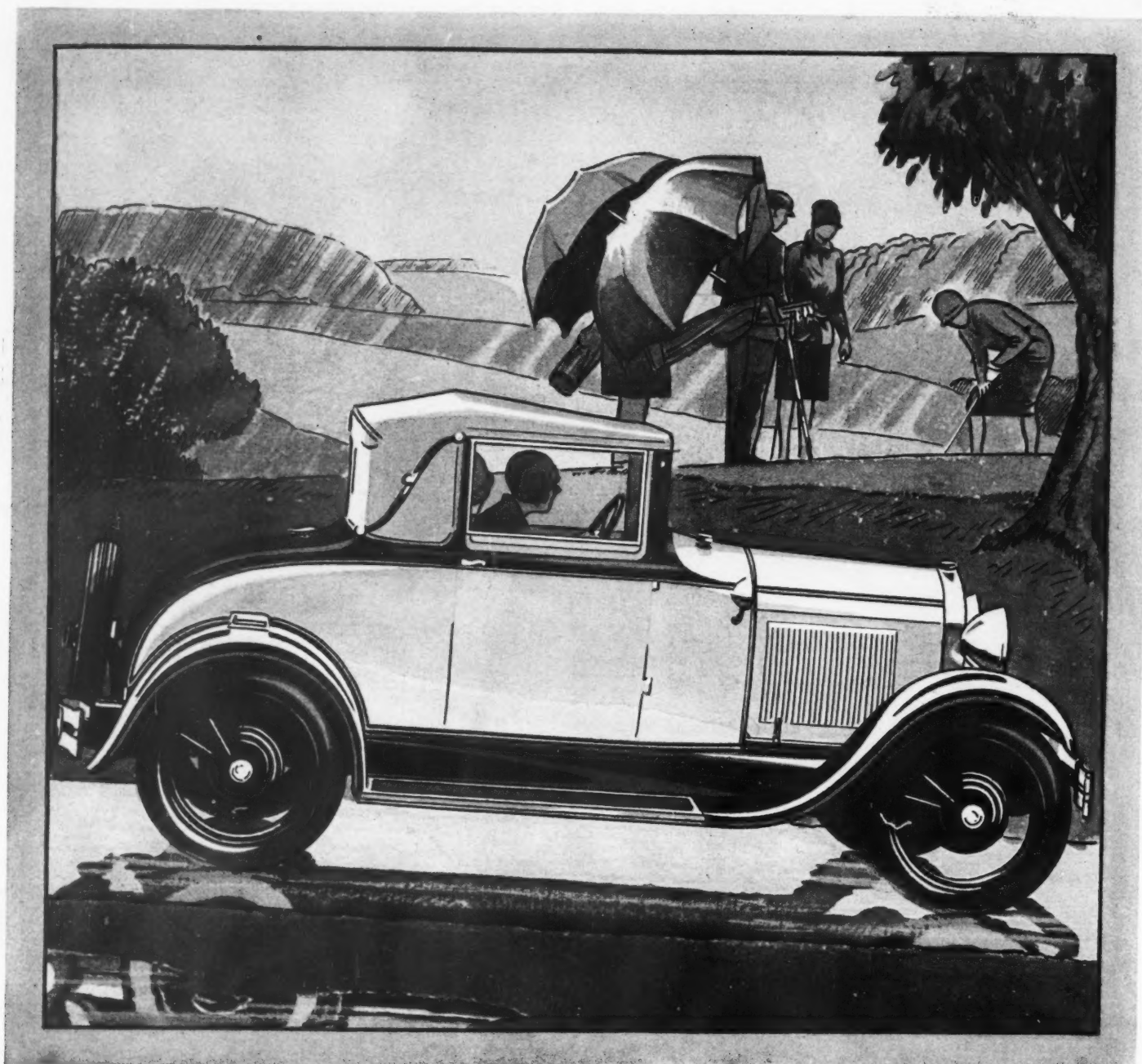


Golfing hands...scrubbing hands...tea-party hands...one pair with many occupations. Modern, these hands, as modern as the tools they use. Sunbrite Cleanser, for instance, whose "double-action"—*purifying* as it scours—cuts cleaning time in two. Sunbrite freshens as it cleans—kills the persistent odor of strong foods on cutlery and dishes. Sunbrite does not harm the skin. Save your hands with Sunbrite . . . Order a supply for all your household cleaning, today.



Quick Arrow
White Soap Chips
make dainty things
like new.

SWIFT & COMPANY



The new Ford Convertible Cabriolet

Features of the Ford car

Ease of control ♦ ♦ Trim, smart lines ♦ ♦ Choice of beautiful colors ♦ ♦ Sturdy steel body construction
♦ ♦ Four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers ♦ ♦ Fully enclosed, silent six-brake
system ♦ ♦ Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield ♦ ♦ Quick acceleration ♦ ♦ 55 to 65 miles an hour
♦ ♦ Smoothness, balance and security at all speeds ♦ ♦ Vibration-absorbing engine support ♦ ♦ Tilting
beam headlamps ♦ ♦ Reliability ♦ ♦ Economy ♦ ♦ Long life



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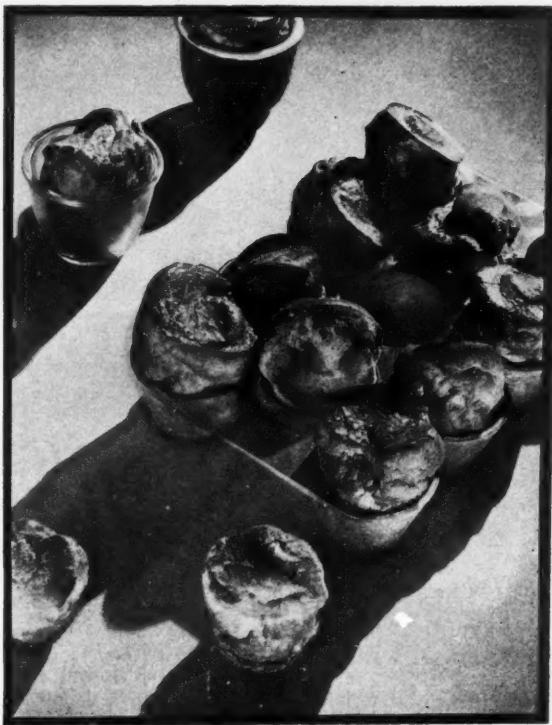
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BE YOUR OWN BAKER

[Continued from page 42]



Popovers bake best in heavy muffin pans or custard cups

$\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick. Chopped nuts may be mixed with sugar if desired. Place flat side down in baking pan which has been spread with 2 tablespoons butter and sprinkled with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar. Bake at 425° F.

Individual Shortcakes: Follow standard recipe using 5 tablespoons shortening instead of 4. For Fruit Shortcakes add 2 tablespoons sugar to the dry ingredients. Roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thickness and cut with large biscuit cutter. Bake two biscuits together with a bit of butter between. When done they will separate easily. Serve with hot creamed chicken, mushrooms, shrimp or tuna fish between. For Fruit Shortcakes, crush and sweeten the fruit and put between and on top of biscuits; top with whipped cream.

Scones: Follow standard recipe adding 1 tablespoon sugar. Use only $\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk and mix it with 1 well beaten egg before adding to dry ingredients. Roll out to $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thickness, cut in squares or diamond shapes, brush with egg white and sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 425° F.

Plain Muffins

(standard recipe)

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons melted shortening

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Beat the egg until light and add to milk. Add melted shortening to liquid mixture. Turn liquid ingredients into dry and stir vigorously until dry ingredients are moistened. Fill greased muffin pans about $\frac{2}{3}$ full. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) about 20 to 25 minutes.

Variations

Bran Muffins: Follow standard recipe substituting 1 cup bran for 1

cup of flour. Use 2 tablespoons molasses instead of sugar and $\frac{3}{4}$ instead of 1 cup milk.

Cornmeal Muffins: Follow standard recipe substituting 1 cup cornmeal for 1 cup of the flour. Bake in muffin pans or special "corn cob" pans.

Date and Nut Muffins: Follow standard recipe. Add 1 cup chopped nuts and dates, cut in small pieces, to dry ingredients.

Apple Muffins: Follow standard recipe and add to batter 1 cup chopped apples just before turning into pans.

Whole Wheat Honey Muffins: Follow standard recipe, substituting 1 cup whole wheat flour for 1 cup of the white flour. Sweeten with 3 tablespoons honey instead of sugar and add 1 beaten egg with milk. Reduce baking powder to 3 teaspoons. If desired $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates may be added.

Popovers

(standard recipe)

1 cup flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon melted shortening

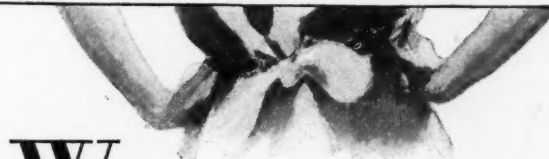
Mix and sift flour and salt. Add milk gradually. Add beaten eggs and shortening. Beat batter five minutes with an egg beater. Pour batter into greased hot iron popover pans or hot greased custard cups (earthenware or glass). Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) 30 minutes. Reduce heat to a moderate oven (350° F.) and bake 15 minutes longer. Do not open oven door for the first 15 minutes of baking.

Graham Popovers: Follow standard recipe for popovers using $\frac{2}{3}$ cup graham and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup white flour.

Note: We will gladly send you recipes for "Quick Breads Made with Yeast" on receipt of two-cent stamp for postage. Address: Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



**"Marvin T. Jones,
look at that towel!"**



WE SYMPATHIZE, Mrs. Jones. It does seem as though your husband might have put off using that pet towel until sometime when he hadn't been fixing the car.

Yet, maybe it isn't such bad luck after all! You've probably read about Fels-Naptha Soap and its *extra* help. This is an opportunity to try it out—and what you learn, will make *all* your washing easier.

Get some Fels-Naptha, Mrs. Jones, and meet this *extra* help face to face. Unwrap the bar and smell the naptha. There's plenty of it . . . and naptha is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener that dry cleaners use. So Fels-Naptha brings you two cleaners instead of one—not "just soap," but good golden soap and plenty of naptha, working together.

Now wash your "almost ruined" towel with Fels-Naptha—and watch as you wash. See how easily the brisk, busy soap and naptha suds loosen the dirt. See how even grease smudges

come off without hard rubbing. Then, as you rinse it, look! It's fresh and spotless; and with so much less work on your part than you expected! That is the *extra* help Fels-Naptha brings you, whether you are doing a single piece or the weekly wash.

Fels-Naptha works well in washing machine or tub; in hot, cool or lukewarm water or when the clothes are soaked or boiled. It is gentle both to hands and clothes. It is excellent for general household cleaning, too.

P. S. to brides: Don't wait until your husband misuses one of your "show" towels! Put Fels-Naptha on your grocery list today and have its *extra* help for your next wash.

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

The BEST COOKS use Aluminum



Safe Milk Saves Babies



Safe milk for the arriving generation! What could be more important? Is it any wonder that hospitals find no care too great to exercise in protecting the purity of milk for babies?

Milk feedings are prepared in *aluminum* in many of the country's foremost baby hospitals. Such noted institutions as the Milwaukee Children's Hospital, Sarah Morris Hospital, Chicago, and the Riley Hospital, Indianapolis, use aluminum utensils in all departments in recognition of their exceptional cooking ability, their economical durability, and their hygienic qualities.

That hospitals esteem aluminum so highly is a fact which the thoughtful housewife will weigh well. She, too, wants utensils that will serve her faithfully and thriftily, and play their part in appetizing, wholesome cookery. . . .

The best cooks use aluminum.

MAIL COUPON FOR BOOKLET

ALUMINUM WARES ASSOCIATION

Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," to address written below:



Decoration by Henry R. Sutter

Make A STRENGTH BUDGET

By DORIS M. McCRAY

LECTURER AND HOME ECONOMICS SPECIALIST

A STRENGTH budget, like a money budget, is based on how much you can do with what you have. We all know that if our expenditures of money exceed our income we simply don't "get by." In the same way when a tired body or brain is pushed beyond the safety line, it goes bankrupt and its owner is forced to "pay up" with a headache, or an attack of nerves, or with one of the more or less serious illnesses which attack us when our vitality is low.

There is a definite amount of physical labor which any woman can do in one day without too great weariness. This amount depends upon her physical condition, the weather, interruptions, and her mental state. For instance, I have found that I cannot wash, iron and clean house all in one day. But the woman who comes to help me with my housework follows this program, washing, ironing and cleaning in a different home each day, and she likes it and makes a good income at it. I earn money, too, but I can't do it that way; I am obliged to limit my activities to work which is less physical and more mental.

A time budget is more flexible than a money budget. It operates like this: Meals are on time and each member of the family must be punctual at them. If a meal is being prepared and you find that there is not time for the pudding you planned, you quickly substitute canned fruit and boxed wafers. Perhaps a prolonged telephone call makes it advisable for you to serve plain baked potatoes instead of the mashed potatoes you wanted. But how much wiser it is to eliminate unimportant tasks than to speed up at the expense of your nerves.

RUSHING around from one thing to another squanders one's energy. I have found out from sad experience that I feel all tired out after a mad scramble to meet an appointment; so, as much as is possible, I plan to be ready half an hour beforehand, and spend the free time in doing odd jobs—writing a note, doing a bit of mending, making up menus and accounts, or in just resting by reading a good book.

"Dovetailing" is really a wonderful way to reduce hurry, and so gain free time. A pot-roast can be cooked while the ironing is done. Small articles can be put in place while the vacuum

cleaner is run around a room. Cupboard shelves can be straightened, the stove wiped off, cooking utensils washed, or some dish prepared for next day while a meal is cooking.

And stories can be told to children while the mending basket is attacked. That is one of the compensations for doing one's own housework—to be always on hand where the children can get at you. It is an old custom, but still a worthy one, for a mother and her children to be occupied with their hands while enjoying conversation with each other in the same room. The child gets ideas, has his questions answered, and learns to understand the adult viewpoint as it is tactfully and casually presented.

Not all time budgets can be alike. One woman I know, whose children are in high school, completes her daily tasks by 9 o'clock each morning. Between that hour and the time when she begins to prepare luncheon, she finishes her weekly tasks. She spends her afternoons in social and community activities, and in sewing. During free evenings she makes out menus, marketing and shopping lists, and does any other necessary planning.

WHERE there are smaller children in the house a time budget works out differently. The mother does not have so much free time in the afternoons, and there are more interruptions. But nevertheless she can plan her schedule accurately, allowing for interruptions, her own speed as a worker, and the number of hours she can work. She, especially, must remember that all things are not of equal importance. Happy children's faces take precedence over shining floors when there is not time for both, and if she cannot accomplish all she has set out to do she must learn not to worry.

Labor-saving methods and a few simple devices are necessary to our budgeting scheme. Ice-box cookies are quicker than rolled-and-cut cookies, and bakery cookies are quicker still. A dish drainer saves at least 20 minutes daily which would have to be spent in wiping dishes. Extra long sheets save soiling blankets, and necessitate only one trip around the bed while it is being made.

Scrubbing kitchen tables is antiquated. They should have porcelain [Continued on page 65]

FREE!

10-day supply

Have teeth dazzling white

Please accept the special formula to remove film on teeth. Film is the cause of dull, discolored teeth. It is the basis of decay and pyorrhea.

MEET 10 people of the class who brush their teeth, and 5 of them have made the fascinating free test we offer here—have employed this modern formula to turn teeth dazzling white—to combat serious tooth and gum disorders at the start. That is the reason for the millions of dazzling smiles one sees today on every hand.

Just mail the coupon for your free ten-day tube. It will be forwarded at once.

*Why Pepsodent is entirely different.
It removes film from teeth*

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film; a slippery, slimy coating.

This film absorbs discolorations and makes otherwise white teeth dull and dingy.

Film clings to teeth *too stubbornly* for usual ways of cleansing to combat successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. It is an ever-forming, ever-present menace in your mouth, say dental authorities, who have spent years in extensive scientific research.



Germs breed and multiply in that film. The acids of decay are invited. Film hardens into tartar. And

Film discolors teeth and fosters serious tooth and gum disorders.

germs, with tartar, are a definitely proved cause of pyorrhea.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. The new-found agents in Pepsodent curdle and loosen film so that light brushing takes it off. Thus the long and vigorous brushing necessary with old ways now is ended. Its use aids in firming gums and restoring healthy coral color.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. It is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth-cleansing methods.

Give Pepsodent free 10-day test

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for ten days and see teeth lighten.

Get a large tube wherever dentifrices are sold. Or send free coupon to nearest address.



FREE—10-DAY TUBE

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Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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City.....

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191 George St. Toronto 2, Ont., Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . London, S. E. 1, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave. Sydney, N. S. W.
Only one tube to a family

3242

**Crisp
delicious
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Toasties
wakes up
new energy
quickly**



**For work or
play, it's the
Wake-up
Food!**



© 1923, P. Co., Inc.



Surprise loaf garnished with quartered tomatoes

FRENCH RECIPES For American Vegetables

By DAY MONROE AND MARY I. BARBER

THE first time Madame told us of the garden of Denise, her daughter, we wondered at her enthusiasm for spending her summers there. Madame is so much the Parisienne that we could scarcely imagine her in a garden. But that was before we had visited Denise. Now we understood. Such a garden! Lovely and restful, with a shaded arbor for afternoon tea or even for luncheon, and with more kinds of flowers than we have in our home garden of twice that size. And back of the arbor and the flower garden was a kitchen garden which would have delighted anyone as interested in cookery as Madame.

Now, she said, she would be able to teach us some of the best ways to cook vegetables fresh from the garden. So again we brought out the willing notebook, from which we are glad to pass on to you some favorite recipes.

Peas à la Madame

Madame says that either fresh or canned peas are greatly improved by having lettuce, onion and a little sugar cooked with them. Here is her method for fresh peas:

- 2 cups shelled peas
- 1 small head lettuce
- 1 small onion
- Sprig parsley
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- ¼ cup water

Place all ingredients in heavy saucepan, cover tightly and cook until peas are tender. (If water evaporates it may be necessary to add a little more during cooking.) Remove from fire, drain off excess liquid, take out parsley and shake pan gently over fire to dry. Add 3 tablespoons fresh butter. Cut lettuce into quarters and serve in center of vegetable dish with peas around it.

Canned peas she simply reheats, adding some shredded lettuce and a few slices of onion (both of them partly cooked), and a tiny bit of sugar.

She places all in a saucepan, covers it tightly and cooks until peas are thoroughly heated through. She then drains off the liquid, and serves with sweet butter.

Eggplant With Tomatoes

- 1 small eggplant
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 small onion
- 1 clove garlic
- 4 firm ripe tomatoes
- ¼ cup bread crumbs
- ¼ cup grated cheese

Pare the eggplant, cut into thin slices, sprinkle with salt. Cover with a plate upon which a weight is placed in order to press out some of the juice. Allow to stand about an hour. Remove weight, dry each slice of eggplant, dredge with flour, and sauté in salad oil or other shortening until golden brown. Fry the onion, thinly sliced, at same time. Cut clove of garlic and rub the cut surface over inside of baking dish. In bottom of baking dish, place a layer of fried eggplant. Over it lay thick slices of tomato. Sprinkle with sliced onion and salt. Add another layer of eggplant and one of tomato. Sprinkle with salt and then a thin layer of dry white bread crumbs and grated cheese. Cook slowly in a moderate oven (350° F.) until tomato is done and cheese browned. Serve in the baking dish.

Surprise Loaf

- 2 or 3 tomatoes
- 1 cup diced carrots
- 1 small loaf bread
- 1 cup cooked veal, diced
- 1 onion, thinly sliced
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 2 hard cooked eggs, cut in slices
- Salt and Paprika

Peel and slice tomatoes. Cook carrots until tender in 1 cup bouillon (or in water to which a bouillon cube has been added). Cut top from loaf of

bread, scoop out the soft part and save for bread crumbs. Brush inside of loaf with salad oil or melted butter, place in oven and heat until brown and somewhat crisp. In the loaf put a layer of sliced tomatoes; sprinkle with salt. Cover with carrots, veal, onion and some of the parsley. Cover with sliced eggs, add remainder of tomatoes, sprinkle with salt, parsley and dash of paprika. Sprinkle lightly with buttered crumbs. (Add a layer of grated cheese, if desired.) Place in shallow baking dish and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 20 minutes or until tomatoes are tender. Serve in dish in which it was baked, in order not to break the loaf in removing it. Garnish with sprigs of parsley and sections of tomato.

Fried Cauliflower

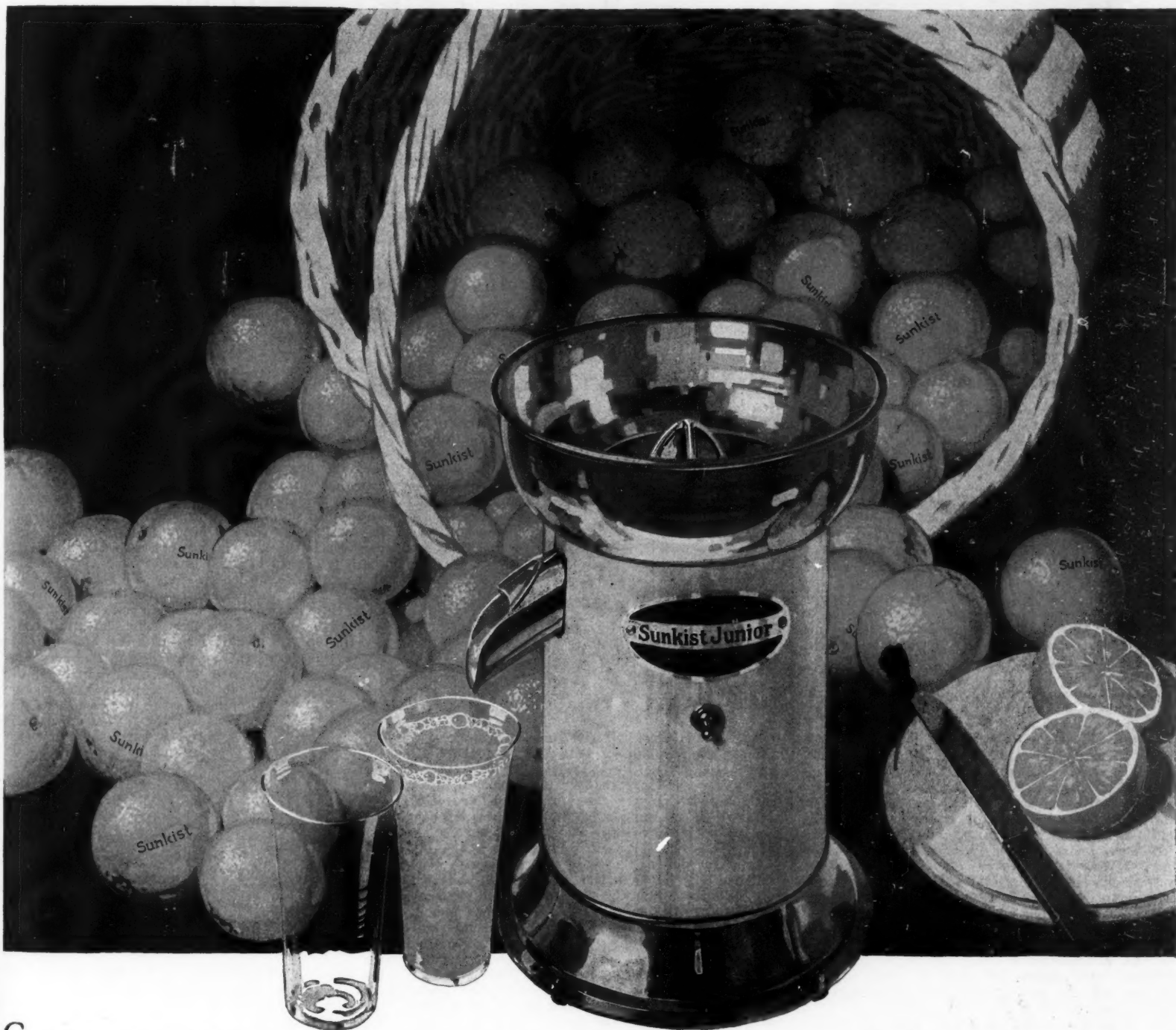
Separate the head into small flowerets. Wash, parboil for 5 minutes and drain until dry. Pour over the cauliflower a French dressing made of 4 parts salad oil, 1 part vinegar, seasoned with mustard, salt, pepper, paprika, chopped parsley and grated onion. Let stand in cold place one hour. Drain. Dip into batter, made according to recipe given below, fry in deep fat and drain on unglazed paper. Serve with tomato sauce, if desired.

Batter: Mix and sift 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup milk and a well beaten egg. Mix well.

String Beans With Tomatoes

Remove strings from 1½ pounds green beans, cut them in inch pieces and cook in salted, boiling water until tender. Drain and shake dry. Peel 5 tomatoes, cut slice off top, and scoop out the seeds, leaving outer walls and partitions. Cut into thick slices and cut each slice in 4 pieces. Heat 2 tablespoons salad oil in frying pan, add pieces of tomato and a few moments later the boiled beans. Stir, and cook for about 10 minutes until tomatoes are done. Season with salt and pepper.

The *health-way*...to start the day *Right!*



GREAT for health to drink a generous glass of Orange Juice first thing in the morning. It is the scientific way to start the day... *R-I-G-H-T!* And, the suggestion holds good for all ages in the family—from the youngest up!

Here is *one* fruit that never tires your taste! California Sunkist Oranges are in your market fresh every day in the year, yet the demand is incessant. That is because Oranges are not only good *but good for you!* You eat them with real joy—and at the same time realize their fruit-sugars and healthful fruit-acids, their vitamins and minerals are working for your betterment—*every drop.*

This season there is a large crop of small-size Sunkist Oranges—as juicy, sweet and delicious as any of the larger ones you ever ate. Being small, *they cost less.* Surely this is the time to know what Oranges will do for health.

Fresh California Sunkist Orange Juice is wonderful not only in the early morning but a glassful before

SUNKIST CALIFORNIA ORANGE JUICE

Richest Juice Finest Flavor

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor—Illustrated above. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the Orange or Lemon Juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. \$14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address below. Carriage prepaid. In Canada \$19.95.

(Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute)

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. 609, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California

☐ Please mail me a **FREE** copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," discussing Acidosis and containing normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets. Check if desired.
☐ Enclosed find \$14.95 (Canada \$19.95) for one Sunkist Junior Orange and Lemon Juice Extractor

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

lunch and another in mid-afternoon will give you a natural pick-up that will make you think clearer and work better—and send the hours flying. Oranges sliced or segmented have an equally fine effect.

Sunkist Oranges are practically seedless at this season and may be sliced extra thin. And, not only are they easier to peel but the segments skin readily and the sparkling sections hold their juice until served—without the usual mussiness.

Oranges, like Lemons, while acid in taste, are *alkaline in reaction* and therefore are among the most potent controls of Acidosis known to Medical Science. Your interest in your family's health and your own will invite you to mail the coupon for "Telling Fortunes with Foods," which discusses Acidosis and prescribes anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets.

Your Orange buying guide should be the name "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper. It assures uniform quality.

WIRING THE HOUSE OLD OR NEW

How much does it cost? How much does it save—in eyesight, housework and valuable strength and time?



must be folks who know how to put in the wiring."

And so it turned out. A real electrical contractor was called in. Not a builder or a carpenter but an electrical contractor who made a specialty of doing this particular kind of job well. That is the first step to success. The next wise move, when wiring an old house, is to compromise and make greater use of center lights and baseboard outlets, not insisting on side wall lights. Lights for floor and tables, and a few hanging lights over dressing

By ANNE PIERCE

Authority on Household Appliances

subsequent fussing with double outlet plugs).

Six three-way switches, two in each hall.

Eight flush wall switches, one in every room at the door.

The bill for the installation also covered drop cords, rewiring two fixtures, twelve rosette lights for ceiling, three candles and one silk lantern and bell ringing transformer for the front door. This householder knows now that it was a mistaken economy to save the five dollars that might have provided an extra light at the kitchen sink, even though a center light was installed in the ceiling. Also a porch light has been added since. And perhaps most important of all, this very modest contract included the rigid metal conduit which the laws in many localities require and which is deemed essential to safety and long service.

In contrast to this modest equipment in an old house, yielding a high percentage of comfort on a \$320 investment, there are amazingly complete and efficient possibilities in equipping the new house. Electrical contractors and architects estimate that from two to three per cent of the cost of the house is well invested in electrical wiring. However, we must remember that local conditions as to requirements and costs of labor and materials vary widely, so much so

estimates on the average cost per outlet have ranged from \$2.68 to \$5.45. Nevertheless

DOCTOR FELIX ADLER, the great psychologist, once said that every time he rose to address an audience on child labor he was amazed that it should be necessary to argue on such a subject in the twentieth century. It seems equally strange that anyone should need to "sell" electricity to the busy housekeeper of today. A force which illuminates, beautifies and safeguards the home, works at cleaning, sewing and cooking with equal facility and all at a wage varying from one-third of a cent an hour for a cooling fan to six cents an hour for cookery and heating, should sell itself. It does to the thousands of women who have once admitted it to their homes.

DOWN in the Capital City of the Nation, in an old-fashioned part of town, stands the house where I was born. It is an unpretentious, old, three-story brick house in the middle of the block. Despite new furnace and new plumbing, periodical new decorations and loving care, the house was inconvenient, even the most sentimental had to admit that. Gas lights flickered and called for matches; there were no low-placed lights for comfortable reading and study, unless an oil lamp was used; no side lighting soft and decorative, such as made other houses half as well furnished look twice as well; no vacuum cleaner, no washing machine or electrical sewing machine to cut labor down both as to time and strength; no pressing iron unless the hot stove was kept going to heat it and in the torrid months of a Washington summer, that is a point; no soft, fluffy hot pad at a moment's notice for sick grandmother or baby. One could go on indefinitely, enumerating the points on which a house without electricity grows an inferiority complex in this electrical age.

It is estimated that there are some two million houses of this type all within reach of electrical service, houses which need to have a new light cast on their gracious, high-ceilinged rooms, and a new leisure introduced to the women of the family by electrical appliances. In millions of additional homes the present electric wiring is very poorly done and inadequate.

What to do, when heart and pocketbook both say "Stay," in the old house and the head, comfort and pride say "Go?" "Why not put electricity in this house?"

Chorus of doubters: "Old house isn't worth it." "You'll never get your money back." "It will ruin the walls and floors and you will have to do the whole house over" and so on.

"Don't want my money back except in comfort, safety and conveniences," responds the wise head of the house. "There

tables, stove and sink will give sufficient lighting without defacing old walls. In this nine-room house the work was completed in five days, only a couple of boards in each floor were removed, not a single wall was repapered, there was no fuss or trouble, and the total cost was \$320! Furthermore this was done five years ago and could be done for ten per cent less today, the electrical contractor now says.

And what did the family get for its money? A job which resulted in an eminently successful and comfortable house, wiring which has transformed the house. The installations complied with all insurance and fire laws. The work has made all electrical appliances possible although representing only an average of outlets and equipment in place of the ideal numbers and arrangement. The super-electric house newly built with complete wiring may call for a double outlet every twelve feet, (including door and window space) center lights and side lights galore. But no one should be deterred from putting in electricity because this ideal cannot be achieved; even a minimum equipment means greater convenience and comfort to those with old houses. The high tension wires which bring current from the power houses have brought comfort and better living into our homes. They may be compared to the smooth modern highways which make motor travel possible and thus simplify travel and shopping and all phases of living.

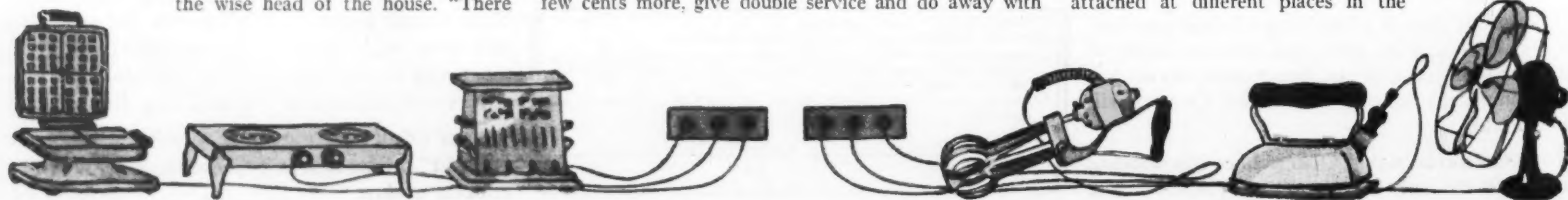
The installation in the old house discussed above included these items: Eighteen center ceiling lights, allowing three in the cellar and furnace room, two in a large bedroom (one swinging cord light for dressing table) and one such for each other room in the house.

Two high side wall outlets (bath and kitchen for convenience in attaching utensils).

Seven baseboard outlets (double ones, cost only a few cents more, give double service and do away with

less these figures are helpful in checking on your house plan. They show that in a fifteen thousand dollar house for instance one should allow from three hundred to four hundred and fifty dollars for the electrical wiring exclusive of fixtures.

Luxurious equipment for a large living-room, 18 by 24, might call for as many as six wall brackets, a ceiling cluster light, seven convenience outlets at the baseboard (at least three of them double) and four tumbler switches. If this seems extreme, reflect that in such a room five or six lamps small and large, for floor and tables, is none too many; there is the radio to be connected, and the fan in summer. Perhaps the double outlet at the fireplace means a lamp for the sleepy hollow chair which must stand there; and an outlet for the chafing dish, percolator, or waffle iron for afternoon tea by the fireside or a tête à tête midnight supper. The vacuum cleaner may not work effectively for the entire room from one outlet, especially in a large room, it should be attached at different places in the





HOW MUCH DO WE PAY FOR ELECTRICITY?

According to a computation made of rates per kilowatt hour specified by various lighting companies, the average rate in sections of the country is as follows:

New England	\$.0829
Middle Atlantic States	.0729
South Atlantic States	.0929
East North Central States	.0750
East South Central States	.0759
Pacific Coast States	.0495

These rates do not apply to the electric range but for lighting and for the operation of appliances consuming less than 1320 watts—that is, those appliances that can be operated from the regular lighting circuit and require no special wiring.

Where the sliding scale rate is in effect the actual costs of operating these appliances will progressively decrease the more they are used.



room for easy and efficient use. Also in rearranging furniture it is a relief not to have your plans defeated by lack of lighting attachments in desired spots, and to be freed from the necessity of trailing long cords around behind the furniture.

The master bedroom of spacious dimensions can use five wall brackets, a ceiling light and four convenience outlets. In bedroom, bath, kitchen and sewing room, a few convenience outlets elevated from the baseboard to the four foot six-inch height are a great boon.

Kitchens these days may in the city apartment be a mere hole-in-the-wall with sliding door; or if in a house a commodious room with a dining alcove. Naturally the wiring and lighting demands for such rooms vary greatly. A powerful centerlight is a necessity in the large kitchen of course. A hanging light over the sink or brackets either side of it are needed. Two twin convenience outlets one in the baseboard and one higher up are also essential for besides the obvious electric iron, and small cooking appliances, there is possibly a dishwasher and a kitchen motor, the latter that useful device which takes all the labor and time elements out of beating, mixing, turning, and grinding operations and does them so much better than by hand power. There may be the electric refrigerator to connect and unless the laundry is a separate room (which it should be) a washing machine and ironer is to be remembered. There is some need for a heavy duty outlet when motor appliances such as the all-electric ironer are to be used. Such an outlet differs somewhat from the ordinary convenience outlet in type, employing a larger and different plug. But it can be provided at little more expense than the ordinary outlet.

The dining-room calls for the central ceiling light, wall brackets, convenience outlets in baseboard or on the wall near the buffet, and tumbler wall switches near the doors. Dining-room conveniences may also include an outlet under the table for the percolator, toaster or waffle iron or for illuminating some of the charming table center pieces now available. For the most part, however, dining-room cooking is better done on a side table or buffet than on the dining table.

Minor conveniences in wiring an old house or a new one include lights for inside closets which automatically go on and off duty as the door opens

Heating Appliances

		10c Rate	7c Rate	5c Rate
Iron—consuming	660 watts.....	\$.0650	\$.0450	\$.0333
Toaster	500 watts.....	.0500	.0350	.0250
Percolator	400 watts.....	.0400	.0275	.0200
*Grill, chafing dish, hot plate	660 watts.....	.0650	.0450	.0333
cooker, wall-outlet range	1320 watts.....	.1300	.0925	.0660
Heater	660 watts.....	.0650	.0450	.0333
Heater	1320 watts.....	.1300	.0925	.0660
Waffle iron	600 watts.....	.0600	.0400	.0300
Ironing Machine (electrically heated)	1100 watts.....	.1100	.0775	.0550
Heating Pad	50 watts.....	.0050	.0033	.0025
Curling Iron	25 watts.....	.0025	.0016	.0012
Therapeutic Lamp	250 watts.....	.0250	.0175	.0125
Oil Burner	180 watts.....	.0180	.0120	.0090

Motor-driven Appliances

Cleaner	150 watts.....	.0150	.0100	.0075
Washer	180 watts.....	.0166	.0125	.0090
Ironer	200 watts.....	.0200	.0133	.0100
(gas heated, electrically driven)				
Dishwasher	185 watts.....	.0166	.0125	.0090
Sewing Machine	75 watts.....	.0075	.0050	.0037
Floor polisher	150 watts.....	.0150	.0100	.0075

Lamps

25 watt lamp.....	.0025	.0020	.0012
40 watt lamp.....	.0040	.0028	.0020
50 watt lamp.....	.0050	.0035	.0025
60 watt lamp.....	.0060	.0042	.0030
75 watt lamp.....	.0075	.0052	.0037
100 watt lamp.....	.0100	.0070	.0050
150 watt lamp.....	.0150	.0100	.0075

and closes. And, of course, the porch and vestibule lights make you beloved of your friends; the vain search for house numbers is apt to prove irksome to new acquaintances, especially, and a stumbling entrance does not put one at ease. There are numberless small accessories in modern lighting equipment which add to the convenience and ease of living in your house perhaps of minor importance in the structural wiring of the house but they are the "little things which count" in completing the detail of the well finished house.

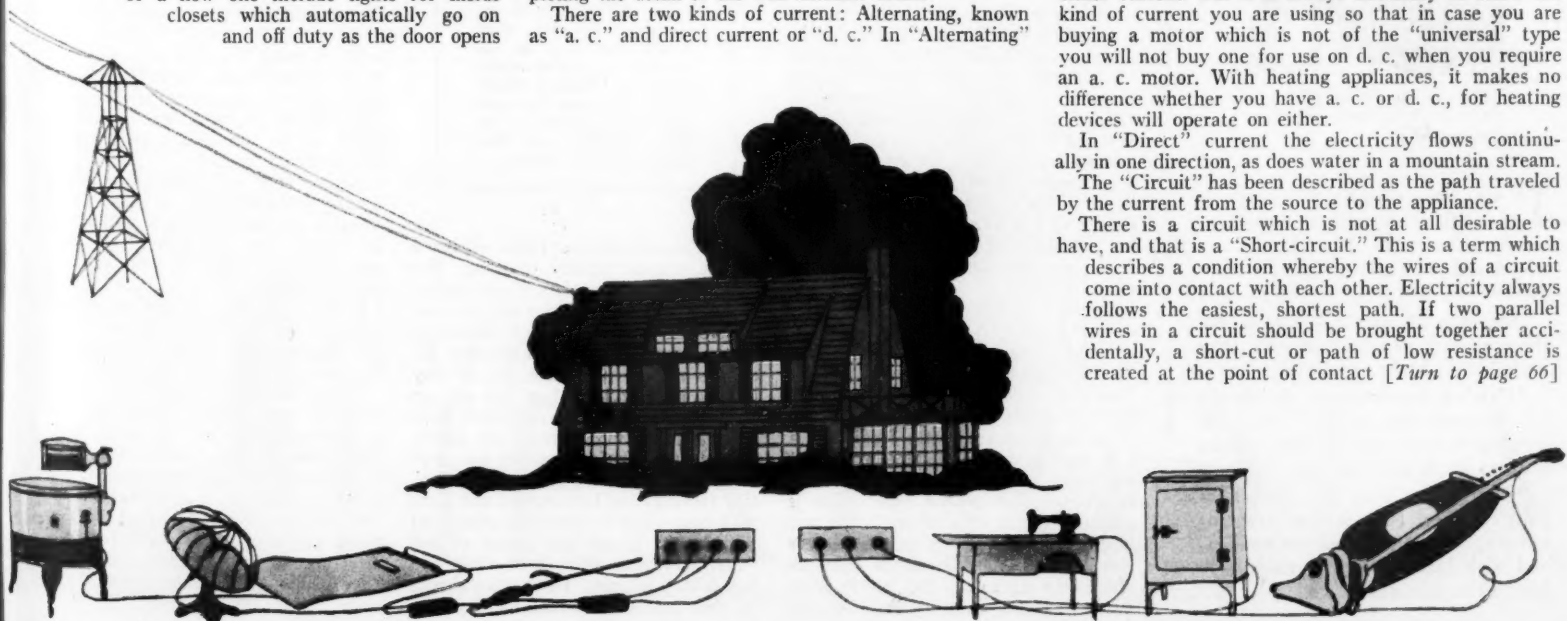
There are two kinds of current: Alternating, known as "a. c." and direct current or "d. c." In "Alternating"

current the electricity flows alternately in opposite directions. The electricity reverses its direction many times a second, usually 50 or 60 times in our ordinary household current, and this current is rated 50-cycle or 60-cycle, as the case may be, flowing first in one direction over the wires and then reversing and flowing in the opposite direction. Formerly all motors were made so that they could be operated on a. c. or d. c. only. Today, "universal" motors are made which will operate on either current. But it is always necessary to know the kind of current you are using so that in case you are buying a motor which is not of the "universal" type you will not buy one for use on d. c. when you require an a. c. motor. With heating appliances, it makes no difference whether you have a. c. or d. c., for heating devices will operate on either.

In "Direct" current the electricity flows continually in one direction, as does water in a mountain stream.

The "Circuit" has been described as the path traveled by the current from the source to the appliance.

There is a circuit which is not at all desirable to have, and that is a "Short-circuit." This is a term which describes a condition whereby the wires of a circuit come into contact with each other. Electricity always follows the easiest, shortest path. If two parallel wires in a circuit should be brought together accidentally, a short-cut or path of low resistance is created at the point of contact [Turn to page 66]



"This is how
we care for soft wee
woolens" says famous
Maternity Center



Rose-petal skin must never be
chafed by harsh, rough woolens!
Yet baby's things are washed
so often.



"We use Lux (cool suds) to keep
baby woolens soft," New York's
famous Maternity Center says.



"We rinse in 3 cool waters, dry
flat, or on a frame, in a cool,
shady place."



"Lux does not shrink or fade
knitted things—they stay like
new, if cared for this safe way."



"We use Lux for all of baby's
precious belongings—clothes,
bottles, toys."

IF you were to visit, as thousands
of mothers do, the famous Ma-
ternity Center of New York, you
would find its experts eager to show
you the very best methods of baby care.

How careful mothers should be,
these experts say, in the way they
wash baby's little garments!

"Careless washing may shrink the
baby's bands and shirts—cramp his
freedom to move and exercise—make
woolens harsh and scratchy.

"The Center uses Lux for all of
baby's things, because Lux contains
no harmful alkali to shrink wee woolens,
and with Lux there is no rubbing to
harshen or mat them."

Decoration by
Henry R. Sutter



MORE ABOUT BOTTLE FEEDING

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

Author of "Short Talks with Young Mothers", "What Every
Woman Should Know", "Practice of Pediatrics" and others

WHILE many in-
fants are
successfully breast
fed we are all
aware that the majority of humans
during the early months of life may
have to be deprived of breast milk as
a sole means of sustenance. Then the
mixed feeding, which means that a
bottle or two of a cow's milk mixture
given every day to supplement the
breast may be followed. In this fash-
ion a mother may be able to carry on
a partial nursing plan for several
months giving the baby two or three
breast feedings a day and two or more
bottle feedings.

In other instances when the mother's
milk is good but scanty, when there is
not enough to satisfactorily nourish the
infant, a good plan is to put the baby
to the breast at the regular feeding
hours and supplement the nursing by
two or three ounces from the bottle.
When a breast baby does not thrive,
gain in weight or evidence hunger at
the completion of the breast feeding
it is advisable to weigh him (with
clothes on) before and after the nurs-
ing; an ounce of milk is practically an
ounce as indicated by the weighing
scale. A baby who gains only one or
two ounces in weight is being deprived
of his necessary quota of food and the
breast feeding should be supplemented
by the bottle up to the required amount
which will depend upon the weight
and size of the child.

In most infants bottle feeding is a
safe and simple procedure, providing
the right substitute for mother's milk
is selected and proper supervision is
exercised in the care of the bottle and
nipple. In selecting a nursing bottle
there are two requirements that are
absolutely essential, the bottle must
have a holding capacity sufficient for

DR. KERLEY has
helped thousands of
McCall mothers to keep
their children in good
health through the articles
written exclusively for
them. Besides these month-
ly talks on many phases
of child health, Dr. Kerley
is the author of well-
known books on the care
of babies as well as older
children. His work in fa-
mous New York hospitals
has established him as one
of the foremost child
health specialists in the
country—a position which
brings to McCall Street
homes the same fine con-
sultation available to the
many mothers in New
York's medical centers.

one feeding and it must be so fashioned
that it can be readily cleansed. The
bottle should be oval, without angles,
nearly all nursing bottles are so con-
structed at the present time; inasmuch
as the amount of food necessary in-
creases rapidly it is best not to buy
bottles holding less than five ounces
and as many bottles are needed as there
are feedings in twenty-four hours.
Each morning before starting the prepa-
ration of the food, wash all the bot-
tles (which have been rinsed and filled
with cold water immediately after use)
with a stiff brush and plenty of hot
water and pure soap, then rinse and
boil fifteen minutes. The bottles should
be thus handled and boiled every day,

Studied selection
and care of the
nipple is likewise
important. The
straight nipple is

to be preferred, one that may be
turned and cleansed readily. A nipple
that may not be turned should never
be used. After use the nipple should
rest in the borax water solution and be-
fore placing it on the bottle it should
be rinsed in boiling water. The nipple
should also be boiled every day.

When the baby is to be put on the
bottle there is always a temptation to
use one of the many proprietary foods
on the market. Without going into a dis-
cussion regarding the pros and cons of
proprietary food feedings it is sufficient
to say that none equals cow's milk as
a substitute for breast feeding. Cow's
milk, in some form, is a substitute if
properly produced, properly cared for
and prepared, according to the direc-
tions of the physician who is the best
judge as to the child's requirements
and digestive capacity.

There is a vast difference in the
quality and cleanliness of market milk.
What is known as certified milk is best
for infants' use. As an additional safe-
guard I advise that all milk used for
infant feeding be brought to the boil-
ing point and kept there for five min-
utes. There are certain objections to
the heating which may be overcome
by giving the infant orange juice.

When the milk is delivered at the
home, it should be placed in the cool-
est compartment of the refrigerator.
Here it should remain until the mother
or nurse has washed her hands, put on
a clean apron, and is ready to fabricate
the formula. When the family condi-
tions permit there should be a re-
frigerator especially for the baby's
food. The temperature should be as
near 50° F., as possible.

an Army of Men . . . 10,000 Strong!

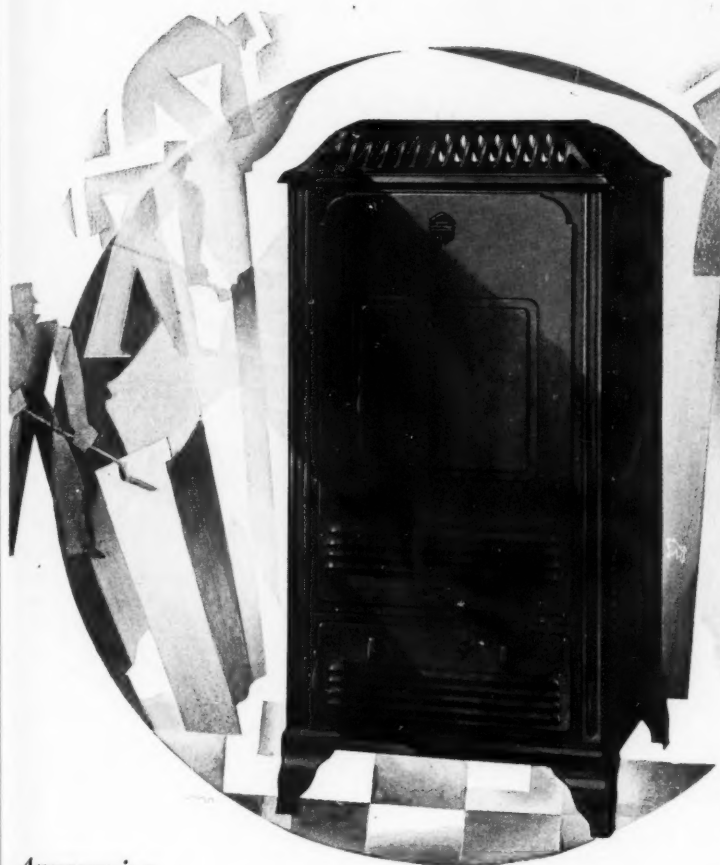
a Stream of Trucks . . . 27 Miles Long!



to deliver this



Mountain of
FREE Coal!



TEN THOUSAND families have been waiting for this announcement! Already, before the first shovelful of 1929 Heatrola Free Coal is moved, we know that at least that many bins will have to be filled.

The Heatrola Free Coal Club

Perhaps your family is already one of those counting on that load of complimentary coal. Perhaps you have already figured on putting those fuel dollars into your bank instead of into your bin.

If not, you'll be interested to know the details of the Eighth Annual Free Coal Club.

For those who take time by the forelock

We must keep our huge plant busy during the summer months. So we offer a supply of Free Coal to all who are far-sighted enough to order their Heatrolas between August 10th and 31st, instead of waiting for cold weather.

The first nippy days of Fall will find Heatrola Club members ready . . . not only with Free Coal, but with whole-house comfort, too.

Furnace Heat at Stove Cost

Of course, you know that genuine Heatrola heating means healthful warmth circulating through every room—upstairs and down! Upstairs bedrooms called "hard-to-heat" will be just as cozy as the room in which Heatrola stands. Yet the Heatrola uses no more fuel than one old-fashioned oak-stove or base-burner.

ACT NOW! There is a time limit on this generous offer. See your Heatrola dealer at once for details of the 8th Annual Heatrola Free Coal Club. Inspect the various Heatrola models for coal, wood, or gas. Or, mail the coupon for Free Coal details and full information about the Heatrola to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 10-B, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the Branch Offices:

Branch Offices: 225 West 34th Street, New York City; 1336 Boston Furniture Mart, Boston; 714 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 635 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

How to take advantage of the **8th** Annual Free Coal Offer

See your Heatrola dealer between August 10th and 31st. Enroll in the Heatrola Free Coal Club—your \$2 membership fee will be applied on the purchase price of your Heatrola.

In the Fall, when your dealer installs your Heatrola, you will get a ton of coal, if you decide on Model 5-D or the de luxe 6-D Heatrola; a half ton of coal with the No. 15 or No. 25 Heatrola Junior.*

Then, if you like, you can arrange to pay for your Heatrola on the friendly, easy-to-meet terms your dealer will offer.

**Half of these quantities in hard coal districts*

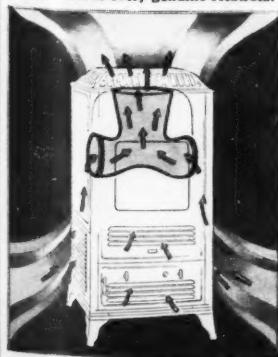
Announcing

THE NEW, GREATER HEATROLA, Model 6-D

*Modern as the moment—as smartly
beautiful as it is mechanically perfect*

This can't be imitated

Only the Heatrola has the Intensi-Fire Air Duct that absorbs and utilizes the heat which, in ordinary heaters, goes to waste up the chimney. Insist upon seeing it. You'll find it in every genuine Heatrola.



For Gas Users! If you buy a Gas Heatrola, of course, you can't use coal—free or otherwise. But you *can* use gas! So place your order between August 10th and 31st, and the Heatrola dealer will credit your merchandise account with the cash equivalent of a half ton of soft coal (a quarter ton in hard coal districts) to buy gas—with his compliments. The Gas Heatrola is made in three sizes and is the ideal heating method for small homes (or as an auxiliary heater in large homes) where gas is available.



Estate
HEATROLA

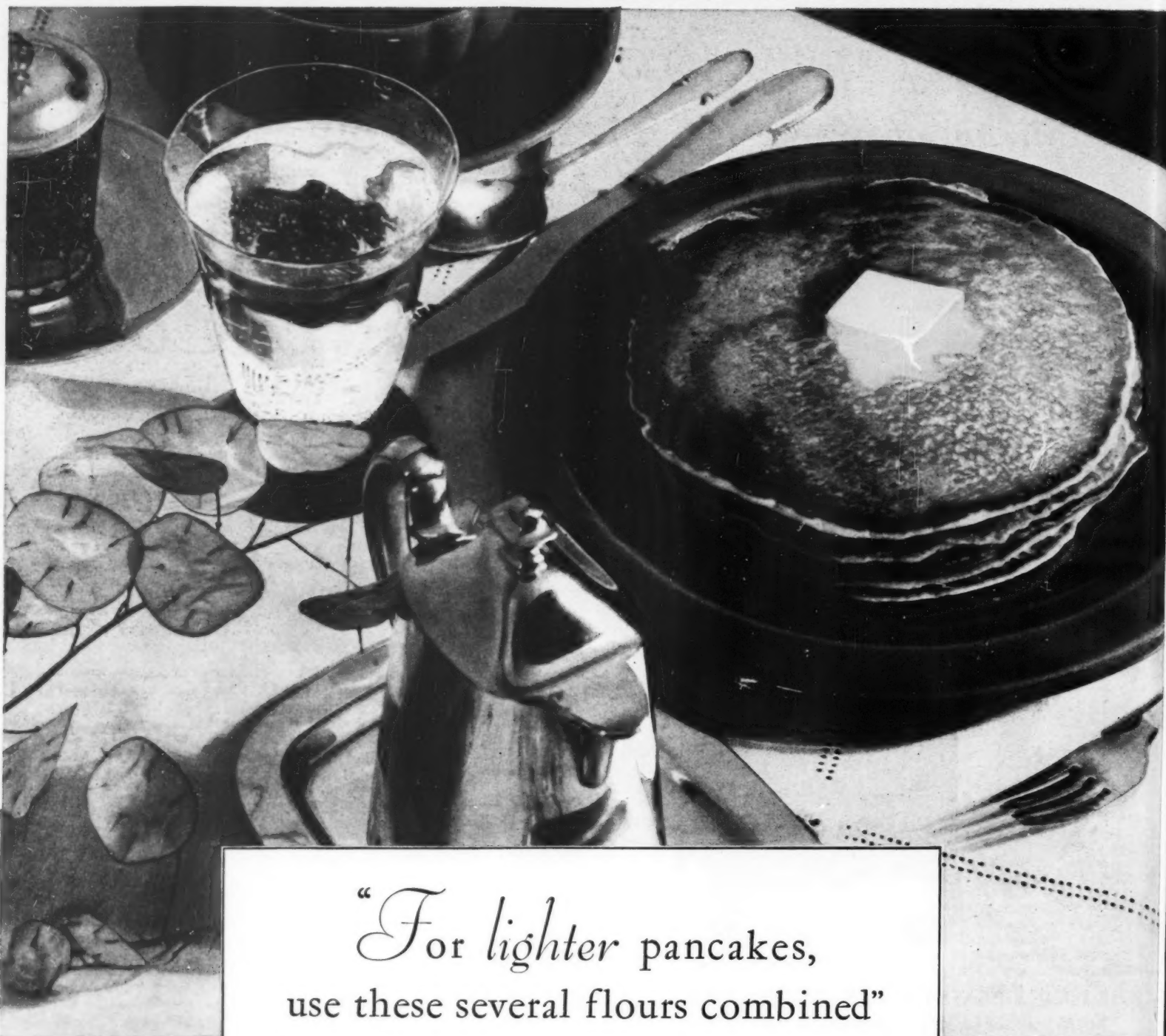
HEATS EVERY ROOM—UPSTAIRS AND DOWN

CLIP THIS COUPON—Mail it today!

The Estate Stove Company
Dept. 10-B, Hamilton, Ohio
Gentlemen:—Please send me full information about the Heatrola and the 8th Annual Free Coal Club.
For Coal ☐ Wood ☐ Gas ☐ (Check which)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

© 1929, The E. S. Co.



*"For lighter pancakes,
use these several flours combined"*
Modern cooks repeat Aunt Jemima's discovery of years ago

Aunt Jemima's four flours and all her other ingredients now come ready-mixed in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Her Buckwheat Flour is also ready for use. Just add milk (or water) to either, and stir



Because most men today want unusually light, tender pancakes for breakfast, this southern recipe is growing more and more popular. It is an old plantation "knack" of mixing four different flours for special goodness.

Celebrated cooking experts today say: for lighter pancakes, daintier and more wholesome, use several flours combined. And just this, was Aunt Jemima's discovery years ago.

Corn flour, rice flour, rye flour were skilfully added to wheat flour by Aunt

Jemima in making her famous golden-brown, fluffy pancakes.

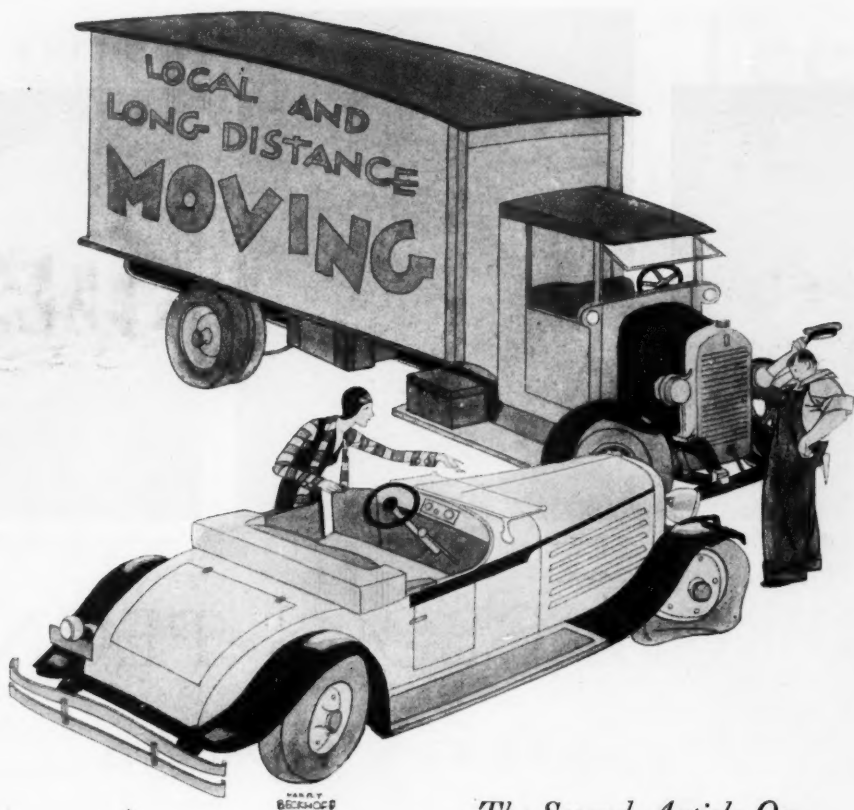
Today you can easily give your family these same tender pancakes that have made Aunt Jemima famous. Cakes remarkably light and dainty with the true plantation flavor. Try Aunt Jemima's four flours—her entire recipe, ready-mixed in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Grocers have it. If Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour does not give you complete satisfaction, your grocer will be glad to refund its purchase price.

Free—To get a trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour together with recipe leaflet giving many tempting ways for serving pancakes and waffles just mail the coupon.

The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. D-30, St. Joseph, Missouri. (Canadian address: Peterborough, Canada.)

Gentlemen: Please send free trial size package Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and recipe booklet.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....



The Second Article On

AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

The collision, fire and theft varieties

WHEN Molly Corbin bought her new car the first thing she thought of was insurance. While she did not exactly say "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo," she might just as well have used that method for all the thought she exercised. There were several companies represented in her town, and the one she selected had a nice-looking agent, a grand little office and it was only a few steps from where she was standing when she was inspired to take out insurance.

Living in a section of the United States frequently visited by hail stones and tornados, it was a simple task for the agent to persuade her to carry not only the five major types of insurance, but hail and cyclone protection as well. She neither haggled about rates nor asked many questions. She was after insurance and she was getting it. The agent probably never sold policies with more ease than attended this sale. He complimented her on her good sense in taking sufficient protection. From his standpoint it was a good piece of business.

Two months later Molly was driving in from the country. It had turned cold and a fine rain was falling, which did not in any way hamper her driving on the dirt road. Enough sand and grit collected on the tires to hold her car steadily for a few hundred feet after she swung on to the pavement entering town, but only for a few hundred feet. Rain and cold had made the paving a sheet of glass, something she did not expect, and before she had time to realize the condition of the road, her car skidded and turned completely over. Miraculously Molly was thrown out and landed free of her car on a pile of brush. With the exception of a few scratches and being frightened,

By DOROTHY C. REID

EVERY woman who drives or is learning to drive is faced with bothersome problems. A special free question and answer service on the care and use of cars is offered all readers.

Address your questions to:
The AUTOMOBILE EDITOR
McCall's Magazine
236 W. 37th St., New York City

she was unharmed. But her automobile was a wreck.

Molly was picked up by a passing car and brought home. She reported her accident at once. The following day the nice-looking agent called, inquired solicitously for her health and asked if he could do anything for her. She assured him he could. Her car was useless and if he would take up her accident with the company and hurry a settlement she would appreciate it.

Read The Policy

"I'm sorry," said the agent, "we are not responsible."

"Why not?" she asked. "How about my collision insurance?"

"With what did you collide?" asked the pompous, smug agent—his manner quite different from that day only two months past when, with no effort on his part, he had sold her the insurance. "I collided with the road, didn't I?" asked Molly.

"Exactly," continued the agent, "you collided with the road, but you

must have read the road-bed exclusion in your insurance contract."

Molly had not read that exclusion nor any other, and learned of the clause too late. So far as Molly's present plight was concerned, her policy was not worth the paper on which it was written. If she chose to have further use of her car, it could only be after she herself had stood the cost of repairs. That clause, or a form of it, exists in some insurance policies.

Another driver side-swiped a passing car about ten miles outside of a certain city. When he went to collect damages he found a neatly worded clause saying the company was not responsible in case of collision within fifty miles of a city of 100,000 or more population.

In most standard companies, while there may be slight differences of minor importance, collision insurance unequivocally covers a damage or loss incurred in colliding with an object, whether it be moving or fixed, also an upset. Even a car standing absolutely still and hit by a stone or baseball, so far as the owner is concerned, has had a collision, and the owner is indemnified by the insurance company to the extent of the damage suffered. With the exception of the usual exclusions such as listed in all standard policies, there need be no clause in your policy under which you are not covered in case of a legitimate accident. That is, there need be none if you will select companies not given to such clauses.

Rates for collision insurance depend, first, on territory, second on the value of the car and whether it is open or closed, new or old.

In crowded cities, due to slow-moving traffic, collisions are frequent, but

[Continued on page 62]

**"I guess
this'll make
me grow"**



AND it certainly will make any youngster grow—this Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, spread thick on a fresh slice of bread. For it has real nutriment and real tissue-building properties. Children like its flavor, and it's good for them. Wholesome and easily digested.

Let them have it at meals, between meals, and for the school lunch—when they're old enough for school. And remember, too, that the grown-ups of the family are often just as fond of it as the children. For them it's every bit as tasty—every bit as healthful—every bit as nourishing.

We like to believe that Beech-Nut is the best known, best liked brand of peanut butter. Its quality never varies. All grocers carry it. And we've recently added a new convenience feature—a top that lifts off easily with an ordinary hook bottle-opener. No bother at all to open, and the top fits right back on again as a cover. An extra convenience exclusively Beech-Nut—and worth remembering.

**Beech-Nut
Peanut
Butter**

INDELICATE?

They
knew so!



Yet just a light dusting of
Amolin would have guarded
her from their reproach

THE slightest trace of personal odor is an offense which society refuses to condone. For this breach of delicacy is avoidable, and therefore inexcusable.

The use of *Amolin*, after your bath, is the final, fastidious gesture. For *Amolin* is not only a delightful bath powder, but it is a delicate deodorizer—guarding your wholesomeness all day long.

Far from merely covering up odor or substituting one odor for another, *Amolin* neutralizes odor. It is complete protection against this personal intrusion.

Banish any fears that *Amolin* smothers the natural function of the pores to exhale impurities. It doesn't. What it does is actually to absorb odors as they arise. And another virtue—*Amolin*, by hastening the evaporation of perspiration, by acting as a downy film upon your body, protects rather than harms your silken lingerie.

You will find a dozen ways of using this clean, scientific deodorizing powder. Sprinkle it in your lingerie, put it in your slippers, freshen with it those hard to clean garments, such as rubber girdles and elastic combinations. You can be free with its use for it is harmless and not at all costly. Its fragrance which you enjoy as you use it, vanishes as soon as it touches you.

So, go dancing, go shopping, swing your arms in golf or tennis, do a day's work in a hot office—for *Amolin* used after your bath or sprinkled in your underclothes will protect you all day long.

If you would like a trial-size can of *Amolin*, send ten cents to The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y., or 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.



[Always use *Amolin* under the arms before going out—and all over the body after bathing]

Norwich



Amolin

In two sizes—30¢ and 60¢



Grandiflora Moia Pleura



Felix Crousse Peony



Therise

THE GORGEOUS PEONY!

This is the time to plant it

By MRS. FRANCIS KING

THE very smallest garden may have a peony! A picture comes to my mind, a stretch of road between the Country Club of Saginaw, Michigan, and the southern end of Michigan Avenue where in peony-time, before houses large and small the whole stretch of highway was aglow with peonies. Lines of them, beds of them, single plants, groups, peonies everywhere; and sometimes those in the yards or gardens of the smallest houses were the very loveliest of all. I really came to look for this out-of-door flower show in June, and never did it fail me; always it strengthened my feeling that the peony was the flower for every garden.

The peony once properly planted need not be touched with the spade for years. The peony bloom lasts for days and it can be depended on to give flower after flower in slow and dignified succession. There is so much to be said for the peony, as we consider it, that we can hardly believe there is anything better in the whole world of gardening; and as we sit or stand before these noble, these glowing flowers of a June evening, there is a compelling magnificence about them coupled with a soft beauty of texture and color that makes one exclaim "There never was, there never can be anything in flowers more glorious than these."

How to Plant

The first thing to remember in planting a peony is that probably more failures in peony growing have come from too deep planting than from any other cause. By failures, I mean of course plants which yield no flowers. Plant in September, the very best time of all; someone has estimated that peonies planted then have twenty per cent more strength than those set at any other time. Prepare your ground ahead (this is vital) three or four months ahead always. Dig deep, enrich with old, well-rotted, stable manure and let the ground lie open until you are ready to set the plants. Then—and this is the crowning point

THIS is one of a series of articles which Mrs. King, one of the foremost authorities on gardening in America, is writing for McCall readers.

She is the author of "Pages From A Garden Note Book," "Chronicles of The Garden," "The Beginner's Garden" and others. These excellent books and her many articles published in the leading magazines of this country and England have inspired and helped thousands of garden lovers.

in peony growing and the only way in which you will really get plants to bloom—set the peony tubers only two inches deep, that is let only two inches of earth cover them. Too deep planting, let me repeat, has resulted in more failures to flower into colorful beauty than we shall ever know.

Winter Care

In November mulch the ground around the plants with old manure, but without letting it touch either the stems or the roots. Let it lie on the top of the ground around the plants only. Peonies need plenty of such food, but it must be given carefully. Set the plants three or four feet apart to allow for their large growth. Disbud—that is cut off all the side buds of each central large one when the plant is nearly ready to bloom if you wish to send your flowers to a flower show—and where is the town or community, however small that does not have such a show today?

At least twice during the summer give the peonies each about a teacup of bone meal, worked in lightly around the crowns; and when gathering your flowers never cut the stems so long as to take every leaf with a bloom, or do this only very rarely, one or two perhaps from an old well-established plant. For if too many leaves are

taken—and usually two should be left toward the base of the plant—the life of

the plant is affected. For getting bloom on odd plants that have been having nothing but leaves, one grower says this "To force bloom on an old plant that produces nothing but buds, in September scratch back the soil and cut off half the eyes." Although I have not tried this, I recommend it and shall do it myself on one plant only as an experiment. For how many of us have had year after year no flowers on a plant to which we have given precious room, only to be disappointed each June by leaves and leaves only.

A word as to winter care and fertilizing: cut off all peony leaves in late autumn, and do away with these completely; do not try to use the leaves as winter covering as some of them may be diseased whether you know it or not. After the first hard frost of the autumn mulch your newly-set peonies, not the old ones for they will not need it. Do this with leaves, hay or cornstalks, or with the latter laid on the former to keep it from blowing away. This is all that your peonies will need in the way of winter protection—only one time of care after they are first planted; for this is one of the hardiest of all plants, when well established.

Use Proper Mulch

The thing to remember is NOT to use manure as a mulch. No manure must come near a peony; neither against the lower part of its stem, nor against its roots, nor anywhere it can come into contact with the plant itself. This is for the reason that manure is apt to breed fungus diseases of the peony. Bone meal, and a little wood ashes now and then are the two fertilizers. The turning in of a green crop such as clover, makes a splendid ground to promote peony growth.

It is impossible to name here the many beautiful peonies, but we will be glad to send such a list upon request. Address the Garden Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th Street, New York and enclose a two-cent stamp.

Colgate's Cleans Teeth Best

because actual scientific tests prove that
it has highest penetrating* power

Its active, penetrating foam removes decaying impurities from those hard-to-reach places where the ordinary toothpaste cannot go

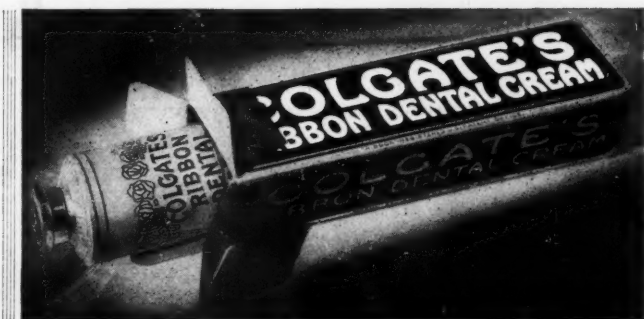
Sheer merit—the fact that Colgate's is a doubly fine dentifrice—accounts for its international popularity. It is used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other toothpaste known.

Colgate's is more than a mere surface polisher. It is the protective dentifrice with that wonderful penetrating foam accepted by science as having a higher penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market.

This active Colgate foam literally washes away the decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in crevices where the ordinary toothpaste can't reach.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the surface. Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property ("low surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice. There it softens and dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this Colgate foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists for polishing the enamel safely and brilliantly.



Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't.

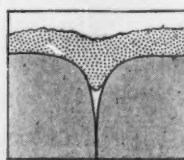
Colgate's offers you an "extra"—a vital feature which gives you the comfort of knowing that the home-care of your teeth is approved by the vast majority of dentists.

Remember, too, that Colgate's is most economical—a 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand selling at 25c.

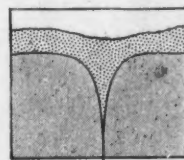
This low price is due to volume production—Colgate's is the largest-selling dentifrice in the world.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into every tiny crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Try Colgate's one week FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B-1684,
595 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name _____

Address _____

Why should



WHEN buying electric appliances, look for the famous G-E monogram. Whether it is on the appliance itself or on the motor, it's a dependable guide to dependability. Your electrical company or your dealer will gladly explain how easily and how cheaply electricity can be put to work in your home.

GENERAL

It is
house
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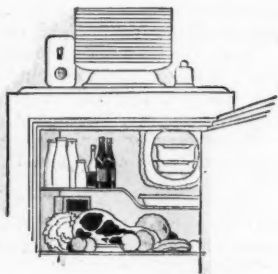
any woman spend the afternoon in a hot kitchen, when she can cook electrically for a few cents a day?

ELECTRICITY cools as well as it cooks, cleans as well as it launders. Why should any woman to-day deny herself the comforts, conveniences, economies of the completely electrified home?



A few cents a day will operate this modern Hotpoint electric range

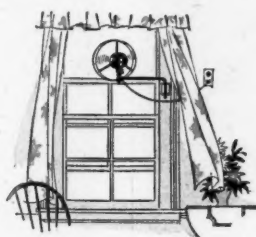
It is truly an electric marvel for modern housekeepers. Simply put your evening dinner in the oven of your Hotpoint Automatic electric range before you go out for the afternoon; set the timer for cooking to start at, say, 4 p.m. the correct temperature will be automatically maintained. When the food is cooked the range shuts off automatically. And the heavily insulated oven will keep the meal hot until you are ready to serve it.



Safeguard your family's health
for a few cents a day!

Good health is cheap at any price—and it costs very little to remove the health menace of slightly spoiled foods. For a few cents a

day, the General Electric refrigerator safeguards food and health—keeps food always below the danger point of fifty degrees. And it gives you the "year around" refrigeration that is so necessary. In operation, it is so absolutely worry-proof you don't even have to oil it.



Fresh air for the kitchen
every four minutes

Health experts say no room is properly ventilated unless the air is changed 3 or 4 times an hour; and they insist that the air in the kitchen should be changed every four minutes—fifteen times an hour. A G-E utility fan, on the wall by the window, will do it—at a cost of less than 1/2 cent an hour for current.



A dining room on wheels

If picnics are fun, why not have them right at home? Set your Hotpoint percolator, toaster, and electric grill on the tea cart and wheel it into your living room. The menu: creamed shrimps on toast, hot coffee, and cheese toast, with the hostess right on the spot every moment. And the current to run all these appliances for three meals costs less than a chocolate soda!



A perfect light for your kitchen

For the modern kitchen, lighting authorities advise an enclosing unit of white diffusing glass in the center of the ceiling supplemented by pendent shades or shaded brackets over the sink and stove. Equip the center fixture with a 100-watt inside-frosted or a 150-watt G-E MAZDA Daylight lamp. Use 50-watt inside-frosted or 60-watt MAZDA Daylight lamps in the smaller fixtures. It costs little to install and maintain perfect kitchen light. A well-equipped kitchen deserves it.



With plenty of outlets you can use
all "servants" at once

Of all places in the house, you need plenty of outlets in the kitchen. A twin outlet over the sink for the dishwasher and the fan. At least one over the kitchen table or beside the kitchen cabinet for the utility motor, the electric iron or ironer, etc. G-E Wiring System specifications cover these points and many more. Let your electrical dealer or electrical company explain to you for how amazingly little you can install these convenience outlets.

Any woman who does anything electricity can do for her is working for a few cents a day.

95-623

ELECTRIC

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL
ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST
EVERY SATURDAY AT
9 P.M., E.S.T. ON A NATION-
WIDE N.B.C. CHAIN



"What's that you're telling me, Mr. Rooster . . . you honestly never heard of this powder? . . . my goodness . . . the whole Nursery's talking about it! . . . It's softer and finer than any we ever used before . . . and it certainly has made a big change in me! Remember how chafed and cross I used to be? well, now I'm much better, thank you! . . . You really should try it yourself."

(THE CHIEF CHEMIST SAYS....)

BABY powders are different—largely because of the difference in talcs. The costly Italian talc used in Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used for some baby powders contains sharp, needle-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope, and you can feel it yourself, this way . . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger—then try another powder. You'll know, soon enough, if it's made with inferior talc!

Johnson's Baby Powder contains no stearate of zinc.

Johnson's
Baby
Powder



Ask your dealer also about Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream

Johnson & Johnson

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS;
"ZO" CARTRIDGE SPOOL ADHESIVE PLASTER, ETC.

FREE SAMPLES: Let us send you a generous free sample of Johnson's Baby Powder. With it we'll include free samples of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream—two other products important to a baby's comfort. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. M.D., Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N.J.



Helps For The Homemaker

AT NO time in the year does the homemaker on McCall Street need help more than in the summer! At this time she feels the needs of more money to spend on summer vacations, baby is more fretful, cooking and household tasks become burdensome and she has neither time nor patience to plan a party!

McCall's Home Service Booklets will prove to be of real help. The budget book will teach her how to manage the family income to provide sufficient funds for happy summer holidays. The cookery booklets will take care of menu planning and give suggestions for simple and appetizing summer meals. The baby book will tell her how to make baby more comfortable. The party books tell how to give delightful parties.

HELPFUL BOOKLETS

The Family Budget: Fundamental rules for keeping a budget so that your income will take care of everyday expenditures and luxuries as well. Price twenty cents.

Master Recipes: Simple recipes from which, with a little variation, can be made a hundred different foods including ice creams, gelatin desserts, cookies, etc., Price ten cents.

Time Saving Cookery: Surprisingly quick ways with delicious meals for summer entertaining. Price ten cents.

Some Reasons Why In Cookery: Rules for making meringues and frostings, ice creams and ices and a special chapter on a new way of making jelly. Price ten cents.

What To Serve At Parties: Here are menus and recipes for all kinds of entertaining—bridge, the club, tea parties, porch parties, both simple and elaborate. Price twenty cents.

Menus For Two Weeks: Dr. McCollum's health menus. Price two cents.

Decorating Your Home: Simple rules for furnishing your home harmoniously. Price ten cents.

Four Lessons In Interior Decoration: Simple lessons for the beginner. Price twelve cents.

The Friendly Baby: Suggestions for care of the baby and also Dr. Kerley's feeding schedules. Price ten cents.

The Friendly Mother: Helpful advice for the pre-natal period. Price ten cents.

Book of Etiquette: Answers the many questions on travel etiquette—what to wear, how much to tip, how to register, etc. and also other problems on social behavior. There are several chapters on wedding etiquette too. Price twenty cents.

Parties For Grown-ups: Jolly stunts, games and menus for parties all the year are given in this booklet. Price twenty cents.

Unusual Entertaining: The new edition of this popular book on bridge parties, dances, school affairs, seasonal and parties of all kinds is just off the press. Price twenty cents.

Parties for Children: Several delightful outdoor parties are planned for the little ones. Price twenty cents.

Parties for Young Girls: Jolly games and stunts. Price two cents.

Antiques: A charming one-act play for church or club. Price ten cents.

Bridal Showers: Price two cents.

A Stork Shower: Price four cents.

How To Serve Afternoon Tea: What to serve and how at tea time. Price two cents.

Books You Ought To Own: A list of books for the hostess, the club-woman, who is called upon to plan bazaars, pageants, etc. Price eight cents.

Books On Church and Family Problems: A list of books on mind training for children, spiritual enlightenment, church work, etc. Price eight cents.

Preserving For Profit: Make money with your jams and jellies this year! Price ten cents.

Home Money Making With Boarders: How to run a successful boarding house all the year. Price six cents.

Following the Vacation Trail: A list of hotels in popular summer resorts.

When You Travel To Europe: For the person planning a vacation on the continent. Price two cents.

Send stamps to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

PROUD OF YOUR GARDEN?

No? Perhaps you have not planned it right; perhaps you do not know what kind of flowers to plant to give the plot form and continuous bloom all the season. Send for the garden booklet *Beautifying Your Home Plot* to give you new inspiration and helpful ideas. (Price twenty cents.) Send stamps to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen *are cared for with* **LUX Toilet Soap**



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

MARY BRIAN, Paramount star, in the strikingly beautiful bathroom which is one of the finest built in Hollywood....

She says: "So many stars guard the smoothness of their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. It certainly keeps 'studio skin' in perfect condition."

Mary Brian



GRETA NISSEN says, "Lux Toilet Soap makes my skin wonderfully soft and smooth."

Luxury hitherto found only
in French soaps
at 50¢ or \$1.00 a cake . . . now

IO¢



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, uses Lux Toilet Soap in this charming Hollywood bathroom. She says, "Never have I found anything like this fragrant white soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."

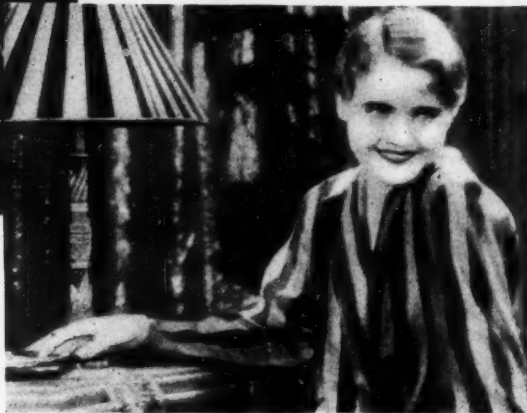


Photo by C. Hesitt, Hollywood

LOIS MORAN, Fox star, says: "Even the finest French soap could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does. It's a delightful soap."

*"Lovely Skin is the most appealing charm a girl
can have," say 39 leading Hollywood directors*

IT ATTRACTS you instantly whenever you see it—a skin that is exquisitely smooth and lovely.

In Hollywood, where loveliness and magnetism mean success, they know this. "I don't know a single case where a girl without really beautiful skin has been able to win enough popularity to become a star," says William Beaudine, director for Fox, voicing the experience of leading Hollywood directors.

"The charm of a perfect skin is a social asset to any woman, but to a star it is a business necessity," says Mary Brian. For with the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights pouring down on a star's skin, when a close-up is being

taken, flawlessly beautiful skin is essential.

Mary Brian keeps her skin always lovely with Lux Toilet Soap. In fact, 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

Notice the exquisite texture of Mary Brian's skin the next time you see her—or Joan Crawford's, Lois Moran's or Greta Nissen's. Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 use this soap.

All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Buy several cakes of this white, fragrant soap—today. You will find that it keeps your skin wonderfully smooth.



Unless a star's skin shows flawlessly smooth under the glare of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights used for a close-up, she cannot hope to stir the hearts of her public.

LIVINGSTON LUDLOW BIDDLE, III

"master" of

SUNNY RIDGE
FARM

*Protected by this simple
plan every mother can use*

STURDY and rosy, the little boy trots about his father's peach orchards at Pinehurst. Livingston Ludlow Biddle, III—who has enjoyed every advantage of social position, every luxury of wealth, since the day he was born.

In his yellow head there's no idea of the constant care surrounding him. Yet at Sunny Ridge Farm—the lovely country home to which he is heir—all centers on his happiness and welfare.

The best child specialists watch his physical progress. His exercise is planned, his play regulated, his diet supervised.

All this expert knowledge heaped on one small boy! Yet they've decided one important thing just as almost every mother decides it for herself.

Advised by famous child specialists, Mrs. Biddle gives Livingston for breakfast and supper, that hot, cooked cereal long thought of as the children's own—good old Cream of Wheat.

"Livingston was a very young baby when the doctors first prescribed Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. Biddle. "He's been eating it ever since, and is wonderfully healthy."

This decision of the Biddles' physician is supported by 221 members of



Livingston Ludlow Biddle, III is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Ludlow Biddle, II of the Philadelphia Biddles, whose winter estate is Sunny Ridge Farm, Pinehurst, N. C. He is the grandson of that famous financier, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle

leading medical societies in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto. When questioned recently, every single one of these distinguished specialists approved Cream of Wheat.

They know how abundantly rich in energy it is—how amazingly quick



Livingston Biddle eats that cereal which helps keep millions of other children well — Cream of Wheat

and easy to digest, because all the harsh part of the grain is removed.

Let your youngsters have this simple little care that's given Livingston Biddle—a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat every morning.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this simple plan that makes children enthusiastic about their hot, cooked cereal. The children's H. C. B. (Hot Cereal Breakfast) Club, with 734,000 participants. Badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. All material free, sent direct to your children. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION
DEPT. G-33 MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat check here.....



Livingston's outdoor play, like his Cream of Wheat breakfast, is part of Mrs. Biddle's health program

CREAM OF WHEAT © 1929, The C. of W. Corp.

AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

[Continued from page 55]

usually of such minor importance as scraped paint, bent fenders, broken headlights and dislocated bumpers. Out on the highway, however, where the impulse to "step on it" is too readily obeyed, an accident, if it happens, is bound to be a fairly complete one. In other words, frequency is greater in one territory, and severity greater in another.

Repairs and replacements on an expensive car are bound to be higher. For the same reason a closed car calls for a higher rate; there is more area to be damaged. And when it comes to new cars, not only is the value considered, but the state of mind of its owner. A bit of scratched paint on a spandy new car spells close to ruin to the owner, and he loses no time collecting damages. A similar accident a year or so later would not produce a grunt from the same driver, nor would he bother even to report it. Insurance companies have learned this through experience, and adjusted their rates to meet conditions.

Two Types

Collision insurance is written for full coverage or on a deductible basis, the latter being the most popular form and costing less. Deductions vary from \$50 to \$250, meaning that in EACH accident the assured stands expenses up to and including the amount of deduction. Beyond that the company is obligated.

Full coverage is expensive, since it degenerates into what the companies term "up-keep insurance," and because of this I am told eventually it may be done away with altogether. Those with full coverage policies naturally report the slightest loss or damage, nor are they satisfied with an ordinary repair. A small bend in a fender often means a new fender and they want a complete paint job as well, so that there will be no visible difference in the quality of color. It is the privilege of either the company or the policy holder to dispute a contemplated settlement.

Fire Insurance

Fire insurance policies indemnify the owner against either loss or damage to his automobile by fire "arising from any cause whatsoever." Such policies also cover damage or loss through sinking, collision or derailment of any conveyance transporting the car, whether it is on land or water. A few years ago it was impossible to collect the full amount for which such a policy was written. Experience with mysterious total destruction by fire of practically valueless cars made the insurance companies revise these policies to what is known as a "non-valued" agreement. That is, payment is made on the value of the car at the time of the fire, or

to the extent of damage incurred through fire. As in collision policies, rates are based first on territory and second on the actual loss experienced on each make of car. This loss experience is a reflection of the so-called moral hazard and inherent susceptibility to fire.

Theft Insurance

Theft insurance protects the owner against theft, robbery or pilferage. It does not cover the loss of tools and equipment unless the whole car is stolen. In this policy the age of the car is not an element, although it may be easily stolen and disposed of, that fact is estimated in the rate of insurance. A theft policy does not cover theft by any member of the assured's household or anyone in his employ. Insurance companies were forced to adopt this exclusion for much the same reason that they inserted the "non valued" agreement in fire contracts. Because of the many instances of collusion between interested parties, this family or employee phrase is included in policies other than theft.

Until recently the installation of certain tested and approved safety or locking devices for automobiles gave the owner an opportunity of getting reductions in rates for theft insurance. Today manufacturers include these devices in their regular equipment, and it is no longer necessary to encourage their use. Since the beginning of 1928 these rate reductions have not been allowed in this branch of insurance.

Character Reporting

Insurance companies spend tremendous amounts of money on character reporting on every new risk. Merely selecting a company and applying for insurance does not mean that it is always possible to get its protection back of you. Any company without offering a reason, may refuse to insure an applicant, or upon refunding the unearned portion of a premium they may cancel a policy they have issued.

Recently an applicant was turned down by one large company because, through their channels of information, they learned among other things the man had been arrested for carrying a gun in another state. No further investigation was necessary; he was undesirable, a poor risk. The company might well have been criticised for insuring him, not only by its officers, but by policy holders, since rates are predicated on total loss records as well as other data. It is well within the limits of an individual community to control its own rates.

Exercising caution, observing traffic laws, resisting the ever present desire to speed will eventually mean fewer losses and lower insurance rates for all.

KNOWING HOW

Do you know how much to tip a waiter or a maid? Do you know how many calling cards to leave and when? Do you know how to introduce one person to another correctly? Are you sure of your table manners? All these questions and many others on weddings and other subjects are answered in McCall's *Book of Etiquette*—and it is only twenty cents! Send stamps to

McCALL'S SERVICE EDITOR, McCALL'S MAGAZINE
236 WEST 37th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

BE SURE IT'S WRIGLEY'S



Taste the Juice
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Hot days lose their terror
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The dry mouth is moist-
ened, the parched throat
soothed, and edgy nerves
calmed by this little joy
bringer.

Big in benefit, small in
cost.



OLD FASHIONED PEACH SHORTCAKE

The Recipe of the Month for September

Nucoa *adds to its Deliciousness and makes it ECONOMICAL*

This "Peaches and Cream" Dessert may be made all the year 'round—with fresh fruit in season or with canned sliced peaches *any time*. By MARTHA ADAMS

The BISCUIT: Sift five level teaspoons of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt with two cups of cake flour, cut into this half a cup of Nucoa and add slowly about three-quarters cup of ice water or milk. Divide the dough evenly and roll out in two thin layers, about three-eighths of an inch thick. (A cake about 12 by 7 inches). Spread one layer with two level tablespoons of Nucoa and put the other layer on it. Bake in a hot oven for fifteen to twenty minutes, preferably on bottom of inverted oblong pan or on baking sheet.

Remove the top layer (the cake splits easily, thanks to the spread of Nucoa), cover the bottom layer with half of the following cream and peach mixture, replace the other layer, inverted with the soft side up, and fill with the remaining mixture. Cut into eight generous squares to serve.

The FILLING: Prepare three cups of finely cut fresh or canned peaches, drain and sweeten to taste. (Canned peaches need no sugar). Whip one cup of heavy cream until very stiff and flavor it with two tablespoons of powdered sugar and one-quarter teaspoon each of almond and vanilla extract. Chill and mix lightly with the cold drained peach pulp, when ready to serve. Also prepare an additional half cup of peach pulp, adding to it the juice drained from the cut peaches and serve as a sauce. (This may be sweetened and cooked down when using a fresh fruit).

The shortcake should be warm if possible and the fruit and cream mixture very cold. Combine just before serving.

"One of the Best Foods"

That's all you need to know about a food product to be certain of its quality, its purity and of its freshness. For these fine food products, made from scrupulously selected ingredients in the great sunlit Best Foods Kitchens, are distributed by a national food service which brings them to your table as fresh and delicious as when they were put into their containers.

Send the coupon for a copy of the new recipe book, "Three Meals a Day with Nucoa." The Best Foods, Inc., New York, Chicago, San Francisco.



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NUCOA is the ideal spread for bread. Give the children all they want—it's delicious and healthful—high in Vitamin Content.



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297 Fourth Ave.
Dept. M-9-29, New York City

Please send me the new recipe book, "Three Meals a Day with Nucoa."

Name.....

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MAKE A STRENGTH BUDGET

[Continued from page 46]

enamel tops, or else have heavy linoleum glued to them; this is then lacquered, making the top noiseless as well as heat-and-moisture resistant.

Factories have perfected so many processes that a modern woman may choose which ones she shall retain at home and which ones she shall buy, her choice depending on her income, her standard of living, and her personal preference. She may choose to buy her clothing ready made. She may buy semi-made garments and complete them herself. She may buy patterns and make her clothes from start to finish. Bread-making, canning, laundry work, and many other household duties may be done away from home, if desired. But it does not appeal to us to eat away from home, except occasionally. We like to get the family together for enjoyment, companionship and mutual confidences.

Speeding up on the routine processes will give us some surplus time to enjoy life. There was Mrs. Bennett, for instance. Dishwashing consumed too much of her day. She experimented with soap powders and water softeners until she found the kind and the amount which would give the best results. She bought equipment—a wheel tray, dish mop, a dishpan which fitted the sink, a smaller tea-kettle, rubber dish scraper, and a bucket to swing under the sink for scraps from the soiled plates.

When the One Best Process was decided upon, she worked for speed, just as a stenographer must work for speed in running her typewriter. Mrs. Bennett says she has gained a good many hours of leisure through putting this one process on a business-like basis.

Our physical condition determines the speed and accuracy with which we can turn off our housework. Therefore it will pay us to try to improve our health just as we try to improve our income. An annual physical examination by the family physician will disclose defects which sap our strength—infected tonsils, high blood pressure, over- or under-weight, all of which can be remedied if taken in time.

We can improve our health, and increase our strength by eating simple meals with an abundance of milk; vegetables (especially green and leafy); lots of fruit (especially citrus); and by drinking eight glasses of water daily. We can improve our health (and strength) by getting plenty of sleep, and by exercising in the fresh air as much as possible.

We can increase our strength by learning to relax. Mental tension and worry are the chief foes of work. Laziness is a virtue, not a vice, when it helps us to do better work. Spend a few moments each day in letting go,

thinking of nothing, doing nothing. If the theater and movies make you relax, patronize them. If the radio, music, bridge or dancing amuse you, do take a little time off for them. If you get more pleasure out of a book than a party, then choose the book (unless being married, you do your own choosing only half of the time!).

If we let go when there is no use in pulling a rope, we pull harder when we must pull. The same is true of managing a household. And when you start to think about relaxing, it is surprising how much of the time you really can relax, working at normal speed without any particular hurry or worry, and enjoying yourself as you go.

There is one other way in which we squander our strength. No woman can be at the head of a family and not suffer periods of worry and discontent. The only cure for them lies within herself. In the box at the bottom of the page I have set down some rules which have helped me. As to discontent—well, any woman is annoyed by little things her husband does. So is he about some things she does. So don't waste time in useless agony. If your husband is all right in the big things, if he treats you honestly and decently—solve the problem of small annoyances by listing them, sorting them, deciding which to reform. Work upon one detail at a time, and don't attempt a wholesale change. Husbands don't take correction unless it is tactfully done!

Then cultivate a philosophical attitude toward his other traits. If he gets mad, at least he is not harboring sinister thoughts. If he never flatters, you cannot suspect him of insincerity. If his income is small, you can be sure he is not taking funds from his employer.

If he insists upon safe investments, you know he will not lose his capital. If he likes and insists upon pie, you may be thankful that you have one sure way of pleasing him. If he takes you to baseball games, you may be thankful he still prizes your company, even though the game bores you to death.

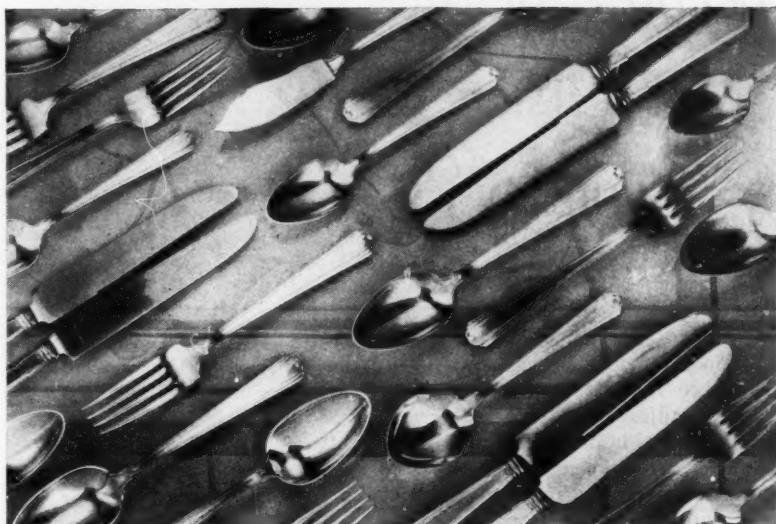
In other words, by a philosophical attitude, you can endure, even enjoy, a situation which might otherwise be unbearable. In assuming this attitude, you relieve strain and tension. You increase your strength, your mental poise, your ability to achieve.

There are women who would never dream of throwing their money away as they throw their strength away. Yet by concentrating once in a while on the problem of how to do better work, they would be more useful to their families, and would probably prolong their own lives. Isn't it worth while for such women to work out a strength budget?

HOW TO AVOID WORRY

Forget all worries which are in the past.
Forget those in the distant future; they may never happen.
Stop worrying about things which cannot be changed or remedied.
Stop thinking about the worries which rightfully belong to someone else; they are his responsibility, not yours.
Decide upon the cause of a worry. Write down essential points.
Decide upon all possible solutions of the problem.
Decide which is the best solution.
Write down all possible ways to carry out this solution.
Decide which is best.
Follow it.

What! *all that lovely*
silver for **\$33²⁵?**
I want to see it!"



Twenty six pieces in this lovely new pattern in handsome silver and black tray—the silver of your dreams!



For the modern hostess, this supremely smart pattern... DAWN!



YOU must see this new silver! Never before has silver of such beauty been offered at such moderate cost.

You must *touch* it—hold it in your hand—to appreciate its striking, clean-cut beauty, its exquisite finish.

Never before have craftsmen lavished such skill and care on the designing, die-cutting, finishing of inexpensive silver.

A complete table setting of twenty-six pieces—just the silver you need to feel ready for any occasion—can be had for \$33.25. Here are 6 dinner forks, 6 dinner knives, 6 dessert spoons, 6 teaspoons, a butter knife and a sugar spoon, lovely enough for your most important guests—inexpensive enough to add—at once—to whatever silver you have.

Every piece of Alvin Long Life Plate is guaranteed to your complete satisfaction. All good dealers in silver plate can show it to you. Ask to see the new pattern.

DAWN

The new pattern by ALVIN

THE ALVIN CORPORATION, Dept. O-2, Providence, R. I.

☐ Please send me your FREE booklet illustrating the new DAWN pattern.
☐ Please send me your FREE booklet by Oscar of the Waldorf on "Setting the Table Correctly."

Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____
My jeweler is _____

What has become of the "MIDDLE-AGED" woman?

To the so-called "middle-aged" woman the selection of a foundation garment is of extreme importance. The mature proportions of her figure must be adjusted to the requirements of youthful modes in dress. Her active life demands unhampered movement, necessitates a garment that gives firm support and can be worn continuously, without discomfort of any kind . . .

In CHARIS the mature woman finds exactly the features which satisfy her particular needs. This garment is so designed that every wearer can adapt it to individual figure requirements.

By tightening or loosening the lacer, CHARIS can be adjusted to correct ungraceful development of waist, hips or thighs—creating a smooth, youthful contour, from bust to knees. And, since this result is secured by natural re-distribution of excess flesh, there is no restriction of movement, no discomfort from tightness or pressure.

CHARIS further contributes to the wearer's comfort through healthful, physical support. For example, it contains an inner belt which lifts and supports the abdomen in normal position. The effect of this belt is to strengthen the abdominal wall, to guard against strain and to prevent extreme fatigue. In short, to preserve vitality and prolong youth.

CHARIS is, in all particulars, a garment for the fastidious woman. It is light and cool, dainty in appearance, beautifully made throughout.

You will never see CHARIS on sale in stores. It will be brought, for examination, to the home of any interested woman, by a representative of this company. A personal demonstration can be had, without obligation . . . If you would like to know more about this unusual and superior foundation garment, please telephone the nearest CHARIS Service Office or write to the CHARIS CORPORATION, Allentown, Penna.

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CHARIS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CHARIS CORPORATION - - ALLENTOWN, PA.



CHARIS is sold at prices ranging from \$6.75 up. The garment illustrated contains the new Midway Opening. Models can be had with net or rayon top.



The CHARIS Abdominal Belt is adjustable, both in position and tension, from the outside, after the garment has been put on. All adjustable features of CHARIS are protected by patent.

NEW FURNITURE BRINGS LIFE TO OLD ROOMS

[Continued from page 36]

Here also the old painted chairs appear and keep excellent company with one or two fine mahogany Chippendale straight chairs, with arm chairs covered in striped cretonnes and with an upholstered davenport covered in a flowered chintz to match the scalloped valances at the grouped windows.

The brick fireplace in this room reaches from floor to ceiling. The shelf holds brass candlesticks and a pair of little porcelain figures. Fireplace tools hang or stand around the hearth and small tables and lamps add further touches of livableness.

The dining-room beyond is an excellent example of adequate though simple furnishing. The English chairs known as Chippendale, a drop leaf table which is a Sheraton farmhouse style and a serving table of the same period are the chief pieces of furniture. The corner cupboard holds interesting china.

The windows and the French doors which open to the porch beyond, are curtained with scrim and cretonne, following the same scalloped valance design as in the living-room. One large rug is used on this floor. These fine furniture styles are made today by the good furniture makers of this country and they are on sale for even those of

us who must shop far from the big city stores.

A similar use of the old and new styles in furniture appears in the furnishing of the bedrooms. In one sunny room the home-made draped dressing table is placed in front of the windows. Its drapery is like the slip covers of the chairs in the room. But for added color and interest the window shades are of a trellis and flowering vine pattern glazed chintz. The curtains are ruffled voile, looped back with bands and rosettes of the room's upholstery chintz. Painted furniture and little rush-bottom "kitchen" chairs appear in the room and an old mirror is hung above the chest of drawers. The rug is a two-tone chenille.

In another bedroom, one of the laced-felt rugs is used with painted furniture. Covers for the bed match a plain valance at the windows. One chair is upholstered in a plain color while the chaise longue is covered to match the bed. The draped dressing table is in lace and organdy. The cool effect achieved by painted furniture and chintzes is heightened by the use of light-colored paint on walls and woodwork and by the lack of cluttering and crowding in the arrangement of the furniture.

WIRING THE HOUSE—OLD OR NEW

[Continued from page 51]

and the current flows through this point of contact instead of through the conductors formed by the electric lamps or appliances in the circuit. For this reason electric wires are carefully protected or insulated. If you handle a cord too roughly, jerking the plug out of an outlet, etc., you may in time wear off the insulation from the wires in the cord. With the protection gone, the wires may touch, forming a short circuit and blowing a fuse. The penalties of a blown fuse are utter darkness for all the lights on the circuit will be inoperative, and suspension of operation of any appliance in use when the fuse blows.

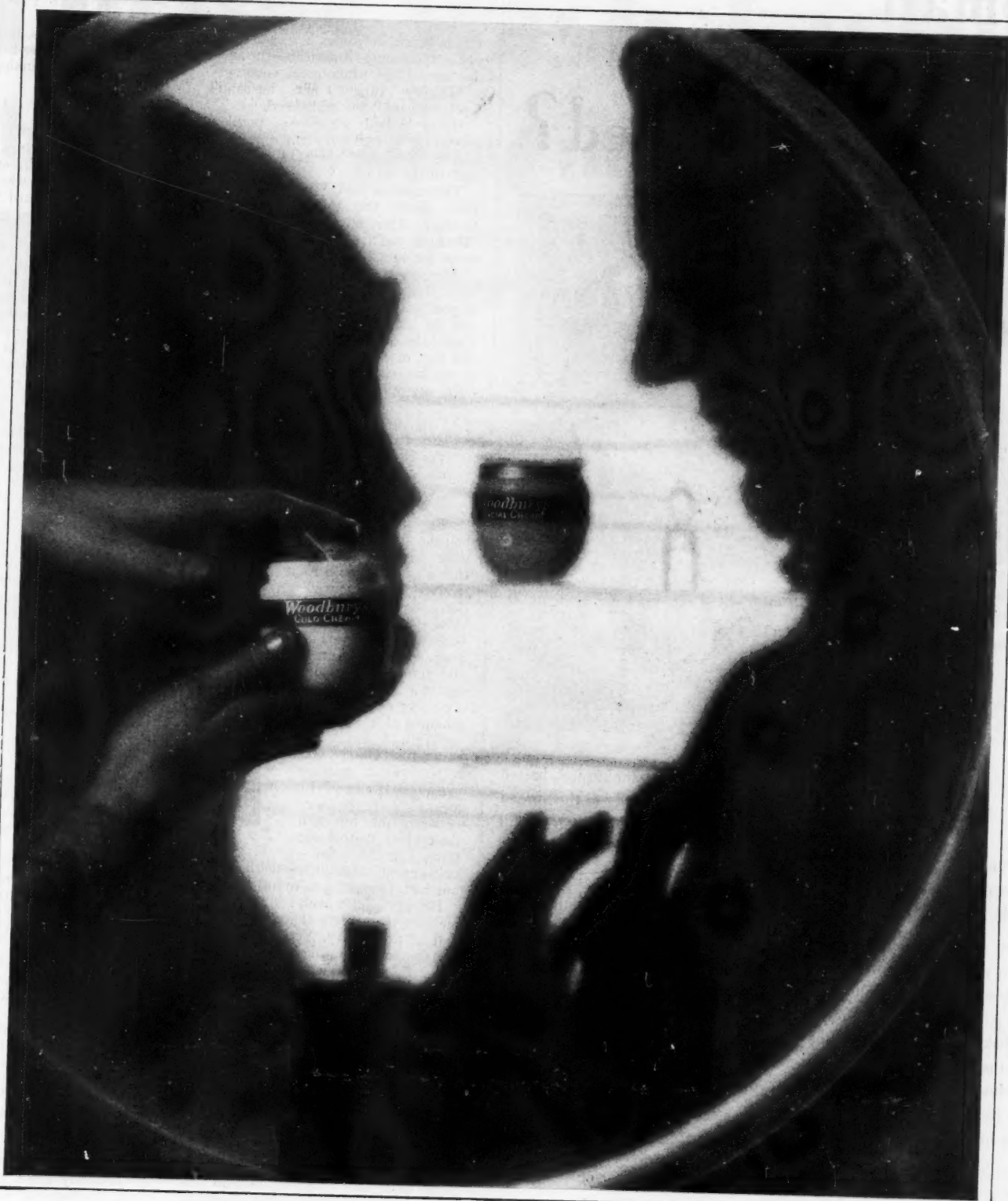
The fuse, it has been said, is the "watch-dog" of the circuit. It is a so-called safety valve, which like the steam safety valve, not only warns of trouble but prevents damage when trouble occurs. A fuse is nothing more than a piece of soft metal wire which will melt after it is heated to a certain point. When you overwork a circuit by connecting appliances with too high a wattage, thereby consuming too much current and consequently forcing more power through the wire than it is built to carry, the wire tends to become very hot, or is "overloaded." This hot wire melts the soft metal in the fuse, immediately breaking the circuit and cutting off the electricity before the wires have had an opportunity to get overheated. In the majority of household installations, the fuses are of the plug type. Fuses are rated in amperes. An ampere is designated as the unit which measures the amount of current that flows through a circuit. Therefore, the ampere determines the rate at which electricity is being used in any circuit. A 10-ampere (abbreviated "amp.") is designed for use on circuits carrying not more than 10 amps. The rating of each fuse is stamped on the top metal rim and on the bottom of the brass center contact so that it can be seen easily. In the average residence circuit,

15 amp. fuses on 125 volts or less is the standard of the National Electrical Code. *Do not, and this cannot be made too emphatic, use fuses that have a rating in excess of the allowable current (15 amp.) for the circuit.* Remember, the fuse is in the circuit for the protection of your appliances and wiring and properly-designed wiring that ordinarily would be perfectly safe may become a hazard if the fuses used on the circuits are of too high a rating to afford protection. On a 15-amp. circuit, 1320 watts is the maximum consumption for safety. You can use slightly higher wattage but it is well to bear in mind 1320 watts. In the installation of ranges and other "heavy-duty" heating appliances, special wiring must be installed and correspondingly larger fuses will be employed.

A "watt" is the unit of power and we measure the consumption of electricity in watt hours. A watt hour is the amount of energy consumed by a watt working for one hour. A "kilowatt" equals 1000 watts. A watt is such a small unit that we usually speak in terms of kilowatts and all electric bills are computed in kilowatts.

A "volt" is the unit of measurement of the force which drives a flow of current along the wires through the circuit. The electricity for ordinary household circuits supplied by your local lighting company, has a pressure of 120 volts. Voltages vary over the country although efforts have been made from time to time to standardize on 110 or some other voltage. In order to find the number of amperes flowing in the use of an electrical device and to ascertain the rating of the fuse which may be used in any circuit, divide the number of watts the device is rated at by the voltage. The result will be amperes. The watts which a device will consume and the voltage at which it should be operated are almost invariably given on the name plate of all quality appliances.

even
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shops, an
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by those
makers
you, too
complex
Each
thorough



*More than Likely,
even as You read this . . .*

a thousand charming women, in a thousand smart shops, are asking for these two creams in their graceful, Grecian jars. For they are Woodbury's—blended by those acknowledged authorities on skin care: the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Twin creams that you, too, may confidently depend upon to keep your complexion always naturally lovely.

Each night make it a practise to cleanse your face thoroughly with Woodbury's Cold Cream. Under the

gentle massage of your fingertips, this cream liquefies and penetrates down into the pore-depths, removing dust and blemish-forming impurities, leaving your skin exquisitely clean, transparently clear.

And to tone your skin to a velvety softness, lightly apply Woodbury's Facial Cream. Daintily greaseless, it supplies just the right amount of

natural moisture without clogging the pores.

No matter where you live . . . no matter where your travels may take you . . . you will find it easy to get the two Woodbury Creams. Or, we will send you a trial set of the Creams and Woodbury's Facial Soap upon receipt of 25c in stamps or coin. The Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. M-9, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE TWO WOODBURY CREAMS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . caressingly soft

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . refreshing, greaseless

It's Smart to be Brown, but Who wants to be Red?



TO burn or not to burn—that is the question agitating the world at present.

No matter which side you are on, however, the use of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly will help you.

For example, if you wish to attain a good rich tan with a minimum of painful burn, spread "Vaseline" Jelly on the exposed parts before you sit out in the sun to bake. A film of "Vaseline" Jelly over the skin protects it in a measure against some of the sun's rays and hastens the formation of the smart bronze color becoming to so many.

On the other hand, if you don't wish to burn (there are plenty of smart members of both schools) protect your skin against exposure wherever possible.

And if you do get sunburned, hasten to apply "Vaseline" Jelly to the burned area and keep up the treatments till the soreness and redness disappear.

For "Vaseline" Jelly does eliminate much of the pain and disfiguring red that sunburn brings. It is so pure and bland that it heals the soreness quickly, keeps the skin soft and smooth. And it's so cheap that you can use lots of it at a time if you want to.

"Vaseline" Jelly won't grow hair (where Nature doesn't want it), it won't make you fat; it is absolutely harmless in every way. It is good for the skin—is, in fact, the basis for many of the high class cosmetics you use every day on your face.

"Vaseline" Jelly is on sale everywhere in jars and tubes. And remember when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Company, Cons'd.

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Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY



AMBITION IS A WOMAN

[Continued from page 20]

For instance, how does it feel to know you're the average American—the average out of this whole great country?"

Margery caught her husband's lapel. "Please," she whispered.

Harry smiled tentatively, perplexed, first at her and then at the reporter. "Whatever she says goes," he said to the latter.

The reporter said, "But Mrs. Chadwick, don't you think that's—well, foolish?" Then he had an inspiration. "Perhaps you'd like to make a statement for him," he suggested.

Margery raised her chin. "Yes, I will. And you can put it in the paper if you want to, too. Mr. Chadwick is not an average American. He's way above the average—way above. Why, the idea of coming here and acting as if my husband is just average. If you want my opinion, you've got a nerve."

LATER, indoors, Harry and Margery had it out.

"You're not," she maintained vehemently. "I just won't have it, that's all. You're better than the average, Harry. You've got to be."

"But honey, that college professor had the figures, and the dope happened to fit, that's all. I can't help it, can I? Anyway, I don't see that it's anything to get hot and bothered about. If I'm average I'm average, and you can talk yourself blue but I'll still be average. I'm not ashamed of it, at that."

"Well, I am," she stormed. "Don't you realize what average means, Harry? It means you're halfway between the top and the bottom, neither one thing nor the other—neither big nor little—neither good nor bad. It means you're just nothing."

He said defensively: "I don't remember that I ever claimed to be any ball of fire, honey. You didn't marry me thinking I was going to turn out to be Edison or Henry Ford or Gene Tunney, did you?"

She smiled in spite of herself. "Of course not," she told him. "But just the same, Harry, I do think—"

He interrupted her. "I know what you're going to say. It's because other men down at the plant have been raised or given better jobs lately, and I haven't been. Isn't that it?"

She hesitated. Then: "Well—"

"You just don't seem to get the idea," he informed her earnestly. "I've tried to explain it before, but you just don't get it. There's three thousand men in the plant, Marge—see? Gee, I'm doing all right, honey. I can't be raised every time, any more than any other man can. You've got to get that out of your head. Anyway, they made me supervisor two years ago, didn't they? And I guess that helped, didn't it?"

His eyes went automatically to the radio set in the corner, first fruit of their increased income.

His wife said: "Of course it helped. I'm not kicking, Harry. But that only put you even with Herb Anderson, and now—and now—" She caught herself.

"Oh, go ahead and say it," retorted Harry, just irritably. "Say it, can't you? Herb Anderson's promoted ahead of me and you're ashamed of me."

She knew she had hurt him, and all the mother instinct in her wanted to rush to him and tell him she didn't

mean it and was sorry. But some other instinct, stronger now, held her rigid. She was thinking, thinking fast.

Only that morning, to top off the Herb Anderson news, Edna Lane had come across the street with eager, sparkling eyes. The Lanes had no business living on their street; they were too well off. George, who was in real estate, drove a Lenhard Six, not second-hand, but new and gleaming with nickel. Edna—well, it seemed so—got a new dress every week. Often enough Harry had said that the two of them were pikers, spending it all on flash and saving on rent and children.

Edna had come across the street that morning and under pledge of strict secrecy had managed to make Marge doubly unhappy. Marge, said Edna, mustn't whisper it to a soul, not even to Harry. Because if anybody knew about the deal, maybe it mightn't go through. George, said Edna, would give her the dickens if he knew she had breathed about it to anybody. Just the same, she couldn't hold it in. She had to tell somebody: George had been doing such good work, had made such a

remarkable record for himself as a high-powered salesman, that the Hill people in Chicago had heard about him. The Hill people were going to open an office here. George was going to be made manager, at almost double his present salary, too.

"Don't mention it to a soul," Edna had cautioned. "But I couldn't resist telling you."

Darned right she couldn't, Marge had reflected bitterly.

Now, however, Marge was thinking fast. Her eyes narrowed faintly and a light began to gleam in them. To Harry, who still stared at her, she heard herself saying: "Forget it honey. You're just upset, that's all. I know as well as you do that Herb Anderson had this promotion coming to him." She waited a second, then: "There's only one thing I couldn't stand."

"What's that?"

"I don't mind Herb and Eunice," said Marge with a light laugh. "They're all right. I want to see them get along. But I'll tell you this, Harry Chadwick—if Edna Lane lords it over me much more I'm going to start throwing bombs."

WHAT do you mean? Harry was instantly tense.

She laughed and said lightly: "Oh, it's just Edna, I suppose. She keeps boasting about George—you know how she does. She says his principle in life is to learn all there is to learn about his business, not just one part of it, but the whole thing from the ground up. She says that's his big idea. To know more than the next man knows. That's how he says he's going to get to the top."

"If he ever gets to the top," muttered Harry, "I'll walk down State Street barefooted and carrying a pink umbrella."

She kissed him then. She kissed him because she couldn't keep from kissing him any longer. After all, average or not, Harry was awfully sweet.

"Oh, you're so much better than anybody," she whispered. "I won't have you thinking you're only average."

[Continued on page 70]



Dishes wash Faster with these *instant* underwater suds

Read why, in less than a year, Super Suds became America's greatest dishwashing soap.



YOU busy women—who find dishwashing takes far too much of your short day . . . here's a way to do dishes in one-third to one-half less time.

It's Super Suds. The most brilliant soap discovery of generations. Not a chip. Not a powder. But soap in the form of tiny, hollow beads; so small they can only be seen under a microscope. So tissue thin that they burst into suds the moment they touch water.

Millions of women are using this new bead form of soap to speed dishwashing—to eliminate dishwiping. On the market scarcely more than a year, Super Suds has already become America's greatest dishwashing soap!

Faster dishwashing with suds all through the water: Do you want to know why Super Suds washes dishes so much faster? Then make the simple two-second test pictured above. See through the glass how Super Suds bursts into instant suds . . . rich, creamy suds right down to the very bottom of the glass!

This is how Super Suds acts in your dishpan. The moment you turn on the dishwater, you get instant suds. Clear down to the bottom. Dishwater has no chance to get greasy, as with slow dissolving soaps. Silver, glasses, china, come shining clean in far less time.

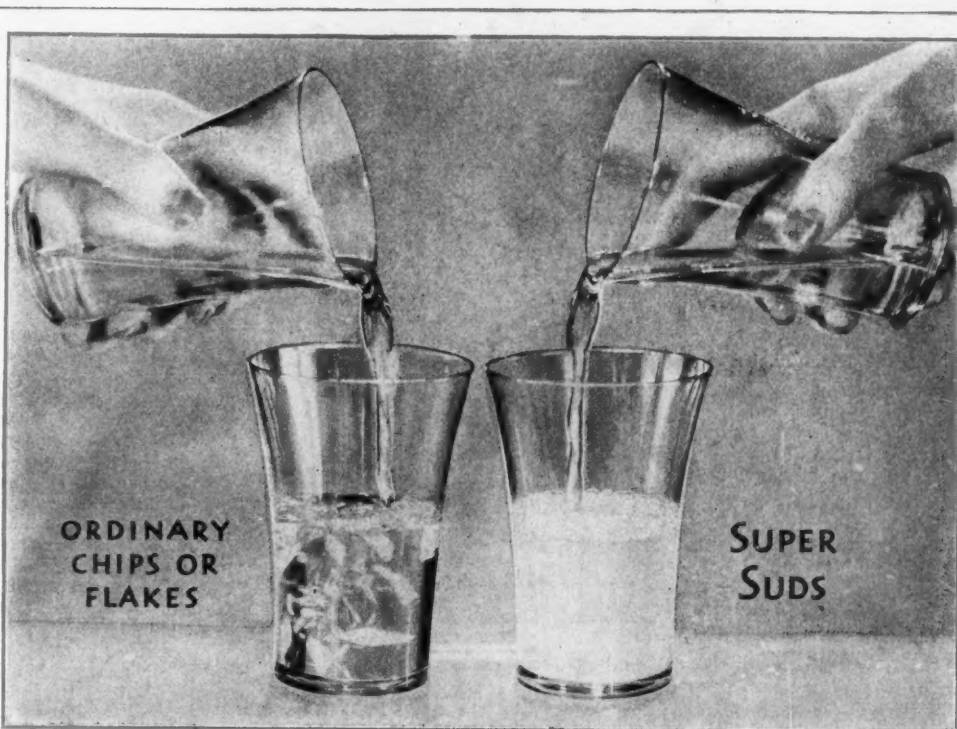
No more dishwiping: Because Super Suds dissolves completely, it rinses off instantly. One hot rinse and every trace of soap film is gone. You don't need to



wipe dishes. Just let them drain dry to spotless brilliancy. Let Super Suds do this just once for you. And you'll never wipe dishes again.

Whiter clothes in one less rinsing: Super Suds' instant, all-through-the-water suds get clothes clean in record time. And how easily this perfectly dissolved soap rinses out of clothes! You can get clothes shining clear and soap-free in actually one less rinse than you need with other soaps.

Do order Super Suds from your grocer today. Use it for dishes. For laundry. For wash bowl laundrying of fine silk underthings. For painted woodwork, or the new lacquered furniture. Super Suds keeps hands soft and white.



Watch Super Suds win speed test.

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water of dishwashing temperature.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into suds all through the water. Instantly every drop of

water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float on top or sink to the bottom, dissolving very slowly.

This is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds gets to work faster . . . cleans with such amazing swiftness.



Super Suds 10¢

MRS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY'S exquisitely tended hands have been painted many times

"It does flatter the finger tips
the new
Cutex Liquid Polish,"
she says

Her fair, exquisitely shaped hands
are famous among artists!

"Mrs. Christy's beautiful hands
are as lovely as any I have ever
seen in my wide artistic experience,"
says her distinguished husband
Howard Chandler Christy.

Her slender, sensitive hands are
a true index to Mrs. Christy.

She is the constant inspiring
companion of her famous husband.
Twice she has been a house-guest
at the White House when he painted
the portraits of two successive
presidents. The court circles of
Italy fêted her while Howard
Chandler Christy was painting the
great leader of the Fascisti.

"I know my hands are one of my
best points," says Mrs. Christy
with charming candor. "So I am
faithful to my Cutex.

"Before I use the new Cutex
Liquid Polish I soften and shape
the cuticle and whiten the nail
tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover.

"Then the Liquid Polish which
lasts days and days. After that the
Cuticle Cream or Oil to feed the
cuticle and my hands can meet even
my husband's critical artist's eye."

Keeping one's nails well groomed
is so simple with the new Cutex
Liquid Polish! A generous size
bottle costs only 35¢.



MRS. CHRISTY in one of the gowns she wore the last time
she visited at the White House. Not only has she been
painted innumerable times by her celebrated husband but
often by other distinguished artists and immortalized by a
famous Italian sculptor. The beauty of her almond nails is
shown in the photograph at the left. "I have forgotten
how many times I have painted and drawn those beauti-
ful hands," says Howard Chandler Christy. The three
simple steps of Mrs. Christy's manicure are—FIRST, the
Cutex Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten
the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle, bringing out
half moons—SECOND, the Polish Remover to remove the
old polish, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish
that sparkles undimmed for a week—THIRD, the Cutex
Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil applied around the cuticle to
keep it soft and under the nail tip to keep it smooth.

A generous size bottle of unperfumed Cutex Liquid Polish
or Remover costs only 35¢. In convenient sets the new
Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢, unperfumed
Polish and Remover together 50¢. Other Cutex prepa-
rations 35¢. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER OF SIX COMPLETE MANICURES—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set contain-
ing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures.
(In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)
NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 9F-9, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.



AMBITION IS A WOMAN

[Continued from page 68]

That's the wrong way to think, dear.
Why, you're better than anybody in
the world. You just remember that
every minute, because I know."

"Sure, I'm the Prince of Wales," he
agreed, and patted her shoulder. Then:
"Say, how about seeing if Mrs. Bel-
linger will come over to watch the
kids? That film is still on down at the
Cameo, and they say it's a knockout."

"And you won't be an average
American any more?" she persevered.
"Absolutely," he said solemnly.

But the promise, he found, was
easier than its perform-
ance. Next morning at
the plant he was greeted
with mock cheers. An
extemporized bodyguard
fell in behind him and
followed him wherever
he moved until the whistle
blew. They called him
His Majesty and made
obedience. When he
wheeled upon them they
ducked, laughing.

"Aw, lay off it, will
you?" Harry pleaded.

"A joke's a joke." Yet
the attention flattered him, and he
found himself conscious of a vague
disappointment when presently, two
or three days later, the gaming with
him began to lose interest for the men.

He was conscious that the faintest
symptoms of a revolt were beginning
to brew within him. Perhaps it had
something to do with his brief taste
of temporary importance. Or perhaps it
was what Marge had said, or rather
left unsaid. His jaw was setting itself
a little. Yes, probably Marge was right.
A fellow ought not to be content with
being just average.

Going home on the bus that eve-
ning he glanced idly at the front page
of his newspaper, preparatory to fold-
ing it over to the radio page. A name
caught his eye. He peered, peered again.
There it faced him in black and white:
George Lane Heads Hill Branch
Office—Chicago Corporation enters
Local Field.

Harry read the news item while
something like a cake of ice seemed
to settle itself inside his chest. He read
it twice. Then he glared at it dully.
When he reached the house he handed
the paper to Marge.

"Take a look," he said, and pointed.
"I knew it already. Edna called me."

"Well?" he challenged.
Harry's face was so white, so tense,
that Marge couldn't stand it. She flung
herself against him, clutched him
hotly. "I love you," she told him, over
and over. "You're a million times bet-
ter than he is. You are! You are!"
"Gee, you're a swell sport," he
whispered, holding her close.

IT WAS late that night, lying awake
in bed and tossing sleeplessly, that
Harry Chadwick caught the first glim-
mer of an idea that abruptly thrilled
him. Out of a clear sky it had come to
him, the way he had read that big
ideas always came.

At breakfast the next morning he
was almost rollicking in his unaccus-
tomed gaiety. His idea still seemed
good and the thrill was still with him.
But he said nothing to Margery, for
there wasn't time. All day long at the
plant he mulled his inspiration over;
the more he considered it the better
it seemed to stand up. So that evening
he presented it at home.

Marge listened quietly, eyeing him
fondly. Dear boy, he was so pleased
with himself, so proud. She loved him
for it, as women always have loved

men for their simplicities. He really
thought the idea was his.

But what she said was: "I think it's
just dandy, Harry. Oh, I'm so proud
of you!" And she was really proud.

WHEN Harry walked at last into
the general manager's office he
was considerably less certain that his
idea was any good. In fact, as he met
the manager's cool, appraising eyes, a
sickening feeling swept through him
that he was nothing but a fool on a
fool's errand. Nevertheless he strode
up to the big mahogany
desk and stood there
waiting. Then he remem-
bered something.

"Henry Chadwick,"
he stated quickly.
"Checking department.
I asked for an inter-
view."

"Complaint?" queried
the other.

"No, sir." He stood
there straight, a well-set-
up young man; and he
met the manager's eyes.
"I want to learn this

business," said Harry.

"You want what?"
"I want to learn the business. I
know a good deal of it already, but I
want to learn the rest. What I had in
mind was to see if I couldn't be put
into one of the shops."

"Sick of your own job?" the mana-
ger snapped. "Want something easier?"

"No, sir, I want something harder.
I've been on my own job now for four
years. Been here in the plant nine.
Started in shipping and was moved
over to checking. I'm thirty-three years
old, Mr. Mason."

"What's that got to do with it?"
"Nothing, except that I'm getting
older every year. I want to get some-
where, amount to something, and I fig-
ure I can't do that without learning
the whole business. That's why I'm
asking to be put in the shops."

A crisp stenographer entered the
room and laid a blue card upon the
general manager's desk. Harry knew
then that the man must have pressed
one of the neat electric buttons at his
left hand. The manager picked up the
card and studied it with the face of a
poker player.

What the manager said now was:
"You couldn't wear that nice white
collar in the shops."

Harry laughed. "Naturally."
"Hmm!" mused the older man.
Then, his expression lightening slightly:
"I'll say one thing, Chadwick, your
request is certainly original. Generally
it's the other way. Most of 'em want
to get out of overalls and flannel shirts
and greasy hands into white collars and
swivel chairs and easy hours." Here he
glared at Harry belligerently. "Do you
realize, young man, that the shops
work a ten-hour day—from seven in
the morning on? Do you realize that
you'd have to get up an hour and a half
earlier than you do now and get home
an hour later? Do you realize you'll be
dirty all day, with cuts and iodine all
over your hands and black grease under
your finger nails?"

"Black grease never hurt anybody,"
said Harry. "As for the longer hours,
I don't care as long as they're getting
me somewhere."

Now the general manager smiled,
but without mirth. "Just where do you
think they're going to get you?"

Said Harry: "If I learn the manu-
facturing end, and with what I know
of the office end, eventually I ought
[Continued on page 72]

Will you pay half the usual price for *white,* *lovely* teeth ?

WOULDN'T you like to have snowy, gleaming teeth that are the admiration of others?

Wouldn't you like to attain them without a lot of tiresome scrubbing and rubbing?

Wouldn't you like to experience that delightful feeling of mouth exhilaration that you associate with the use of Listerine itself?

And wouldn't it please you to know that in getting these results you cut your tooth paste bill approximately in half?

If you've been using 50¢ dentifrices—and they are all good—switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. Look for the results we have outlined above. Like thousands of others, you will be convinced you have made a wise change.

Only ultra-modern methods of production and vast buying power make possible such a dentifrice at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.



Your tooth paste will buy you a "wave"

Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A wave, for example. The saving is \$3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.



25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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15c Package
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Now!

The New SUN TAN*

in an INSTANT
Home Tint...

To Convert Your Out-of-
Fashion Hosiery Into The
Season's Smartest Color



*IMPORTANT: Sun Tan is a coined name. This shade is secured by using the regular RIT DARK BROWN as a tint. Fortunately RIT DARK BROWN gives the exact shade of Sun Tan approved by Paris and adopted by leading hosiery manufacturers. Remember to ask for RIT DARK BROWN

RIT, the world's leading home tint and dye, now brings you **SUN TAN**—smartest of today's hosiery colors. The first authentic Parisian Sun Tan for home tinting.

With it you can turn faded or off-color stockings into fashion's latest shade—instantly, and without fuss or bother. Rit is different from any other tint or dye you have ever used. Will you accept a package to try? Just mail coupon.

Save One-Half on Hosiery

With RIT you can take your old off-color stockings—even odd stockings from broken pairs of different colors—and in a few moments have a brand new supply of smart Sun Tan stockings, minus the expense.

(Accept a package of RIT and try it yourself.) Thousands of women are cutting hosiery bills in half this new way. See how easy it is.

(1) First, you take a cake of **WHITE RIT**, the amazing new color remover, harmless to the finest fabrics as plain boiling water. (Obtainable at all drug or department stores.) Drop it in a basin of hot water with your old stockings. Boil till the old color disappears.

(2) Then, break off a piece of **Rit** and swish it in hot water. Put your stockings in for a few moments till you have the shade you want.

(3) Rinse stockings in cold water, and fold loosely in a towel to dry. That's all!

You can do 10 pairs of stockings in no time at all. And you get:

Perfectly **EVEN** color—no streaks or "dye" spots.

The **EXACT SHADE** that is the latest vogue.

No muss, fuss or bother, for tinting with new improved RIT is as simple as using blueing in the laundry.

Accept 15c Package

Whether or not you have ever tinted, dipped or dyed things, please accept a package of this new creation. Find out what it will do. Clip the coupon now before you forget. Rit Products Corp., 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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Enclose four cents in stamps. Please send me a full-size 15c package of Dark Brown RIT for tinting the new **SUN TAN** shade.

Name.....
(Print name and address plainly)

Street.....

City..... State.....

AMBITION IS A WOMAN

[Continued from page 70]

to be in line for a managership. I mean in the main office, where knowledge of the whole business ought to do a man good. That's where I think it's going to get me."

"Your record seems clean enough," remarked the older man, as though speaking to himself. "Hmm! Married, aren't you? Two kids. Own your own home, too."

"Except for the mortgages," said Harry with a wry smile.

"Well, the intention's there." Now the other's expression relaxed. "I thought your face was familiar, Chadwick. Played on the ball team, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir—shortstop."

"But you quit two years ago. Why did you quit?"

HARRY grinned at that question. "I wasn't good enough," he explained. "I played five years and then I just kind of got eased out. Kids coming in, you know. Younger material. They played better ball."

"Hmm! That's reasonable. True, too, all the way along the line. Chadwick, it says here you're popular. Are you?"

"Gee, how would I know, Mr. Mason? I guess so, maybe. I don't know though."

"Wouldn't want you to." Then he added conversationally: "I know more about you than maybe you'd think, Chadwick. As a matter of fact I keep in pretty close touch with all the departments. Have to. You're the man they were talking about a while back as being the average American, aren't you? It seemed you fit some set of figures, even to your collar size. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry cautiously. Suddenly he was fearful again. Hurriedly he added: "I think that's what woke me up, Mr. Mason. I mean it gave me a jolt. My wife didn't like it to start with, and then I got it. A man doesn't want to be just average."

"It's nothing to be ashamed of, being an average American."

"No, but I'd rather be better than average. I'm going to be, too."

The other nodded slowly, as if his mind was on something else. Now he said: "Chadwick, if you ever get along in this or in any other business that's dependent upon me, you'll learn a number of interesting things about the human race. You'll learn that most men do their work satisfactorily. You'll learn that most men are reliable."

The manager leaned back. Ruminatively he said: "Chadwick, I'm inclined to give you a chance—simply and for no other reason than because you came in here as you did. As you may or may not know, we've been clearing away some dead wood lately. Looking for younger, faster material, to use your baseball analogy. I'm not going to put you in the shops. You won't need that now, and if you ever need it later it can be arranged. Where I'm going to put you is in the personnel department. That's a separate department, directly under this office. There'll be no raise for you. You'll go in as a clerk. And you'll work hard. That's all."

Harry stood up. He opened his mouth.

The older man said sharply: "Don't thank me. This is business. If you find what I want you to find in that department I'll profit as much as you will. By the way, you'll keep that dead wood matter to yourself—strictly."

"Yes, sir."

"Here," said the general manager, and stuck out his right hand. Then unexpectedly he smiled his earlier warm smile. "Sort of surprised you, didn't it? Me too. Well, that's the way I make decisions. Make 'em and unmake 'em. Good luck, my boy."

Harry didn't dare trust himself to the telephone. There was a lump in his throat. His voice, when he got back to the checking department, sounded sort of croaky. Anyway Marge would ask questions he couldn't answer except in the privacy of their home.

FLINGING himself into the house that evening he shouted: "Marge—Marge, it worked. I'm going to get my chance."

Swiftly she came downstairs to him, her eyes shining.

They clung together happily. Presently Harry told her what had happened. "Funny thing," he concluded. "Here I hated that guy George Lane, and yet he really gave me the idea."

Margery looked at her husband fondly. He would never know how deliberately she had dragged the stimulating scent of George Lane's success across his plodding trail. She smiled a twisted little smile. "Yes, life is pretty funny," she agreed.

Harry said stoutly: "I'll bet five years from now you'll be wearing clothes that'll make Edna Lane look like a scrubwoman. I guess that won't make you mad, huh?"

IN MINIATURE

[Continued from page 24]

Three Cheers, then Paula, who will make her stage debut next fall, and Carol, who will follow the prescribed "Stepping Stones"—Mrs. Stone divided her time between the children and the stage. Minor rôles were more easily carried on by an understudy and Mrs. Stone could flit in and out of these lesser parts without upsetting the cast. When she was away from home her own mother, "Mimi," as the girls affectionately call her, superintended the household and the children.

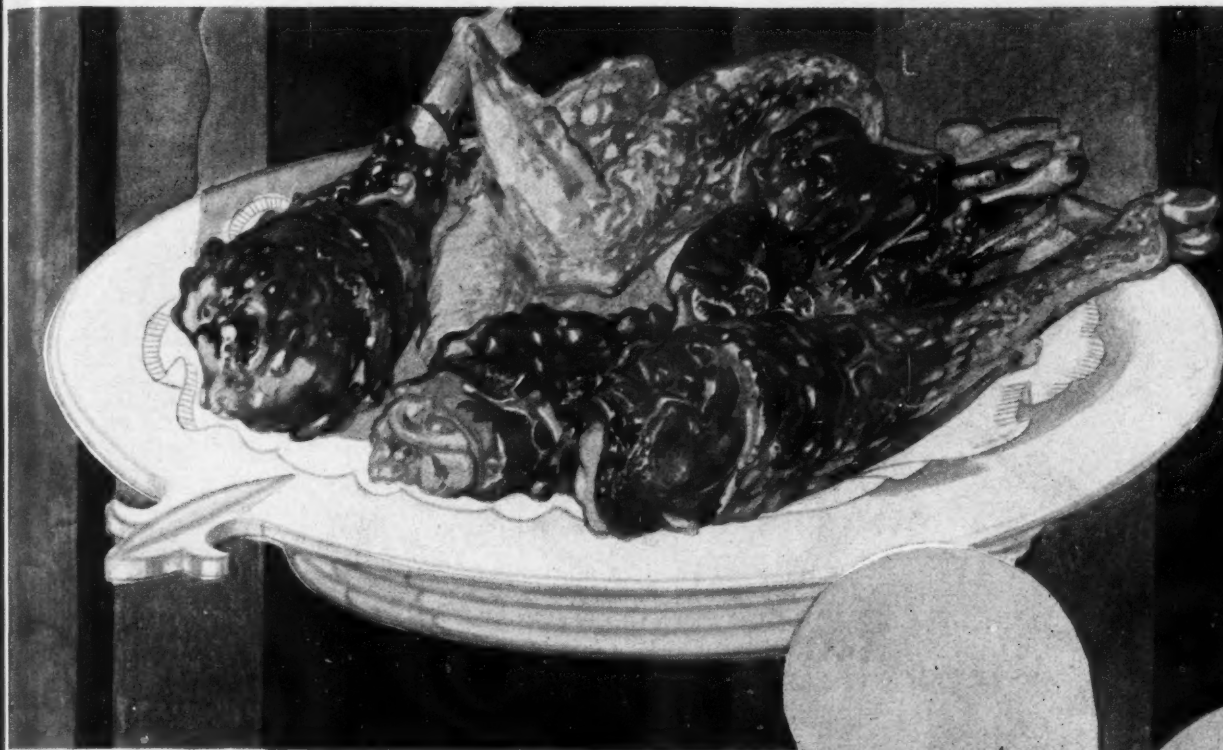
"When I come home late at night, after the show, it is Mother who opens the door and leads me straight to the kitchen where she scrambles eggs, makes toast and cocoa for me," says Dorothy Stone. "Sometimes we take our food into the dining-room; just as often we sit at the end of the kitchen table, and Mother listens eagerly to all my chatter of the theater and what happened throughout the afternoon

and evening. Sometimes I stop eating and dance a few new steps, or sing a song that has just come to me. She loves it; she is the most marvelous audience!"

The Stone home in Forest Hills, Long Island, looks and is a real home. It is a long, low, rambling house, entirely surrounded by magnificent trees and gardens.

According to Dorothy, Allene Crater Stone thinks first of the convenience and happiness of her family. "Honestly," this gifted young daughter says, "I don't believe Mother ever thinks of herself. I remember one day when she was breaking a wishbone with Carol, who was a little tot at the time. Carol looked at Mother and said, 'Just once, won't you please wish something for yourself? Wish for something besides health and happiness for all of us.'"

"Now, that's my Mother for you," says Dorothy.



Snowdrift frying is *quick* frying—and every woman knows what *that* means

Probably a cooking expert could draw up a set of elaborate rules about frying. But any woman who knows that *quick frying means perfect frying* is pretty well equipped to handle a frying pan.

And that's where Snowdrift comes in. For Snowdrift fries very quickly. And with reasonable care it can be heated hot enough to fry in—perfectly—long before it begins to burn or smoke.

Suppose you are frying chicken. The actual frying is done so quickly that it sears the food at once—keeps out any excess fat—keeps in all the fine flavor of the chicken itself. No danger of burning or scorching.

Any chicken you fry in Snowdrift is sure to have that rich, delectable fried taste—and yet it is quite as wholesome as if you had put it in an oven and roasted it.

Snowdrift is so fresh and pure and good-to-eat in itself that it can't help making food taste better. It's economical, too—you can use it over and over again and it won't absorb frying odors.

Would you like a copy of our Snowdrift recipe book? We shall be glad to send you one free. Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

FRIED CHICKEN

1 Cup Snowdrift • 1 Cup Milk or Cream • 1 Tablespoon Salt
 ¾ Cup Flour • 1 Chicken • ½ Cup Water

A very young chicken should be cut in halves or quarters. Or a full grown but young chicken may be used if desired, and this should be prepared and disjointed as for fricassee. Roll each piece in the flour and salt which have been sifted together. Heat the Snowdrift in a heavy iron frying pan or kettle. Add enough chicken to cover the bottom of the pan. The chicken should be turned only once, the frying being accomplished in about twenty minutes. When brown, drain off all but one-fourth cup fat and add the water. Simmer very slowly until tender. A very young broiler will take half an hour, and a full sized chicken from one to two hours. Replenish the water if necessary. Serve with a gravy made with the drippings in the frying pan, two tablespoons of the flour in which the chicken was rolled and the milk or cream.



That flavor
called wonderful!



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

IT HAS no substitute. It can't be imitated. Nearly 12,000,000 people demand it every day. The wonderful, crispy flavor of Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fresh or canned fruits, are a double-flavor treat. Just try them with sliced ripe bananas and milk or cream. Extra delicious and healthful with honey.

Give the children a big bowl of Kellogg's and milk for supper. They're easy to digest and healthful. And what could be nicer for your own lunch? So easy to fix—and tempting!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes give the utmost in flavor and crispness. Insist on them. Always oven-fresh and extra crisp.

Look for the red-and-green package. At hotels, restaurants, cafeterias. On diners. At all grocers.

Made in the Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Rice Krispies, Wheat Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit—also Kaffee Hag Coffee—real coffee that lets you sleep. Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.



STOCKINGS

[Continued from page 17]

mouth—oh, I guess I have everything," he said with a laugh.

The next day she received by mail a pen-and-ink caricature of a tall young man sitting all alone by a telephone. "You never told me you could draw so cleverly," she told him the next time he telephoned. "What do you do, anyhow?"

"Oh, I used to amuse myself by drawing," he replied. "But I'm more interested in horses just now."

"Race horses?"

"Race horses, or hobby-horses, depending on how you look at them. I say, when are you going to let me show my string to you?" he asked.

SMITTY, spring is coming," they told her one day at the office. "If you'd buy yourself a haircut and some new clothes and step out you might catch yourself a man."

Smitty tossed the hair out of her eyes and caught a little breath.

One morning she woke up to find that spring was actually there: Spring—and Trevor on the telephone, more important than ever.

"No, Trevor," she answered firmly. "How often must I tell you that I never intend to see you? . . . But I do so mean it. I've told you that all along . . . No, I don't think I've ever encouraged you. I have a right to answer my own telephone when it rings, haven't I?"

Afterward she was not sure whether the thing he had said just before he hung up was "Oh, well" or "Oh, hell." But hang up he did, abruptly.

The next morning she was jerked out of bed by the ringing of her telephone. Still only half awake, she recognized Trevor's voice. She heard him explain something about having had to take his horses up on Long Island, something about laying out a race track. Then he said:

"Listen, Nancy. Mrs. Rensselaer Van Buren is giving her carnival there next Saturday. You know, that annual garden party stunt of hers for her pet charities. I'm going to call for you at three o'clock. Will you go with me?"

"But Trevor! I—can't. You wouldn't want me to if—"

"I said, 'Will you go with me to that carnival?'"

"All run-right," she stammered.

As his receiver clicked upon the hook, consternation seized her. What had possessed her to accept?

Then she began to think. It was a defiant little Smitty who pattered into the office that morning.

"If I get my hair cut," she demanded of her colleagues, "do you think you could help me to decide on some other kind of bob that would be more becoming?"

"Hurray! Why, you angel child, of course we'll help you. We've all of us been dying to for months. But you would cling to that spaniel bob of yours, or whatever you call it. Now what you need, with your face—"

"I'm thinking of getting a dress, too," she announced. "But I'm not sure yet just what kind."

"What's it for, Smitty—your debut at Sherry's?"

"No. That carnival at Mrs. Rensselaer Van Buren's."

There was utter silence in the office. They all looked blankly at each other and then back to Smitty.

The upshot was an excited conference of an office staff that probably knew more about clothes than any other office staff in New York. The head designer brought order out of chaos by producing sketches for a complete costume of frock, coat and hat.

To have that ensemble made took every cent in Smitty's savings account. It was a tidy balance, too, since Smitty had always operated on a vague idea that money was something which she should be saving for her old age. She spent her last five dollars for a pair of sheer, flesh-colored stockings.

On the afternoon of the carnival she drew them on with a feeling of precarious delight. With little pulls and pats and strokes of affection she smoothed the clinging and alluring gossamer, for if there was one thing of which Smitty was frankly proud it was her legs. Then she slipped on the magic frock—a drift of daffodil georgette—and shook down the petal-like panels that formed the skirt. She patted her lustrous, amber-colored hair and, as the clock struck three, darted to her full-length mirror.

An astonished, radiant, flower-like little girl who seemed to exhale

the airy sweetness of a spring morning. Then the girl gave a familiar, gamin's grin, as if she were only Smitty, after all, delightfully masquerading. Her eyes sparkled and her soft cheeks glowed.

Even Sawdust seemed to realize the momentousness of the occasion, for he dashed about, sliding upon the polished floor, like a crazy cat. Suddenly, perhaps because she had forgotten to feed him that afternoon, an admonitory paw shot out at her with its little fish-hooks unsheathed.

"Damn!" cried Smitty. "Oh—oh, gol-damn!"

In the gossamer silk of one stocking had appeared a snarled double run that extended the whole length of her ankle. The worst of it was that she had not another pair that would possibly, possibly do.

At that moment the doorbell rang.

SMITTY looked about her frantically. She dashed to the window. There was nothing upon her end of the clothes-line. But outside the window opposite hung a flutter of chiffons.

She seized the line. The pulleys squealed as, hand over hand, she pulled it through them. Yes, there were stockings on it. And—oh, joy!—there was one pair that would do.

The doorbell rang again as she drew them on. She pressed the button that released the lock on the front door. As footsteps mounted the stairs, she slid on her shoes and threw open her own door.

There he stood—a tall, lean, young man in a dark blue coat and white flannel trousers. Crisp, straight, black hair. Dark, deep-set eyes beneath black, level brows.

"Mr. Trevor Huntington?"

But he did not smile. He merely stood there in the doorway, staring at her in utter, blank amazement. Even when he found his voice, he could not control its incredulity.

"Are—are you Nancy Smith?"

Smitty managed to smile again. She said she was. She tossed her head and waited. If only he would say something

[Continued on page 76]



APPLE JELLY FROM SWEET CIDER

Measure 7 1/2 level cups (3 3/4 lbs.) sugar and then 1 quart (4 cups) apple cider into saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. Stir in 1 bottle Certo and bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for 1 minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot paraffin wax.



GREEN PEPPER RELISH

Use about 1 dozen medium-sized green peppers (see note below). Discard the seeds. Put peppers through finest plate of the food chopper twice. Drain off some of the juice and pack 2 level cups solid with the ground peppers, using just enough juice to flood the cups level. Discard rest of juice. Bring 6 1/2 level cups (2 3/4 lbs.) sugar, peppers and 1 1/2 cups apple vinegar to a hard boil in a large pan and set aside where it will keep hot for 15 or 20 minutes uncovered, stirring occasionally. Bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for 2 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in 1 bottle Certo. Skim and stir repeatedly for just 8 minutes after taking from fire to cool slightly, which prevents peppers from floating. Then pour quickly and cover hot relish at once with hot paraffin wax. Note: (Sweet red peppers may be used in any proportion with green peppers. This gives a pleasing color combination to the relish.)

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you can even make jelly from Cider . . . and jam from Green Peppers!

YES—Cider Jelly—and it's delicious too. And **Green Pepper Jam**—to be used as a relish of course—but a relish with the firm consistency and added uses of jam. The recipes are on this page—read them and see how easy they are!

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STOCKINGS

[Continued from page 75]

and not just go on staring at her! She gave a playful, little half pirouette.

"Are you—disappointed?"

"No, of course not." He said: "You're charming." He stepped forward and laid down a Panama hat. He said: "And this is Sawdust, I suppose?" His glance wandered about the room and took in an easel in one corner. "Nice little place you have here," he said. "I've seen a lot of these studio apartments in this part of town, but none fixed up so attractively." Then he looked at her, straight in the eye, quite poised now. His lips went through the motions of a smile. "Well," he inquired, "shall we be shoving along?"

Smitty picked up her hat. Slowly she pulled it on. She did things to it. Then, slowly, she picked up her coat and handed it to him with the label out. She looked up at him inquiringly, a little wistfully, over her shoulder.

AS HIS car slipped through the Saturday afternoon traffic Smitty felt a terrible stillness gathering inside her. Even when they escaped from the traffic into the country it was not much better. Trevor just said this and she said that, brightly. Each of them eager to agree with the other, each of them trying desperately to pretend that there was nothing wrong.

At Oyster Bay he turned the car between two wrought-iron gateposts, into a private drive. Crushed bluestone spun up against the mudguards for minutes before they came on the house, rising in a vista of broad lawns, fountains and flower beds, against a background of ancient trees.

"Nice place they have here, isn't it?" murmured Smitty.

But her voice sounded very small. She was gazing at all those massed cars and those bright costumes splashed against the green lawns. As they got out of the car a dowager bore down on them with the air of a general.

"Mr. Huntington, I'm delighted with your horses! Most expressive nags. They'll be the success of the carnival."

"Oh, yes?" Trevor laughed and turned toward Smitty. "May I introduce Miss Smith? This is your hostess, Nancy."

Smitty felt her hand clasped in jeweled fingers, felt herself appraised by a swift look that seemed to be half of inquiry, half of recognition.

"Nancy Smith? Know your mother, child. Run right into the house if you'd like to freshen up. Somebody'll show you."

Outside, the carnival was in full swing. There were pretty girls with flower booths, pretty gypsies telling fortunes. There were dance sketches on the sward. Trevor was punctiliously polite. So was Smitty.

She was a long time screwing up her courage. She caught a little preliminary breath.

"Trevor—" she began.

But her voice was so timid that he did not even hear.

"Oh, look!" he exclaimed. "They're starting the races."

Into a miniature paddock came a procession of grooms, each solemnly leading a painted wooden hobby-horse of about the size of those of merry-go-rounds. They were absurd, altogether delightfully grotesque. Some lean as anatomical studies; others fat,

snorting pegasuses with eyeballs rearing in their sockets. The president of the Turf and Field Club mounted the judges' stand to explain the meet:

All bookmakers were required to take out licenses for the benefit of Mrs. Van Buren's fund. All bets were to be placed with licensed bookies.

"The first horse, ladies and gentlemen, is Wild Shot. He's by Golf Ball out of Bounds. What am I offered?"

Wild Shot went to a winner of the Open Championship. The next horse, Jazz, "by Syncopation out of Time," to the conductor of a famous orchestra . . .

"Come on!" urged Trevor as the crowd surged forward for the first race. "We've got to bet on this. What horse do you pick?"

"Cocktail."

"Good choice." He grinned. "By Bacardi out of Bond. His colors are orange and grenadine."

Smitty lost ten dollars, another ten, ten more.

"I guess I'll stop," she said contritely. "You see, Trevor, the truth is—"

Then she checked herself. How could she confess to a man who moved in these circles that she had intercepted his telephone calls to another girl in the hope that he would come to like her for herself?

After sundown, bobbing rows of Japanese lanterns were lighted, pointing the way to supper. In the garden they found long, snowy tables bearing piles of sandwiches, mounds of salad, cold fowls.

In desperation she began to talk about clothes.

Here, at least, was a subject of which she had professional knowledge. She was still prattling brightly about the latest caprices of fashion when they left; and, as Trevor drove, she chattered knowingly of Poiret, Lanvin, Vionnet and Chanel. Something miserable inside her kept

crying out: "Oh, shut up! This isn't you talking." But she silenced that voice and plunged on.

Trevor became strangely silent. From the inquiring way in which he kept looking at her, it was apparent that he had something on his mind. He brought the car softly to a stop beside a deserted stretch of road.

SHE did not look at him. But she braced herself. "Now!" she thought—

"Just want to look at the gas," he murmured gruffly. "We should have stopped at that last filling station."

At last the car drew up to her own curb. She summoned one last smile to her cheeks, which already ached with smiling.

"Good night, Trevor," she said brightly. "Thank you so much."

And without a word about ever seeing her again, he said: "Good night."

She went the next morning, a chastened Cinderella, to show the second pair of silk stockings to the woman who lived behind her and to explain that she would replace them. She climbed the correct number of stairs and then paused, uncertain at which of two apartment doors to knock.

She chose one. It was opened by—Trevor.

[Continued on page 78]



10 million children off to school ..dressed here from head to foot

As you finger these soft sturdy stockings . . . and note their excellent shape, their extra length . . . you may wonder why it is that in the J. C. Penney store they cost you so much less than elsewhere.

For here are boys' golf socks at only 29¢ to 49¢, in all the patterns your boy likes best . . . and knit with a special elastic stitch that gives extra wear. Girls' stockings knit in the same serviceable way with a lustrous mercerized thread, are soft as silk. Yet a dollar buys a season's supply . . . 4 pair!

And as you walk through our store, you realize that this good-looking school hosiery is only one instance of the extraordinary values in all J. C. Penney Company merchandise. When you buy a whole school outfit here you save many dollars, but the styles are up-to-the-minute, the materials are the best, and the colors and lines in excellent taste.

How We Save You Part of Every Dollar You Spend . . . As good merchants we are naturally eager to keep our prices low on everything we sell. And as

a first step we buy in tremendous quantities. Last year for 1,000 stores . . . today for 1,400.

But these increasingly large purchases alone do not account for our uniformly low prices. By careful planning at every step we have found new ways of handling all our merchandise so efficiently that we put it in your hands without adding an unnecessary penny.

And every cent that we save in buying excellent merchandise at a low price, and selling it with efficient economy, we pass on to you.

That is the J. C. Penney Co. Golden Rule that has brought us the good-will and trade of more than 10 million families since we opened our first store 25 years ago.

If we have no store in your town write to us. We will tell you where our nearest store is located, and will send you a copy of our "Store News" in rotogravure. Address J. C. Penney Company, Inc., 330 West 34th Street, New York City.

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These school stockings have won a reputation of their own in every J. C. Penney city. For girls of 7 to 14 in black, white and four new shades of tan . . . 25¢. Boys' golf socks striped, checked and in the popular plain colors, at 29¢ to 49¢.

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STOCKINGS

[Continued from page 76]

"Hul-lo!" His surprised glance swept her from head to foot, then rested on the stockings dangling from her hand. "I mean, I'm delighted to see you. But why the stockings?"

Smitty dropped them in her astonishment. Afterward, she could never remember exactly what she said. But presently she was standing inside the door, in what appeared to be a scenic designer's studio. There were marionettes hanging from the walls, and rough sketches for the hobby-horses she had seen the day before. Trevor was confronting her with the stockings, and she was stammering between confirmatory nods: "I borrowed them. I was bringing them back."

WHY, you little fraud!" he exclaimed when he got it through his head. "After the way you highbatted me all over the lot!"

"But Trevor! I didn't. It was you who were highbatted."

"I? Good Lord, the instant you opened your door I felt like sinking into the ground. You looked like—"

"What?"
"Oh, so exclusive and expensive! As if it had cost a million dollars just to create you. I'd never dreamed you were like that. I thought I'd got the wrong girl."

"Well, hadn't you?"
"That's what I want to know." He looked in bewilderment from her to the stockings. "Were you trying to put me in my place or something? Holy mackerel! What'd you expect? Girls who import all their clothes from Paris aren't up my street."

"But—didn't you think I was the other Nancy Smith?"

"What other Nancy Smith? That was the name on your mailbox."

He seized her elbow and, spinning her around, planted her squarely before his window.

"How do you think I got crazy about you in the first place," he demanded, pointing across the back yard, "if it wasn't by watching you from this window? Watching you cooking delicious-looking things in your kitchen over there? Watching you while you worked away, creating that lovely place to live?"

Smitty looked.

She saw her window boxes, her orange curtains billowing in the wind; she saw her apartment flooded with bright, morning sunlight. Yes, she could see: Cheery walls. Gleaming floor. Books about the fireplace. Brave array of dishes in the spotless kitchen.... It was rather nice.

"Then you don't really belong with that bunch at Oyster Bay?" she asked, a little smile hovering over her lips. "You haven't any—string of race horses?"

He put his hands upon her shoulders. "You funny little person! Those horses were only a commission. After the way you cleaned me out, betting on them yesterday, I was just wondering where I could bum a breakfast."

Smitty concentrated on the top button of his coat. She turned it round and round. Then she caught a breath.

"I'm going home to make breakfast now," she said. "If you'd like, we could have waffles for Sunday, Trevor."

WHAT IS HUMAN BROTHERHOOD?

[Continued from page 32]

"And yet," Mabel said, thoughtfully, "it's a good deal for one individual to undertake—to be brother to the whole human race."

"That was where I was stuck next. Willing as I was, or fairly willing, to put the ideal into operation, as far as lay in my power, I didn't see how I was to be brother to the Russian, the German, the Afghan, the Englishman, the Irishman, all at once."

"Then one day when I was fumbling about in the New Testament I lighted on that part where St. John asks if a man doesn't love his brother whom he has seen, how can he love God whom he hasn't seen?"

"But you haven't got a brother," Bobby cried, presenting a difficulty. "No, I had none. I had no sister, either. I had you two, and Ellie; and that, I said to myself, was all. If brotherhood had to begin at home, then I had satisfied the condition, since I loved the three of you."

Mabel had been considering. "And Ned and Susie came next after the children and me."

"That was the way I reasoned. Having no brother or sister of my own, I naturally thought of yours."

"With a view to buying them the house?"

"No; not with a view to anything in particular, except to show myself friendly. It wasn't till the third time I went that I'd got what I called a challenge."

"A challenge? From anything Ned or Susie said?"

"No, from something I said to myself. I'd been trying to show my sense of brotherhood by the cheap and easy method of looking in on them. And

when I saw what the real need was I was up against it. Here was a call to do something, and I didn't want to do anything."

Once more his voice trailed off into a silence broken only when Bobby asked: "Father, isn't that kind of brotherhood something like the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"I think it is, old boy. I'm not sure that the best way of finding the Kingdom of Heaven for ourselves isn't trying to bring it to somebody else."

"I know," Mabel interposed, "that there's something in the Bible about laying up treasure in heaven; only that that seems to me a long way off."

OH, BUT I don't think it is," Leroy corrected. "Our Lord's Heaven was here and now. That's why He was so much preoccupied with the present. When He speaks of treasure on earth and treasure in heaven I don't think He means a local earth or a local Heaven of any kind. His reference is to a state of mind and heart. In telling the rich young man who wanted to be perfect to sell all he had and give to the poor, which simply means to let others share in the good fortune so liberally given him, and he would have treasure in heaven, I'm sure He was thinking of blessedness in this life before it was blessedness in any other. I've a strong conviction that if He is our Savior He's our Savior now; and that if He's our Savior now it's to save us from undue ills of whatever kind at the moment which we're living through. But if He's to save us we must do something to save ourselves; and perhaps we best save ourselves by helping to save our brother first."

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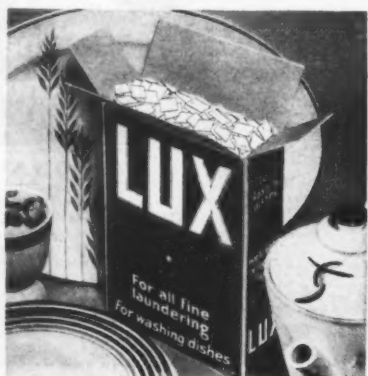
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GREEN TIMBER

[Continued from page 15]

bowed slightly, amid perfunctory applause. She was gone, and the tom-toms recommenced. He pushed back his chair and went over to Peggy Scarfell.

"Shall we dance?" he asked.

The fragment of sincerity which shrivels beneath the burnished exterior of the modern girl of twenty betrays itself most readily through motion. Peggy Scarfell was alluring as she slipped into his arm, a swaying wand of silver and yellow.

"What a funny song that girl sang," she said at length.

"Not funny, Peggy. Old-fashioned."

"What's the difference?"

What was the difference, here in Pudge Tricker's cushioned kennel?

"Do you ever wish you were old-fashioned, Peggy?"

"Don't be silly," she giggled. "In the Gloaming' instead of 'Red Hot Mama'... Louisa May Alcott battling for Elinor Glyn... Corsets and bustles... and Canton flannel bathing suits? They didn't know they had bodies, did they? And that Mary person, who went after somebody's cows."

Satiny to touch, but warranted metal at the core, these debutantes of today. Fancy one of them calling slangily across the sands of Dee!

"Nice canter, Alan. You can dance." She frowned, almost genuinely. "Here comes Tommy Brainard to cut in. 'Bye!"

She left him near the orchid-cluttered

trestles. Drew Scarfell expanded swollen lids a trifle.

"Good evening," he boomed.

The greeting ended in a chest rumble. His daughter's late partner turned to Mrs. Scarfell.

"You should be very proud," he told her. "Peggy is lovely tonight."

"Lovely—Thank you. I am proud. It is all lovely."

Her words were small wings, frantically beating. He wondered about her as he went back to his table. Frequently he had wondered about Mrs. Scarfell, even before he had assayed the genesis of Scarfell lavishness.

It had been easy for a presentable young bond salesman, with a D. S. C. and a presumably adequate bank account, to make surface social contacts in a strange city. Peggy Scarfell's mother had been pouring tea on a country club veranda when he was introduced. His wondering about her had begun that day. He had never wondered about her husband.

NO LUTE of Parnassus had sounded when Drew Scarfell was born. He had never thrilled to a moment of virtuosity in crime, hazard for the sheer sake of backing wit against wit. He had been puzzled as he estimated the lean law-breaking toll this alien exacted. He would have been dumbfounded had he divined that the disturbing newcomer's plundering was organized upon a Scriptural basis. For Alan Campbell, glutting a passion for irony, took an accurate tithe—nothing more, nothing less, whether from payroll messenger, hijacking coterie or syndicate whiskey running squad. He limited his annual budget to fifteen thousand dollars. That was ample for new books, an expensive tailor and a self-respecting scale of living. Besides, not being tempted to increase his income, enabled him to operate when and where he liked, in a well-nigh

amateur spirit. Once in a while he sold a bond, for appearances' sake.

"Tie him up," Scarfell had bade Pudge Tricker. But they had failed.

The night club proprietor strolled over to Campbell's table and sat down.

"I hear you're leaving town," he volunteered. "Going to sell bonds somewhere else, maybe?"

There was a lull in dais cacophony; the tall girl in white was singing again, a "Follies" ditty, flung westward from Broadway. She sang it woodenly, without a vestige of the fervor that had pulsed in "Sands of Dee."

LIKE her, don't you?" Tricker asked.

"I saw you giving her a hand. Small town girl—tried to land a church choir job and flivvered. Finney, the agent, sent her. She's pretty good."

"Too good for this jazz mad bunch."

"Good enough to boost when you get to New York or Chi? Or wherever else you're going," Tricker added.

"Am I going?"

"Why not be reasonable, Campbell?"

"And play ball with you Black Sox? You're funny."

"Like hell I am!"

Smirking faded from the swarthy face.

"You're the bird who won't cut the comedy."

"I'm sticking, Pudge. That's what I came to tell you. Pass that along to your orchid-buying boss."

The defeated job seeker ended her saccharine ditty and retired. Tricker gnawed his black moustache

before he spoke. "Goodbye, son," he said. "At that, I did more'n I ought. I slipped you the stop, look and listen."

He watched his patron pay the waiter and push his way past the dancers to the lounge.

It was snowing. Through the revolving glass door Alan Campbell could see wet flakes coating the extended sword of a Civil War hero who rode his steed with an air of bronze boredom, in the square opposite. He exchanged the hot-house warmth of Tricker's lobby for a baby blizzard and a squirrel cloaked woman who conferred anxiously with the taxi driver.

"No cabs left, Miss," the latter was asserting. "Better wait inside."

"I live at the 'Y,'" she faltered. "If I am not there by one o'clock I can't get in."

It was the slim singer of the dais. Impulsiveness was not one of Campbell's traits, but he now acted upon it.

"Why not let me drive you home?" he inquired. "I have a car parked somewhere in that snowstorm. My name is Alan Campbell. I heard you sing, Miss—"

"Larsen—Gerda Larsen."

A clot of snow crystals clung to the coppery hair, winking in the blaze from the foyer like a diamond ornament.

"My mother used to sing those words of Kingsley, Miss Larsen. They took me back to a prairie village. I hadn't been there in years. Doesn't that let me qualify?"

Her eyes peered at him calmly.

"Thank you," she said. "It does."

"Splendid! I'll be back in a jiffy."

As he unlocked the ignition someone seized his arm from behind. He was throttling a shape in the dark when understanding loosened his fingers.

"Cripes!" wheezed Twisty Fogger.

"You near done me in. I been lyin'"

[Continued on page 82]

Why 9 out of 10 smart women

*instinctively prefer this
new sanitary protection*



It is easy to see why the use of Kotex has become a habit among women who set the standard of good taste. For such women have young ideas, young minds. They resent the old-fashioned makeshifts that meant so much work and worry. They want soft, hygienic comfort in a sanitary pad—and they want all the special advantages Kotex has to offer, besides.

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Dorothy Mackaill

GREEN TIMBER

[Continued from page 80]

doggo for two hours. It's all set for tonight—the bump-off. Had it straight, at Pioggi's speakeasy. And you grandstandin' at Pudge Tricker's when you'd ought to be miles to the good. No goin' home now, buddy. You're on your way."

Campbell warmed his engine noisily. "I'm on my way to the 'Y' with a girl," he retorted. "She's waiting on Tricker's steps. Sit tight and shut up. I'll listen to your bedtime story after we drop her."

The taxi starter helped in the wear of the squirrel cloak.

"Giving another friend a lift," Campbell told her.

"Mr. Fogger, Miss Larsen."

He heard a contralto word and the Twisted Kid's sullen response. Then, save for the sticky rasp of tires, silence, as they swung into an avenue.

Miniature trees, festooned with red and green electric bulbs, beamed from a hundred casements, meaning cribs upstairs, tinsel corded parcels in bureau drawers, juvenile anxiety concerning the dimensions of chimneys, childish prattle about stockings. Incongruous and loathsome—that Drew Scarfell's terror should crawl among these slumber-hushed houses, where mothers would be reciting an unstated legend a few hours hence—a legend which never grew stale because the ripple of children's merriment watered it and kept it alive.

YOU'RE making the wrong turn," Gerda Larsen objected. "The 'Y' is to the left."

"Step on it!" grunted Twisty.

Campbell saw an open touring car swerve from a side street and complied. The sedan lunged forward, an unleashed whippet. Straight blocks of deserted asphalt ahead, no traffic signals to impede them.

"Sorry!" he called, over his shoulder. "I'll have to take you a bit out of your way, Miss Larsen!"

"The shack!" urged Twisty. "Lose 'em in the yards. I can stand 'em off."

"Couldn't you stop for a moment and let me get out?" asked the girl.

"You're on an express, sister." The stunted crook swept her and the rug to the floor. "Low bridge! They may open up any minute." His tone was jaunty now; he held an automatic in either hand. "You're gainin', buddy. Maybe we'll get a lucky break at the coal pocket sidin'."

They got it. Bells jangled and a ruby lamp dipped as they thudded over the rails. The sedan stopped among the whitened rubbish pyramids.

"Sit up, please," Alan Campbell advised his woman passenger. "I must ask you to be rather plucky. Some men in the car behind us have taken a sudden dislike to me. I want you to stay where you are and be brave when they come. They won't hurt you. Mr. Fogger will see to that. Will you do it?"

"I'll stay. I can't do anything else. But being brave is another thing."

Campbell smiled as he and Twisty Fogger clambered down. There had been no quaver in the contralto voice.

"Being brave is the only thing, ever," he said.

Snatching one of his limping ally's proffered weapons he was lost among the refuse hummocks.

"Just you and me been comin' home from Tricker's," Twisty counseled. "Nobody else—remember!" There was a roaring down the road. "Steady, sister!" he whispered.

He was pottering beneath the sedan's lifted hood when the touring car grated to a full stop, its searchlight enveloping them mercilessly. Two men leaped out, a lumbering giant in the lead.

"Reach for the air!" the giant barked, aiming his automatic.

The Twisted Kid's features wore an expression of pained surprise as his empty palms ascended.

"What's bitin' you, Pioggi?" he complained. "Can't I take a girl home without bein' stuck up?"

"Only a jane in the bus, Joe," the second gangster reported. "He's made a getaway."

"Watch the

Kid," Pudge Tricker's bravo directed. "I'll talk to her." He wrenched open the sedan door. "Where'd he go?"

"Where did who go?"

She breathed the reek of garlic as he twisted her wrist.

"Where'd he go?"

"Don't!" she pleaded. "You'll only make me faint."

The Twisted Kid heard her moan.

"What boos you are," he chuckled. "Givin' a dame the third degree while you're covered from behind."

His fingers flicked under the hood as the pair wheeled; it was as if his favorite "rod" had been lying on a shelf, ready for him. Had sounds carried in the din of puffing freight locomotives, a single echo would have blanketed all three shots. The shorter gunman toppled, face down in the freezing slime. Twisty Fogger sprawled over the radiator cap, as if making certain of his handiwork. Only Pioggi stood erect.

"Old stuff, Kid," he snarled. "You got yours, anyways." He dragged the cowering girl out of the car. "You'll take a ride with me now," he informed her. "You seen too much, baby. We got to cook up a pair of alibis."

"You're a murderer!" she shrieked. "I won't go!"

"You'd split to the dicks, would you?"

"I'll tell. Of course I'll tell. You're a murderer."

Pudge Tricker's hireling cursed. "An accident," he mumbled. "I'll have to pull off a railroad accident. Accidents is always best."

He stooped to examine his motionless companion. Before he turned the dead man over she had jerked loose, was running out of the ribbon of light, across the waste of sodden cinders. Big Joe Pioggi, thirty-third degree gunman, who had never muffed an important assignment until now, fired once, as a warning. There was not time for shooting again; a bullet near the heart prevented. He did not stir after crumpling beside his aide.

Alan Campbell, who had just destroyed a man and a precedent, knew that he would not stir. "Stop, Gerda!" he shouted. "You're safe!"

HE STOOD directly in the path of her hysterical flight. Even after he held her she continued to struggle. "Let me go!" she gasped. "I've seen murder done!"

"No use in begging forgiveness, is there?" he asked. "But you don't imagine I let you in for this deliberately, do you?"

"I don't know. It's a horrid dream. Mr. Campbell."

"Better make it 'Alan' after tonight. Gerda. We've been near death together—nearer than you think."

[Continued on page 85]

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HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

GREEN TIMBER

(Continued from page 82)

"Please take me home, Alan."
"You shall go home, and there will be no more melodrama. But first there are some things to do. You can help."
She followed him, stumbling over the uneven ground, while he extinguished the touring car's stabbing searchlight and raised the man who leaned over the sedan's hood.
"Breathing," he said. "I'll carry him out of the storm. There's a shanty yonder, near the tracks. Here are matches and a key. Please use them."

OBEEDIENTLY she did as he wished, throwing off her cloak after she had lit the brakeman's lantern on the wall. Her white frock was a fresh note in the frowsy hovel.

"This is his home," Campbell explained, as he tore open Twisty Fogger's jacket and vest.

Water dripped from a leaky faucet above a rusted sink. Gerda found tin basin and towel, kneeling beside him.

"Good girl!"

"Can't I go for a doctor?"

"No use. He never had a chance."

"Two dead men in the snow," she muttered, watching the towel stain.

"What am I doing here?"

"Being brave, Gerda."

"Is he dying?"

"Going west—soon. With a brave woman watching him go. I hope I shall be as lucky some day."

"Is he bad—like those others?"

Alan Campbell eyed her gravely.

"My mother would have called him 'bad,'" he replied. "The police do call him that. I prefer to call him 'unlucky'—a victim of environment. Probably that is sentimentality. You see, I cannot forget that he is dying because he tried to save my life."

The copper-haired girl touched his sleeve.

"Are you bad, Alan?"

"That depends upon one's viewpoint, Gerda. Rest assured that I am not what the world calls 'good.' Environment has smudged me also. Yet, when all is reckoned, I suppose the Twisted Kid has been far less evil than I. I could have stepped out of my environment, and didn't."

"The Twisted Kid?"

"He was proud of that title. It was the accolade of the underworld, the only world he knew. My friend is a gunman, like those two men lying in the snow. And I am—"

"Please!" she interrupted. "I can't bear much more."

"As you like. But one thing you should know, in fairness to me. Until tonight, I have never killed a man. I am disregarding the war, of course. What happened in the war was insanity. I have had a contempt for the stupidity, the ugliness of killing. Yet I shot that hulking brute gladly, because otherwise he would have killed you."

"You mean I am to blame? I made you commit murder?"

"It wasn't murder. And there isn't any question of blame. You are merely another victim of environment, Gerda. Kismet, as the Orientals would say."

The man on the cot moved, his weighted shoe dropping to the floor with a thump. Campbell bent above him, eagerly.

"We was—both—saps," Twisty murmured. "You—take—Bessie . . ."

"I'll take her, Kid. I promise. She shan't forget you, old man."

The crippled law-breaker's mouth tightened.

"Wish I'd—croaked Pioggi . . ."

"I got him for you, Kid."

Twisty Fogger strained to sit up, taut lips trying to grin.

"On—the level—buddy?"

"Honest, Kid."

Alan Campbell lowered him upon the blankets.

"Gone," he said.

"Who is Bessie?" asked Gerda Larsen, through her tears.

"The one thing the Kid loved. A waif of the refuse piles. He found her playing in the cinders, four years ago. She is seven now; thinks he is her father. The Children's Society would have taken her from him if he had kept her here. She's at Mother Machree's baby farm, on the other side of the tracks."

He covered the silent crook's face and picked up the squirrel cloak.

"Are you going for Bessie?"

"You heard me promise."

"Where will you take her? They'll arrest you, won't they?"

"It's the chance they've wanted."

"I was a witness, Alan. Surely a jury would believe me."

"Drag you into this filthy mess?"

"Why not? You said bravery was the only thing. I am brave enough to tell my story."

"Bless you for that, Gerda Larsen. But there's Bessie to think of. Can't you see the busy sob-sisters—'Blue-eyed Child Dead Gunman's Darling'? They might not convict me, but Bessie would be marked for life. She's old enough to understand. I'll have to leave town after all. Chicago will be best—I have plenty of cash in a safe deposit box there."

"Don't stay in Chicago, Alan. Take her into the country somewhere. I know a place in the Cut-over Lands."

"The Cut-over Lands? I hunted there once."

"And I taught at Fairfield for two seasons. It was only a hamlet, a half dozen houses and a cross-roads store, but the children walked miles for autumn schooling. I learned to love the place. There would be safety for you and Bessie at Fairfield."

"Fairfield. I'll remember."

"I could write you. You'd still have one friend here. There might be something I could do for you."

"You mean you are willing to take the place of a dead gunman?"

"I'm willing. You may find peace at Fairfield. I did, when I needed it."

PEACE!" He laughed harshly. "The one thing my system overlooked."

He turned toward the cot, saluting as smartly as when a general had pinned the D. S. C. upon his tunic in the Argonne. "So long, Twisty, old friend," he said. Then he blew out the brakeman's lantern and opened the door. "Shan't lock it," he added. "I'll tell Mother Machree there's been trouble. She'll be over by dawn, with enough to pay for a decent funeral and keep her mouth shut. Now I'll take you home."

Gerda held out her hand in the hallway of the 'Y,' after he had silenced the night porter with a few coins.

"Peace," she whispered. "You will

[Continued on page 86]

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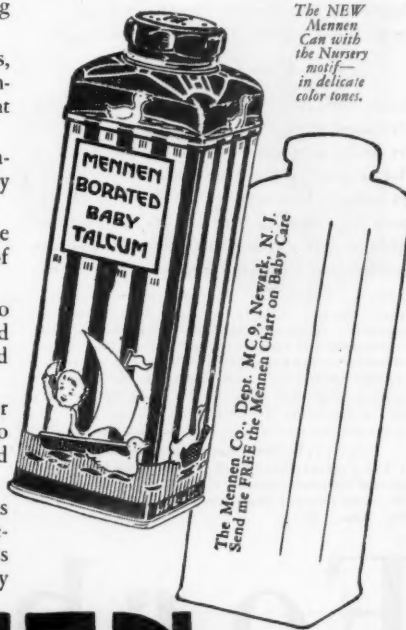
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Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



GREEN TIMBER

[Continued from page 85]

find it at Fairfield, with Bessie. I am sure of it. Goodbye, Alan."

They would be waiting in the back room of the darkened night club, waiting for Pioggi's report that he had covered an important assignment satisfactorily. He telephoned Tricker's from a corner drug store.

"Alan Campbell talking," he said, when he recognized the resort proprietor's voice. "Joe Pioggi and Arkos, the Greek, are spoiling the snow near Twisty Fogger's shanty. Thanks for the stop, look and listen."

He heard an oath before he rang off. The snow had ceased. Frosty constellations glittered while he drove swiftly toward Mother Machree's baby farm.

He was going to Fairfield, in the Cut-over Lands, to find the peace Gerda Larsen said was there. As he slid past miniature Yule trees, glowing in the windows of sleep-hushed dwellings, he wondered how he could salvage a bit of Christmas en route for the Twisted Kid's Blue-eyed Bessie.

[Continued in OCTOBER McCALL'S]

EMMY AND ANGELA

[Continued from page 29]

"It's her middle name, you see," put in Ted, "but she never used it."

"No. I kept it. All nice and fresh. To go with my new clothes."

"—which indicates," droned the concierge, supplementing intelligence they had all managed to elude, "the perimeter of the ancient Château of the de Marques family. Of this former Château there remains, on the right—"

The women lagged purposely, preferring to see things than to hear about them, and paused finally in a shaft of sunlight.

"Oh, to be young!" cried Angela involuntarily. For on the upturned, sun-searched face of her companion appeared no wrinkle, no slightest trace of time's disfigurement.

"To be young is nice," said Maude. "But to be happy—that's nicer."

"Happy, yes. But you—you're happy, my dear. No use to tell me that you're not."

"Oh, of course. But not every minute." The speaker raised her eyes half-mistily to Angela. "You wouldn't understand. You're not a second wife."

"Oh, but I am."

"I didn't know. But you seem happy all the time. Doesn't he ever speak of the first one?"

Emphatically Angela shook her head. "Never. Never mentions her."

The other stood quite still. "Really," she said, at last, "George even talks about the things Caroline cooked."

"How—how dreadful!"

THAT night, in their little bedroom at Tours, Angela paused in the brushing of her hair. "Ted—I want to ask you something. Do you ever think of Emmy—miss her?"

"Emmy? When I'm with Angela?"

There seemed reproof in his tone. Suddenly she flung back her head.

"While we were at lunch today, Ted, the four of us, it came to me all in a rush that—that wouldn't it be strange if, after all, I'd mis-read the look in Caroline's eyes? If, all the time I was being sorry for her, she was being sorry for Maude? This exuberance of George's would have got most awfully on her nerves. It does on mine."

"It's because he's proud, that's all. Proud of himself. Emmy said so."

"One other thing, dear," Angela spoke quickly. "Has it ever occurred to you that the people who seem so joyous, so—so outwardly generous, might not be the easiest people to live with?"

Some such idea, Ted admitted, had visited him. "But," he concluded, "it's not a particularly original thought. Not quite worthy of Angela."

"But Angela's human, Ted. Sometimes she gets tired, like—like—"

"Like Emmy?"

"Differently. Mentally tired."

Ted's eyebrow twitched argumentatively. "Yet somewhere I seem to have heard the words, 'Angela will never be tired. She'll be always ready to do things, not for, but with you.'"

"That's true—at home. But here there's three thousand years of history to gallop back through. I'm ready to go home and make my own history. What do you say, dear?"

"Right-o! Any day you like. Tomorrow, if you say so."

"Day after tomorrow, sweetest. Day after tomorrow, we sail! We sail! What pretty words!"

AT HOME—two months.

Thoughtfully Angela surveyed the living-room. "Yes—you may be at home," it seemed to say, "but everything about you cries, 'You've been abroad.'"

Straight-backed, seventeenth-century chairs stood on either side of the fireplace—chairs dexterously carved, undeniably Gothic, and distinctly uncomfortable. On the mantel, flanked by Italian candlesticks, a Louis Seize clock ticked with a foreign accent. A Florentine mirror in gilt and blue gave her back herself, Angela, in a Paquin model.

Oh, but she was happy to be home; why shouldn't she be?

Then Hoffla entered, the "silent speeder," Ted called her. Through the open dining-room door Angela watched her assembling the tea things. Never a cup clicked on a saucer, never two spoons collided. Quickly, quietly, the table was set. Two swings of the pantry door, and Hoffla had vanished.

Louis Seize struck four fine French tones.

Angela reverted to the present. Maude would be here any minute.

She wandered to the window. "Ah, here she comes. I'll let her in myself."

But Hoffla's padded feet sped through the hall; Hoffla's tireless hand flung wide the door.

"You have a jewel. Oh, but you're fortunate!" thrilled Maude, when Hoffla had once more skimmed in and floated out.

The tea and scones were hot, and stayed hot for a second helping, as though Hoffla's finely tempered spirit brooded over them.

"I'm having the most awful time myself," Maude's tone indeed was piteous. "They just won't stay. The trouble is, George says he still has the taste of . . . Does it take long to learn to cook?"

Angela reached out a hand. "Don't do it, dear. You're young. Stay young. Besides"—furtively her eyes sought the doors—"you may find just the right maid. We brought Hoffla over. She's worked out her passage now. Next

[Continued on page 88]

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EMMY AND ANGELA

[Continued from page 86]

month I begin paying her—and American wages, at that!"

"I'd pay her American, English, French—every nationality of wages, if I—"

"If it weren't for Ted, I declare I'd hand her over!"

"Who? Hoffla?"

"My dear, she's driving me crazy! I thought when I came from abroad I'd never be tired any more. But now I'm so tired of never being tired, I'd—I'd paint a house if anybody'd offer me the job!"

Maude, twisting her short, bejeweled fingers, raised rather woeful eyes. "You—you told me once you were a second wife. Did—did the first one cook—like Caroline?"

"Better! Infinitely better! Caroline always put a touch—oh, just the tiniest touch too much soda in her biscuits. But, my dear, take a grain of advice from me. Don't try to cook. Let George compare his first wife with the servants—not with you. Let him think you could cook, and would cook—but that he won't let you." Angela sighed. "It's all in the way you begin."

At the door she held her caller's hand. "Another thing, my dear. If you learn to do things, you'll always have to do them—or, if you don't have to, you'll want to."

Scraps of this conversation she recounted to Ted at dinner—a four-course meal, simple, but cooked and served by sleight-of-hand. Dinner over, they strolled into the living-room and arranged themselves on either side of the fireplace in the seventeenth-century chairs.

After a thoughtful few moments, Angela ventured, "Are you especially keen about these chairs, Ted? That is, to sit on?"

"Not so bad to sit on; rather hard to sit in."

"I'm always getting my hair caught in the rose-window. I was thinking—it might be good—sometime—to shove them into the hall and bring back those two old armchairs from the attic?"

"But would they go, dear—with all this *parlez-vous* stuff?"

"You mean the clock and candlesticks and mirror?"

"And Hoffla. Most of all, Hoffla."

ANGELA felt the sudden ticking of her heart at her throat. "Ted, what do you think Maude said today, that absurd child! That she'd pay anything—American, French, English wages—any wages—if she only had Hoffla."

"I should think she would. Hofflas don't grow on every bush."

Angela's heart ceased ticking, slipped silently down from her throat. "I fancy Maude finds being a second wife somewhat—trying."

"George makes a big mistake!" Ted flared. "If he misses Caroline, he can at least keep still about it, but . . ."

Breathless, Angela leaned forward. "Ted," she whispered. "Don't you really think George misses Caroline—at all?"

"Heaven knows; I don't," Ted yawned. "But he ought never to mention her—while he's conscious."

Night—and black walls—and sleep. Sleep—the dropping of burdens, the loosening of ties, the meeting, perhaps, on the path of a dream, with some

soul we've loved and forgotten—or tried to forget.

But Angela lay wide-eyed. Where had Ted gone? What was he seeing there behind his eyelids? Angela's dying, dying, and wants to be dead. He didn't know that. She's tried, but he couldn't see. Whom was he with? What was he like—her Ted—when wholly away from her?

Then he stirred in his sleep. Uttered one word. Angela shot bolt upright.

"Emmy," he called, and then again, clearly, unmistakably—"Emmy."

Her cold hands flew together. She raised her face, joyously.



FROM its white, triangular perch in the kitchen corner the vigilant gallantly clicked away the minutes. Hewasno beauty, like Louis Seize, but, being purely American, one could depend upon him. Louis had a rhythm and tempo all his own: charming—very—but one couldn't catch trains by him, much less bake biscuits.

Any minute Ted would be here. How would he look? What would he say? Along the tiny length of hall, across the dining-room, through the open kitchen door, came the scraping sound of his key in the lock.

And now—was he tossing his overcoat into the seventeenth-century chair? Did he notice its presence in the hall, and that of its Gothic partner? Would he see, if he peered into the living-room, the two deep-cushioned soft-armed chairs, restored once more to the hearth? But, no; he was climbing the stairs.

"Hoffla—" his voice, on its note of inquiry, reached her and caused her to smile. ("He's looking for Hoffla, to ask for me. Heavens! The biscuits!") And Angela sped to the oven door.

It was there that he found her, two minutes later.

"Where's Hoffla?" His eyes swept floor and ceiling, and the obscurer regions of pantry and porch.

"Hoffla?" Her smile twisted up at him. "Gone."

"Gone? Not really!" There was incredulity in his voice.

"I sent her. Do you care?" she asked, smiling nervously.

"But why? What for? What did she do?"

"Everything! That's why."

"But—but what did you tell her?"

"I told her she was too satisfactory. That she was worth more than I could give her. That it was a crime to keep her at a hundred a month when a thousand would be cheap. Darling, I sent her to Maude—'Merry Christmas from Angela!' And now, Ted"—she stretched her arms, with their rolled-up sleeves—"Emmy's back!"

"For good?"

"Well—for awhile, anyway. Angela may return, now and then, to give Emmy a rest, or to go on a trip with you—"

"But how did it happen? I thought we'd done for Emmy when we put the stove-lid over her?"

"This was the way of it—I mixed some milk and flour; threw in some baking-powder; dumped it in a pan. set the pan in the oven. Later I opened the oven-door. The biscuits had risen. Now I don't know how it came about—one can't explain miracles. But as the biscuits rose, why—why, Emmy rose, too."



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SATISFACTION OF A GENTLEMAN

[Continued from page 27]

round, an' one extra for Beetle. First blood satisfies honor. Then we'll pick sides an' have a general stalk till we're out of ammunition."

"Good business," said the foe. "And a brew for the survivors after tea! My uncle hath remembered me. *Selah!* We'd better have it up here and ask Pussy and Tertius. It's safer."

At three, then, next day, after Beetle, the housekeeper, had set out the table for a brew of six, four boys in prudent overcoats, "sallies" packed clumsily beneath short jackets, pushed into the wind for the rushy sand-dunes at the far end of the Pebble Ridge.

It is true that certain old men who, though not in the Army, impiously wore red coats, used a fringe of the landscape for a senile diversion known as golf—

Turkey had played it for some weeks and pronounced it "sickenin'"—but once off the line of their activities, the "fairway" they called it, a boy might have been in the Sahara.



IN A secluded dell, out of the worst of the wind, Turkey posted Stalky and Dick Four, each edge-on, house-cap pulled down to the eyebrows, left elbow crooked, covering mouth and nose, and pistol ready to level over the crook at the caution and to fire at the word. For such had been the traditions of the Giants of the Prime, great names, now even greater Captains, who, of course, stood fire daily.

"Squad!" croaked Turkey in Foxy's best manner. "Fire!" Both pistols popped together. It was a clean miss. "Didn't you even hear mine?" Stalky called.

The King of Coomassie shook his head gingerly. It was difficult for him to keep his cap down on his hair.

"Never mind. I'll get you at the stalk." Then Stalky in turn placed Turkey and Dick. They fired.

"Heard something that time," said Dick appreciatively. Turkey had raised his left elbow knowing that his pistol threw low.

Beetle took the field of honor without parade. His first shot was well to the left.

"Your man is in front of ye," said McTurk grimly. "Reload as ye stand."

"Now you pay for Mandrill!" Dick shouted. But on the "fire" Beetle blazed skyward which, with that uncertain sort of ammunition and by the help of a passing gust, was just enough to sling the charge well forward. The King of Ashantee rubbed his cheek and swore in purest English.

"Blood!" Turkey paced in. "Tip of Dick's ear bleedin'."

"Pimple! Pimple!" roared the King. "I've been scratching it for weeks."

Turkey dabbed with a handkerchief and held up the evidence.

"Blood! Honor satisfied. Let-off for you, Beetle."

But Beetle was already treading his own conception of a reel to the chant of: "I've drilled the Mandrill—the Mandrill—the Mandrill!"

"Bunk!" Stalky warned him. "Run, you ass! The King of Ashantee was gnashing his teeth and reloading with intent. 'We'll start the stalk now. I'm on your side, Beetle.'"

"Are ye? Then I'm on Dick's," said McTurk, wheeling, and fired into the skirts of the flying overcoat.

Just when Beetle, as he ever afterward explained, was about to blow his silly brains out, Dick scooped up tons of sand, and tossed them into the blast. Beetle ate of it what he could not avoid, rubbed enough of the rest out of his spectacles and eyes to see a little, and ploughed on, the skirts of his unbuttoned overcoat ever being blown forward between his legs. Renewed poppings and yells from the rear indicated either that he had been "decreed a rabbit" in *absentia*, or that civil war had broken out. But, like unthinking youth, he did not look back.

He arrived, well on all fours, at the lip of a big crater known in those pure days as the Pit. Directly beneath him stood an Ancient in a red coat, scrabbling, like King David, with a niblick.

While Beetle, on both elbows, took off his spectacles to get a little more damp sand off them, the unkind wind hove his coat-tails clean over his head, and he plunged into darkness. Almost at the same instant he felt a pain behind, which urged him to plunge out of it.

"Blast you! Who are you?" the elder began; but Beetle, his spectacles in his hand, disengaged and fled on—he felt at the moment that he could run forever—to the protection of the fairway. Here, as he cleaned and re-shipped his glasses, he realized that his personal grief was now more like the dying memory of an efficient ground-ash than any portent of fatal hemorrhage. Presently, life, as it tingled through his young system, seemed rather prosperous. At any rate, he had drilled the Mandrill; escaped further active service; the old goat in the Pit had not seen him with his spectacles on, which ought to be a perfect alibi; and a brew of brews awaited him. He returned toward Coll.

A SOBBING voice hailed, and Stalky ranged or, rather, tottered alongside. Without turning his head, Beetle asked him what he had done that for.

"Because you deserted! You left me to fight a rear guard action alone, you cad!" Then, clinging to Beetle's cold shoulder: "I didn't mean to. I swear I didn't till your coat blew up! Then I couldn't help it. Wasn't it a beauty? Did it sting much? Never mind! Turkey's got it in the ankle, point-blank. He left his silly foot stickin' out of some rushes and Dick thought it was you! Turkey's a bit wrathful."

Turkey limped up with Dick. They were obviously estranged. Dick was talking about "lousy Fenians," and Turkey's nose was high in the air.

"Well?" said Beetle, a thought comforted.

Stalky continued:

"Turkey got my cap. I stuck it up to draw his fire. Then he got me on the hand!" A dirty rag round a palm was proof. "Oh, but before that, I got Dick where I got you, but *much* tighter. Turkey changed sides after Dick plugged him. That was really why I had to plug you—to make things fair. See, you old burbler?"

"But," Dick was pleading with Turkey, "how the devil was I to know you were wearing Beetle's ungodly socks? I couldn't *smell* 'em in this wind, could I? It was your fault for baggin' 'em!"

[Continued on page 91]

MORTON'S
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**EVEN "WHEN
IT RAINS, IT
POURS"**

IODIZED TO PREVENT
GOITER. ALSO PLAIN

SATISFACTION OF A GENTLEMAN

[Continued from page 90]

Beetle chortled. There seemed to be some justice in things after all.

They were going through their pockets for overlooked cartridges (one has to explain so much if any are found), and throwing them into Goosey Pool, when, out of the autumn dusk, a robin-like old man hopped, and almost pecked at Turkey. The others delicately walked on; Beetle leading.

"You were the boy who swore at me just now," the stranger began.

Turkey took no notice, except that his nose went up a little more.

"I was in a bunker and you knocked into me. Using filthy language, sir!"

"An' what were ye doin' in the bunker? An' which bunker was it?" Turkey spoke like all the wearied and disbelieving magistracy of the Ireland of those days.

"The Pit," said the Ancient, being a golfer—that is, a monomaniac.

Turkey came to life with a jerk.

"Bunkered? In the Pit? With this wind blowin'? Go in' or comin' ye could not!"

"But I tell you I did." The other had forgotten his original grievance.

"Ah, then, ye're not worth a curse, an' never will be."

Turkey rejoined his companions to whom Beetle was giving a theory of cause and effect.

The four linked arms and swept up the old sunken lane to the school. Honor was satisfied; there remained but their own appetites. When, just before last lesson, Beetle connected the rubber tube from the gas-bracket to their own dear little stove, turning the jet down to that exact degree which will bring milk-cocoa to perfection in one hour and a half—and counted the ham-and-tongue jars, the chicken and ham sausage, the sardine-tins, the three jams, the condensed milk, the two pounds of Devonshire cream, and the whole pound of real butter, he would not have changed his lot with kings. Nor, as he went to the form-room, did it strike him that a spare, accurately dressed person standing in the Head's porch had anything to do with the old goat he had heard, rather than seen, cursing in the Pit.

TEN minutes before the close of their last lesson—their mouths were watering already—Foxy knocked and laid a well-known slip on King's desk.

"The Head to see," King read, and paused to let suspense soak in. "Ah! Only our usual three *plus*—Dickson Quartus. This, I fear, pretends tragedy. All four of you at once if you please!"

They agreed that, for the first time in their knowledge of him, the Head must have been drunk.

"The way he talked was enough," said Dick Four. "All the studies brew, and he knows it. But he went on as if he'd heard of it for the first time."

"At the top of his voice, too. When Bates is wrathful, he whispers. But he shouted like Rabbits' Eggs. That proves it," said Stalky.

"Then, all that putrid rot about 'the criminality' of havin' a tube. All the studies have 'em. He said 'it was theft —of gas!'" Dick continued.

"An' his rot about gorgin'. He knows we can't live on the muck they give us."

Turkey scratched an ankle, and spoke: "Authority! He's never said a word about *any* authority but his since I've been here."

"Then you think he's tight, too?"

"I do not. If he'd drunk enough to make his talk like that, he'd have been lyin' on the floor to say it."

"Anyhow, he licked like hell," Beetle went on.

"He did *not*, either. His arm was never shoulder-high once."

"But if he wasn't tight, what made him count the cuts aloud? No one does that, except Justus Prout," said Stalky.

Dick Four pointed at the untouched table.

"He hasn't confiscated the grub. Better eat it now and have Pussy and Tertius in for cover."

"Better make sure first," said Beetle. "I don't want the Head japin' with me again just now. I'll ask Foxy."

He found him in the Gym as usual.

"No orders about it at all," said the Sergeant, and there was an unfathomable

twinkle in his little red eye. But Turkey sat on the window-seat, asking of nobody: "For what would he be roarin' like that? The man was out of his nature, I tell ye."

YEARS, some years later, Captain "Pussy" Abanazar, R. E., seconded for duty in the Indian Political, at home on leave, was invited by the Head to spend a few days of the Easters at Coll., in a mild, early, Devon spring. Half a dozen of the Army Class stayed up to read for near exams, and perhaps as many juniors whose people were abroad. When the last shouting brakeloid had left, and emptiness filled the universe, the Head turned into a most delightful and comprehending uncle, so that that forlorn band remembered those Easters through the rest of their lives. And when Captain Abanazar rolled in, and was to each of them equally a demi-god and an elder brother of the right sort—he tipped like Croesus—their cups overflowed.

One soft evening in the Head's private study, with the sea churning up old memories all along the Ridge, Pussy asked:

"Bates Sahib, do you remember lickin' Number Five and Dick Four for brewin' in—" He gave the year and added: "My first term as a sub."

The Head smiled and nodded.

"And giving 'em a pi-jaw?"

"Pi-jaws aren't my line. There was a jaw though. Why? What did they think about it?"

"They didn't understand it at all. I believe they thought you were tight."

"Would I had been! But it was worse. It was cowardice, Pussy; it was bowing down in the House of Rimmon. And they noticed what I said?"

"I should say they did!"

"No wonder! We had a Board of Directors in those days—retired

[Continued on page 92]

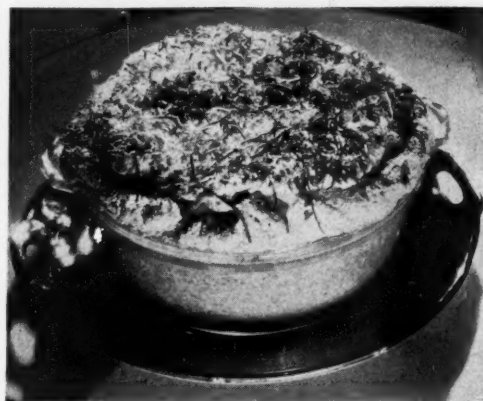


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Maple Meringue Minute Tapioca

MAPLE MERINGUE MINUTE TAPIOCA

1 cup Minute Tapioca; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 2 1/2 cups milk, scalded; 1/2 cup Log Cabin Syrup; 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten; 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten; 1/2 cup sugar; 1/2 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style.

Add Minute Tapioca and salt to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add syrup and egg yolks. Turn into greased baking dish. Cover with meringue, made by beating egg whites until stiff, adding sugar, and beating until mixture stiffens again. Sprinkle with coconut and bake in moderate oven (325°F.) 15 minutes, or until coconut is delicately browned. Serve cold. Serves 6.

All measurements are level.



Peach Tapioca À La Crème

PEACH TAPIOCA À LA CRÈME

4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 1 1/2 cups boiling water; 1/2 cup sugar; 2 cups peaches, thinly sliced and sweetened; few drops almond extract; 1/2 cup cream, whipped.

Add Minute Tapioca and salt to water, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar, peaches and almond extract. Cool. Fold in whipped cream. Chill. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Just before serving, garnish with additional whipped cream and peaches. Serves 6.

New \$20,000 Cook Book, Revealing Minute Tapioca as "Precision Ingredient," is FREE!

It contains, besides a host of individual dessert delights, over 50 recipes for dishes that employ Minute Tapioca as a "precision ingredient." In this new rôle, Minute Tapioca assures accurate results in worrisome dishes, where, without it, the just-right texture, the perfect appearance and true flavor were never assured! This invaluable book is FREE. Send for it immediately.

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Dear Enchantress

Djer-Kiss Talc . . . chif-
fon soft

Djer-Kiss Face Powder
... clinging, petal-
smooth

Djer-Kiss Rouge . . . in
tantalizing tones

Djer-Kiss Toilet Water
... the fragrance mag-
nétique



AS she dances by, a vision of cap-
tivating femininity, every mas-
culine heart thrills to her magnetic
charm. Long after she has passed,
that mysterious fascination lingers—
hauntingly. Dear enchantress, what
is this exquisite secret of allure?
Indefinable—strangely enthralling
is the magnetism you possess.

The strange, seductive fragrance of the
Djer-Kiss Parfum is the secret of that
great parfumeur, Monsieur Kerkoff of
Paris. Haunting, elusive, it has
defied duplication. Subtly, it pervades
each exquisite Djer-Kiss Toiletry . . .
the talc, the face powder, the rouge,
the toilet water... a single harmonizing
fragrance, irresistible, *magnétique*!

Djer-Kiss

KERKOFF-PARIS

ALFRED H. SMITH CO., Sole Importers Paris New York Chicago Los Angeles Montreal

SATISFACTION OF A GENTLEMAN

[Continued from page 91]

colonels, martial men in habit of com-
mand. I'm glad I never had that."

"Yes, we all deplored your lack of
it, sir."

"Don't misunderstand me. They
were excellent men. I'm sure we were
all deeply indebted to them. One of the
very best was a Colonel—Coll—Con
—wait a minute—Curthwen. But he's
in Abraham's bosom now. He knew
about education and the prices of
things. So useful at Board meetings. I
always moved the vote of thanks to
him. He was exceptionally nice to me.
Advice—the soundest advice. You see,
he knew about—er—everything except,
yes, golf. He had to come down here
to learn that. I only dared go round
with him once. I enjoyed it too much.
Little runny-nosed Northam caddies
told him where to put his awful feet.
Ah! When he came down here, you
see, his evenings were quite free, and
he could drop in on me at any time,
and—er—offer a few suggestions.

"It's a shame-
ful story. That even-
ing, he dropped in
complaining that one
of us—you—a boy—
had nearly knocked
him over in a bunker,
and then used filthy
language . . . No I
never found out who
the boy was. I could
only envy. But the
shock and the lan-
guage—he was, of
course, a church-
warden—made him a
little—excessive, per-
haps. He gave me an
hour's sound advice,
with a tang to it.
Then I walked with him to the old
Fives Court to see him off, but he
sniffed like a hound opposite Number
Five, and said he smelt gas escaping.
(You can't smell it any other way,
can you?) Then he began all over
again, Pussy, on economics in the ab-
stract. An eye like a lizard's. That
type have the lust of detail. Yes. After
one hour, he began again. Then I
died, as overworked children do."

"By jove! I remember your warning
me about that, when I worked Lower
School too hard at footer. It's true of
men, too."

"It is. I lied like a scullion, like the
hireling that I was! I told him the gas
was always shut off from the studies
when not required. I think I told him
I kept the key of the meter in my bath
room. I don't want to think what I
told him. He was good enough to say
he took my word for it, but—"

"Did he? Wish I'd been there."

HE TRACKED the stink upstairs
foot by foot, like Prout on a moral
trail. It was I—I—who threw open
the study door to show his suspicions
were wrong. And there was that glori-
ous brew laid out on the table, and the
tube from the gas-jet to the stove!
The licking was a noisy one, for his
benefit, but artistically, my dear boy,
you understand, a sketch."

"That squares with the evidence,
too. And you didn't confiscate the
grub, I know, because I helped eat it."

"There are limits to my brutality.
Besides, he'd gone to gorge at his dread-
ful golf club; and I could have eaten a
horse. But it was all abject, paltry,
time-serving, unjust. Not that I believe
in justice, but I don't like to think
that I ever licked out of personal
mortification and revenge."

"Beetle was the chap who attended
to your Colonel. Stalky plugged
him, bending, on the edge of the Pit,
and he fell into it, cursing Stalky for
all he was worth. The Colonel was
bunkered at the bottom, you see?"

"I see. Never again will I hear a
word against Beetle, unless I say it
myself." The Head spoke with genuine
gratitude. "But how did they hound
him into the fray? Was he—er—'de-
creed a rabbit'?"

BATES, dear, is there one single
dam' thing about us that you don't
know?" Pussy asked admiringly.

"We-ell! It's a shameful confession,
but, you see, I loved you all. The rest
was only sending you all to bed dead-
tired . . . You want a sheet of impot-
ency? What for?"

"I'm going to restore your prestige
an' give Stalky pain. He needs a tonic
where he is now, poor devil!"

What Pussy sent out, as code, at
State expense, from
the overwhelmed lit-
tle Post Office ran:

LADY ASTOR

has written the
story of woman's
war for peace

CARRY ON!

in

October McCall's

Capitem vidi. Stop.
Constat flagellatio
Studii Quinti Ricardi-
que Quarti utsi ob
caenam vere propter
duellum vestrum inter
arenas donata fuisse.
Stop. Matutinissime si
Capitem decipere vis
surgendum. Stop.
Amorem expedit. Stop.
Felis Catus.*

What Stalky, doing
station-master in a
freezing internation-
alized lamproom received, after two or
three telegraphists of the Nearer and
Farther East had had flying shots at
it, was:

Captain vids. Stop. Constance plagultio
studdi quinti ricandk que qualte cuts
obscene very prabst duel in vestry iter
arimas donala puistse. Stop. Matushima
so cahutem discipere vis sargentson. Stop.
Amend expent. Stop. Felix Cotes.

He had trouble enough on his own
fork at the time; so, as Pussy fore-
told, it proved a tonic. The office of
origin and "studdi quinti" gave him a
bearing and a Lieutenant-Colonel of
Native Infantry happened to remember
the catchword, "You must get up very
early to take in the Head." The rest
was combined deductive scholarship.
In due time a cable went back, not to
F. Cotes, but to the Head:

These from Sinim. Knew it all along.
Delighted your character for downiness
cleared. Stop. Ours nationally and per-
sonally more than indifferent here. Stop.
Best love for birthday.

Four or five names out of an Army
club followed in school order.

Not till several years later did Pussy
tell Stalky and the others how they
had been deceived. As they were, then,
far too senior to go to war in the an-
cient formation, they passed the
docket over to Beetle, with instructions
to "report and revenge."

Which had to be done!

*Have seen the Head. He says the
licking of Number Five Study and
Dick Four ostensibly for brewing was
really for your duel in the Bunkers.
You've got to get up early to take
in the Head. He sends love. The Cat.



ANONYMOUS— but it changed her entire life

Go back a few years in this New York woman's life.

Think of her, not as she is today, a beautiful woman, married to an adoring man, and playing the charming hostess in her great Park Avenue home, but as she was before that anonymous letter came with its horrible accusation.

True, she was lovely and charming then. But women avoided her. Men seldom called more than once. In the very years of her prime, she found herself hopelessly out of things—and utterly unable to account for it.

Then, one morning she received that bleak white envelope with its anonymous enclosure—a national advertisement across which was written in a bold masculine hand, "Wake up."

Amazed and humiliated, she read it again and again. Finally the shocking truth came home. That advertisement was true. It applied to her. It had applied to her for years.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault.

It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but it ought to be the first.

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective anti-

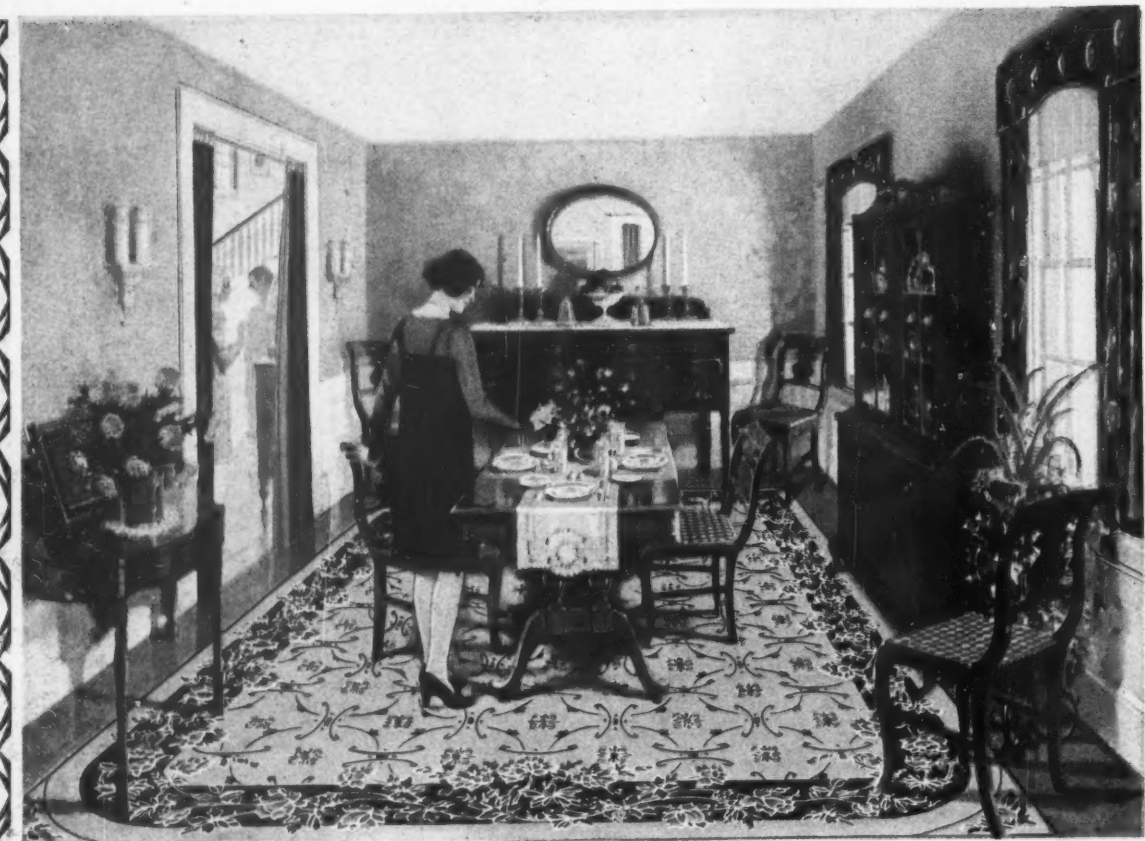
septic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

* Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and S. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

LISTERINE

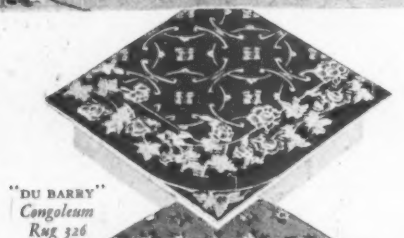
"ANTOINETTE" one of many Congoleum Rug Designs of Rare Charm!



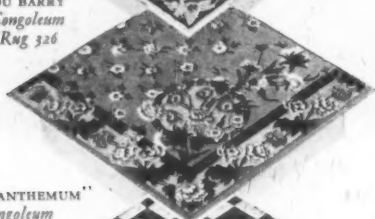
Shown above is the "ANTOINETTE" pattern. It is Congoleum Rug 328.

EVERY HOMELOVER
SHOULD HAVE THIS
FREE HANDBOOK!

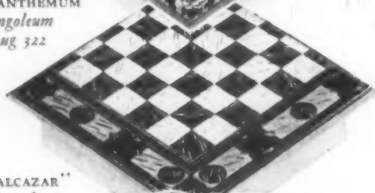
HERE is a practical guide to the proper use of color in the home. Ideas, suggestions, explanations and an ingenious Wheel of Color Harmony. "Knowing How" counts more than money and you will be amazed at the charming effects you yourself can inexpensively work out. Just drop a line to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J., for a copy of this valuable little book.



"DU BARRY"
Congoleum
Rug 326



"CHRYSANTHEMUM"
Congoleum
Rug 322



"ALCAZAR"
Congoleum
Rug 601

INSPIRED by a treasured French carpet, a famous designer created the lovely "Antoinette" pattern pictured above. It is the very essence of artistic rug design. Sprays of gay orange flowers twine in and out over a rich black border, while the delightfully figured field is one of unusual distinction.

In all Congoleum Rugs you'll find the unusual note . . . a touch of smartness . . . away from the commonplace. Artists of renown are constantly creating patterns of rare individuality. [Look for the Gold Seal]

But beauty is not all! The practical, labor-saving qualities of Congoleum Rugs are a boon to the busy modern housewife. There's no place in *her* life for tiresome

household drudgery! Though her house must be immaculate and attractive, it must also be easy to care for . . . she must have time for rest and recreation. Hence . . . rugs which can be cleaned in a jiffy with a damp mop. [The Gold Seal Guarantees Satisfaction]

Price? Low enough for even a modest purse. And durability greater than ever before. The *Multicote Process* (used only in genuine "Congoleum") builds unequalled strength and wear-resistance right through the entire pattern. All popular sizes up to 9 x 15 feet. [None genuine without the Gold Seal]

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., General Office: KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh Kansas City
San Francisco Minneapolis New Orleans Dallas Detroit Atlanta
Rio de Janeiro In Canada—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal



CAUTION—ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES!
THE Gold Seal appears only on genuine Congoleum Rugs. Inferior rugs, similar in appearance, can be bought at slightly lower prices, but they do not offer the quality, beauty and years of guaranteed service which have made Congoleum Rugs famous.

CONGOLEUM RUGS

HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 31]

His voice was heavy as lead; his eyes were heavy, too, fixed on two violets and pearls and the white glimmer that were Lindy.

"Won't it, Gavin? I should have thought—but of course you know so much more about them than I do. You're probably quite right. . . Still, I think that I'll take the King of Hearts' advice; you know, begin at the beginning, go on till you're through and then stop. The beginning—" She paused for a moment, as though she were listening, and her eyes went past the huddled group about the fire to the dark hall. "The beginning was when Doug King called to me from the head of those stairs. . . I was a good deal annoyed at his calling me in that way; he'd been worrying me a good deal all evening, partly because he'd been rather insolent, but principally because I could see that he was doing his level best to start a quarrel with Kit, and I was desperately anxious not to have that happen. You see, Kit had come back to us, after such a long, long time—and I didn't want him to be forced by any ugly brawling or scandal into going away again—I mean really away, out of our reach—I was willing to go to any lengths of compromise and conciliation to prevent it. So that was why I went up to Doug when he called as though he were the landlord of this inn, and I were a docile barmaid.

I WENT to him just as eagerly and docilely as that barmaid, and with no more sinister intentions. Doug was waiting at the head of the stairs. He said, 'Come to my room, will you? There's something I want to show you.' I said, 'But, Doug, what is it? Can't you bring it here?' He put his hand on my wrist, and said, 'No. I didn't get you up here to argue with you. I got you here to tell you a few things.' His voice was as hard and coarse as a mule driver's, and his face was hard and coarse, too—I said, 'Very well, I'll come. But take your hand off my wrist, please.' He didn't take it off; he clamped it down a little harder and pulled me after him down the corridor to his room. . . It's the farthest room down the north corridor, and for a moment I thought that there must have been a window left open in it—it looked blown to pieces.

"One of the muslin window curtains was down, and there was a chair tipped over, with a lot of clothes sprawling away from it, and one end of the dressing table was swept quite clear. I could see the little leather boxes and an empty glass and some brushes and collar buttons scattered almost to the door. After a second or so I realized that it couldn't have been rain or wind; there wasn't even a spatter of rain anywhere.

"I tried to pull my wrist away, and I asked, 'What happened here, Doug?' He said—'Oh, nothing. Your precious Kit tried to break my neck, that's all. If he tries it again, I'll break his—with a rope.'

"I said, 'Is that what you called me up here to tell me?' And he said, 'No. Come over here.' . . I knew exactly what they meant, the first time that I saw them; there were four of them,

lying there on the desk, and the one nearest me—the ace of spades—had a little shower of red drops spraying across its face. They were the four aces from Kit's pack of cards we'd been playing with—the four aces you have there, Gavin. And before I could turn my eyes away, I knew why Doug had brought me to his room to see them.

AFTER a minute he took my finger and drew it down across the nearest one. In the center I could feel something small and rough, like a fairy nutmeg grater. It made me—It made me feel deathly sick and I tried to pull my finger away, but he wouldn't let me. He stood there pressing it down, and smiling at me. . . dreadfully. After a minute he said, 'These belong to that precious blackguard of yours. If you're a very, very good child, I'm going to give them to you for a wedding present.' I said, 'What do you mean?' And Doug said, 'What I say. I have proof right here that he's a swindler and a cardsharp, and if we don't strike a bargain in the next five minutes, I'm going to light a fuse that will blow him straight from here to hell. It'll take me just about ten minutes to ring up every

paper in Washington and tell them that that well-known sportsman, Mr. Christopher Baird, has been caught out cold cheating an exclusive little group of his best friends at poker. And just for good luck I'll call the police in on it, too, and lodge a charge of criminal assault. He damn near killed me trying to get these cards away, and

someone on the other side of that door knew it, too.'

"I asked, 'What is it that you want me to do?' Doug laughed, and let go of my finger. He said, 'It's five minutes to twelve. I want to give you plenty of time to think things over. Big hearted, that's what I am! But if you haven't been able by the end of the first round of Hide in the Dark to make up your mind to invite your guests to another of these delightful little reunions about Saturday to celebrate the wedding of young Mrs. Marsden to young Mr. Douglas King, I'm very much afraid that I'll have to use the phone to Washington.'

"You know, Gavin, the funny part is that when he said that I didn't feel anything at all—not anything. My head felt suddenly quite light and empty and peaceful, you know, the way it does after the second breath of ether. I thought, 'This isn't real. This is a dream, nothing matters in dreams.' I went by him to the door and opened it. Doug said, 'That's your answer, is it? I'm to turn your lover over to the well-known mercies of the law and the press?' I said, 'No, no—my answer's yes, of course. I'll ask them for Saturday just as soon as the game's over. May I have the cards?' He picked them up and put them in his pocket, and when he got close enough to put his hand on my shoulder he said, 'My dear girl, do I look like that particular brand of jackass? If you're a good, obedient little wife and do just exactly what Doug says, you shall have one whole one a year—and just to

[Continued on page 96]

In this familiar tea —a health value that is helping thousands

*Scientists have discovered in
simple Japan green tea a safeguard
against several every-day ailments*

Are you needlessly troubled with minor ailments? Several of them have now been traced by scientists to a simple cause.

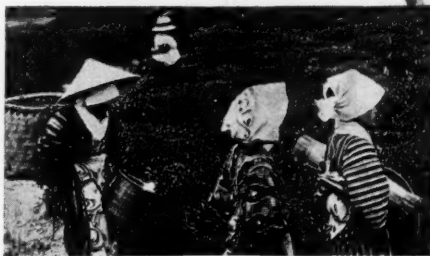
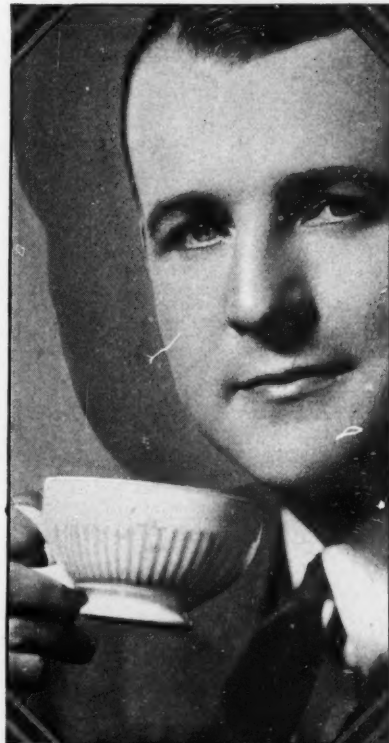
Most foods we eat lack one precious food element. And many people, it is now believed, are suffering from certain common maladies because their three meals a day give them too little of this all-important Vitamin C.

It is this health-giving safeguard which scientists have discovered in familiar Japan green tea.

*Lacking in most of the
foods we eat*

"Important to us," writes one eminent scientist, "are the results of a diet poor in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a *sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains usually mistaken for rheumatism*. It now appears that this condition is rather common among grown people."

If your vitality is low, if you are "run down" and easily tired out; if you are troubled with the discomforts that so often come with loss of energy—nervousness, sleeplessness,



A rich supply of precious Vitamin C has been discovered by scientists in simple Japan green tea

poor appetite or lethargy—if your skin is *sallow or muddy*—if you suffer at times from so-called rheumatic pains—take this simple precaution that is already protecting thousands. There is certainly no "cure-all" in fragrant, pleasant cups of Japan green tea. But today they are known to bring an abundance of Vitamin C, a safeguard against these ailments.

Few foods aside from Japan green tea, spinach and some fruits and vegetables, contain Vitamin C. The Japan green tea that grocers sell is rich in it.

Try it for a few weeks

For loss of energy that spoils many a day, for a *sallow, muddy skin*, for pains that seem like rheumatism, try this simple plan: Drink flavory

cups of Japan green tea regularly for lunch, for supper, in the afternoon. Take advantage of its rich supply of Vitamin C. After a few weeks you will probably be feeling—and looking—more vigorously alive, more healthy.

For years one of the two most popular teas in the country Japan green tea comes in several grades—in packages under various brand names or in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it.

FREE VALUABLE LEAFLET giving full facts on health value of Japan green tea with a colored souvenir booklet on tea mailed direct to you from Japan. Mail coupon to American-Japanese Tea Committee, 745 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

Name.....

Address.....

The nicest looking girl on the campus...

*but always
alone!*



UNCONSCIOUSLY you may offend people unless you have the continuous protection from perspiration that Odorono gives.

Odorono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, gives you continuous protection. Its regular use frees you forever from the haunting worry of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor. Women everywhere use it with confidence.

The regular use of Odorono keeps the underarm dry and fresh at all times by checking perspiration in a safe way.

Odorono checks perspiration in the closed-in portions of the body and directs it to the more exposed surfaces where evaporation occurs more quickly.

It is so simple and clean to use—being non-greasy there is no messiness or rubbing off on clothing and it leaves no tell tale odor to embarrass you.

Odorono Regular Strength for twice a week use, and the new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and frequent use, 35¢, 60¢, and \$1.00. The delightful Creme Odorono (deodorant) 25¢.



Odorono Regular strength (ruby colored) keeps underarm dry with two applications a week, used last thing at night.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and for frequent use. Use daily. Night or morning.



NEW 10¢ OFFER: Mail coupon and 10¢ for complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono. In Canada, address P. O. Box 2654, Montreal.

The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. D-9
131 Hudson St. New York, N. Y.

HIDE IN THE DARK

(Continued from page 95)

show you what a lucky girl you are, I'll start you off next Saturday with the ace of spades.' . . . One a year—that's four years . . . I said, 'Very well. Then that's all, isn't it? Let's go down.' My head still had that heavenly light feeling, but it felt a little giddy, too, and I reached for the edge of the card table and stood leaning against it.

"I could hear you all talking and I could hear my voice answering, but if you were to tear me into pieces, Gavin, I couldn't tell you what we said. Because there right under my fingers, lying on top of those scattered cards and poker chips, was that knife—that little knife that Doug had said was so sharp . . . I was still staring at it when the lights went out; and when Doug crossed over to Jill by the window I could feel how cold the blade was and I wondered whether it was as sharp as Doug said . . . I wasn't paying much attention that they were whispering, but suddenly I heard something about the purloined letter—and then Doug said quite clearly, 'How about the big sofa—the one by the fire,'—and I knew—I knew perfectly what he meant. I had that chiffon handkerchief knotted around my wrist; I unknotted it and wrapped it round the knife, and started for the hall. Everyone was running and calling by then, and I called to them to wait for me, and ran on after them, up the stairs . . . I came straight down them again after the gong sounded."

Lindy paused, staring down at the twisted pearls between her fingers—After a long moment she said softly, "That's really all, isn't it? . . . He must have thought it was Jill when I came up behind him, because he didn't move or make a sound . . . I dried my hands on the chiffon handkerchief after I threw the knife away, but I must have got the blood on the violets when I bent over to get the cards out of his pocket. I slipped them into the front of my dress and walked out into the hall just a second or so before Jill screamed. That scream—that scream nearly rocked the earth out from under me. I didn't know that Jill was anywhere near, and for one ghastly moment I thought that I'd gone mad, and that I was making that hideous noise, myself. And then I heard you all running and shouting, and falling over things in the dark, and I knew that I wasn't mad at all—that nothing, nothing, no matter how dreadful it is, can drive you mad."

GAVIN asked: "And it was you who put the cards under the record?"

"Yes. My bracelet caught as I slipped the last one in. I was coming back to get them and the handkerchief tomorrow."

"Where is this handkerchief, Lindy?"

"It's over there, stuck down in the corner of the big wing-chair by the window. Kit, will you get it, please? I don't—I don't want to touch it."

The red-headed young man laid the two scraps of pencil neatly on the mantel, and crossed the room without a glance at the fragile loveliness deep in the green chair.

"There's one more thing that I want to tell you before you do—whatever you ought to do with me," she said, her eyes still on the pearls. "I didn't realize for one moment—for one second—how hideously this was going to involve all the rest of you. I thought that my mind was working beautifully, but I don't believe that it could have been, because I was absolutely sure that if they couldn't prove that anyone of us did it, we'd all be immune. I

didn't realize at all that it actually made every person here vulnerable. I only wanted—dreadfully—to be happy. I still want to be . . . That's what makes me so wicked."

Kit Baird said from the corner by the window: "There's no handkerchief here, Lindy."

And Lindy flashed by the group of figures, lighter than wind.

"There is—there is—down here in the corner—" She raised a white face above empty hands and said in a strange little voice, "Oh—you took it. Give it back to me, Kit."

The red-headed young man said equably: "I haven't laid eyes on that handkerchief since midnight. And I strongly suspect, my child, that you know precisely where it is."

HE REMOVED his hands from his pockets and circled her wrist with two of his fingers, lightly and inflexibly. "Cold, aren't you? Come back to the fire for a minute, then, and let me present the leading tragedienne of the age to the assembled company."

"Ladies and gentlemen: Rachel and Duse and Siddons herself must have died again of envy under their laurel wreaths this last half hour. I've seen some fairly good ones myself in my day, but never anything that could remotely touch this." His fingers closed faster about the slim wrist as he swung her toward him. "Look at me, Lindy."

She raised once more the velvet eyes, dark and inscrutable.

"I'm just a little displeased with you. I evidently overdid it a bit this evening. I didn't mean you to get the idea that I was the particular type of black-guard that would dangle a noose around a lady's neck to save his own. Did you honestly think that I was going to play this little game?"

She said in a voice that was no more than a breath: "Kit, you've gone mad."

"Mad, have I?" He yielded briefly and noiselessly to mirth. "I'll swear you're magnificent. Stand right here like a good child, will you, until I get through with this. I like you around . . . Well, Gavin, what's the next move? Handcuffs for me?"

"Baird, I may be totally wrong, but I should say it would be difficult for any human being to invent on the spur of the moment the wealth of circumstantial detail that Lindy has produced for us here."

"My dear fellow, she hasn't produced one atom of circumstantial detail. You handed her this murder on a silver platter and she handed it back to you. You told her where she was to stand to overhear the sofa business, where she was to find the knife, what she was to do with it, where she was to put it when she was through. You even gave her the cards—under the phonograph record, as well as a shrewd analysis of how they got there, and I myself was obliging enough to present her with the blood on the violets. That leaves as Lindy's sole contribution a blood-soaked but undiscoverable handkerchief, which I'm willing to wager is neatly tucked away in some corner, in as immaculate a state as when it emerged this evening. Still, I'll grant that was a masterly touch, Lindy! For a good three minutes you almost managed to persuade even me that by some miracle you'd managed to plant one there, blood stains and all."

She cried passionately: "Oh, and you said that you never lied! You can't do this to me—you can't—I won't let you . . . Give me back that handkerchief."

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Marjorie Mondell, daughter of former Representative and Mrs. F. W. Mondell of Wyoming, is noted for her appealing chic and beauty.



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HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 96]

He asked, half laughing, half compassionate: "Lindy, don't you know when the game's up? You know as well as I do that I haven't touched the handkerchief."

"I know as well as you do that you have it this minute—you took it when you were bending over that chair. You can do anything with your hands—look at the things you could do with those cards and it was just a flimsy rag of chiffon."

The red-headed young man abruptly paled, but with the smile slightly deepened, said agreeably, "Ah, yes—the cards, to be sure. A very palatable hit, my dear! Well, Dart, I'll appeal to you, as an unprejudiced bystander and a police court habitué. As you can see, the talented young magician has nothing up his sleeves. Now if you'll complete the search, in order to convince this doubting little Thomas?"

Dart, running his hands expertly through the coat pockets, said expressionlessly: "There's blood on that right shirt sleeve, Kit."

"Oh, I don't doubt it. Anything else?"

"Yes. There's a revolver in this right hip pocket."

He extended it flat on his palm, glittering and ominous, and Kit flashed it a smile of recognition.

"And a revolver, of course. Go easy with it, will you? It's loaded; I ought to have warned you."

"Are you in the habit of carrying a revolver?"

"My dear fellow, it's practically the only habit I've got. You never can tell when you're going to run into one of those earnest lads nowadays whose sole avocation is to shoot not wisely—but too well. It's a pleasure to be right there to greet them. I brought it down here because I thought it might be handy for target practice. Would you like to take charge of it?"

"THANKS," commented Gavin drily. "I'm not your custodian yet, you know. To be quite candid, I'm not entirely clear that I ever will be. Your comments on Lindy's dramatic abilities don't entirely clear up her part in the murder, as far as I'm concerned. Here's the revolver."

"Stout fellow! Oh, I'll give you more than dramatic criticism before I'm through, I promise." He pocketed the revolver carelessly, and inquired, still smiling: "All through? You didn't come across the handkerchief by any chance, did you?"

"No." Gavin sat down slowly, his eyes still on the pearls twisted tight about Lindy's slim hands. "Is it your contention that Lindy's conversation with King about the cards was invented out of the whole cloth, too?"

"Oh, Lord, no. I think that it was probably fairly accurate reporting. You see, I'd had one myself with him about five minutes before on precisely the same lines. It was quite animated about the time that young Ray over there tried to barge in." He flashed her reassurance of his smile.

"You see, when I went up from the card table I wasn't really particularly keen about ministering to Doug out of the iodine bottle. I'd missed those cards, you understand. When I told Lindy to look up, because there wasn't any blood, I suddenly remembered that Doug had shaken some from his finger on to the upper one, and I reached

over to slip it in my pocket, because I knew that Lindy was upset already, and that even that much blood would upset her more . . . And then I saw that it wasn't there—that none of that hand of mine was there, and it didn't take me the proverbial split second to realize exactly what had happened.

ALL of a sudden I felt a burning desire to know just what particular type of hell he was raising up there . . . and I'm afraid I didn't stop on the way to get any iodine. I didn't stop to knock, either. The only thing I did stop to do was to turn the key in the lock and put it in my pocket. I had a dim suspicion that Doug mightn't be as anxious for an uninterrupted conversation as I was."

The fire leapt suddenly into a fountain of flame; and Kit's hair flamed back; his eyes flamed, too.

"Doug was standing over by the dressing-table, with the cards face down in front of him; he was busy as a bee with that black pearl stickpin of his, picking out nice little designs on the center of each of 'em. He didn't even bother to stop when he saw who was invading his privacy!"

"The dirty swine!" Joel's expressive countenance was transfixed in outraged comprehension. "You mean he fixed those damn things up himself?"

"Did you think they were my handiwork, old boy? I'm flattered. No, Mr. King was entirely responsible for the decorations; and very neat they were too . . . I was all wrong about his not wanting to talk; he wanted to talk quite a lot. He had any amount to say about the past, the present and the future; and he wasn't encouraging about my part in any of them. He told me precisely what he was going to do with me, and the cards, and the newspapers—and about the time that he got around to the papers I was fed up to the eyebrows and I didn't want to hear anything more from Mr. King for a long, long time. I stopped listening and made a grab for the cards, and Doug stopped talking and made a grab for me; and by the time Ray rattled the doorknob we'd managed to upset the room no end; and I was having a first rate time kneeling on Mr. King's chest and kneading nine tenths of the breath out of him."

"It wasn't until I heard Ray at the door that I realized that I was making an everlasting fool of myself. Getting the cards wouldn't do me any good; he'd simply tell you all that I'd stolen them from him, and then I'd be rather worse off than if I let them alone . . . So I left him to get his breath while I borrowed his brushes and straightened out a bit and came on down to this room to decide what the next move should be . . . I saw the knife lying over there on the table as I came in—and the tub of water off beyond it—and there was my solution, ready made—nothing more to bother about. I slipped it in my pocket while I was talking to Joel, and came over to the fire . . . The real start of Lindy's fairy tale was when she said she found it there fifteen minutes later."

Lindy whispered, with a soft violence that shook her from head to foot: "Gavin, don't believe him, Gavin, I swear to you—I swear—he's lying. Don't believe him."

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HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 97]

"Lindy, weren't you ever taught that good children don't interrupt? After that, Dart, I followed out pretty much the procedure that you evolved and Lindy plagiarized except that I used the priest's stairs; Hanna saw me at the foot and dashed back because she realized that it wasn't Gavin and she still thought that she might have time to stop him. In the meantime, I'd got the door open and crossed the chapel into this room. I only stopped to roll up my sleeves because I remembered what you said about the blood if you tried the jugular, and how you said to do it. I came up behind him and put one hand over his mouth and turned his head away . . . It didn't take as long as it takes me to tell you. I washed my hands off in the tub before I threw the knife in, and rolled my sleeves down again—that's when I got these blood stains on my cuff. I was just starting out for the hall when—"

"It was from the violets. You got it from my violets . . ."

"Gavin, what are we going to do with her? That poor little mind going around like a mouse in a trap—don't you know that even the cleverest little mouse of all never gets out, Lindy? It just wears itself out; and you look so tired already, poor mouse! I'll cut it short; every one of you children ought to have been in bed hours ago . . . Someone came into the room just as I was getting out of it—Joel, I imagine. I waited a bit, and then slid across the hall into the library. Jill's scream didn't upset me as much as it did some of the rest of you; I knew what she was screaming about, you see."

"And the cards under the record?"

"Oh, the same process, reversed. It was a God-sent opportunity to get rid of them. I crossed the hall while Lindy was counting—if I hadn't caught my cuff in that infernal thing, it would have worked beautifully. Even as it was, I beat you to the door by a good second, didn't I?" The smile flashed shamelessly. "I'm moderately light on my feet—Nature's favored me that way and I've helped the old girl out by making cork soles part of my standard equipment. In my rather animated career, I've found that it's an excellent idea to walk just a little softer than the other fellow."

LINDY, her dark eyes fixed on the red head blazing far above her like a beacon, said, slowly and clearly: "Gavin, he came back to save me. He came back because he was afraid that I'd get caught with the cards."

The red-headed young man took a step toward her and dropped two hands lightly on her shoulders. She did not flinch beneath that imperious touch, but suddenly the small pale face looked smaller and paler, and the deep, fringed eyes were immense.

"Lindy, get this straight, will you? It's fairly important. I've stood here listening to this preposterous lunacy of yours for a long, long time—for

too long a time, by far. I've tried to laugh it off, because that seemed the easiest thing to do, but I haven't felt much like laughing. You're such a little thing to be so brave—standing up there in your pearls and ruffles, swearing to blood and murder and revenge as cheerfully as any gunman . . .

YOU'VE had your turn, this is mine. I've only got one thing more to say. If you tell this fairy tale once more as long as you live, I'll take this revolver here and blow my brains out. And if you keep perfectly quiet from now on I'll put up the best fight that I can for my life. I'll do my level best to hire lawyers, bribe juries, and kidnap judges—because for some unfathomable reason my life seems valuable to you. Is it a bargain?"

"It's—blackmail, isn't it?" she cried.

"I believe you've put your finger on it again. Blackmail it is; we understand each other perfectly. So there's nothing left to do but to say good night, is there? Because it's long past bed time and from now on, Lindy, I have an idea that we're not going to be allowed to see a great deal of each other. I don't believe that confessed murderers can be left to rove about at will, even by amateur custodians."

She moved and suddenly his arms were about her, his cheek against the dark sweetness of her hair.

"Darling, I wish I had a prettier place to give you to say good night than this room full of people and bad dreams . . . I wish I had that silver beach with a star to wish on for you—or a garden with violets under the leaves . . . violets with no blood on them at all. But since this is the best that I can do, may I kiss you good night, Lindy?"

She said: "Yes," and lifted to him a face swept clear of everything but a submission.

He said: "Good night, little Lindy . . . Sweet dreams," and turned away, leaving her standing unstirring with that lifted face, as though already she had found those dreams.

"That's all then, isn't it, Dart? Though I can give you one entirely tangible bit of evidence, if you'd like it. You thought that the wind had damaged the wires, didn't you? Well—it wasn't the wind. The wires were cut. They were cut about five minutes before Hanna tried to reach your house. And even Lindy isn't resourceful enough to tell us where they're cut, are you, Lindy?"

She spoke again from that distant dream: "No."

"No. But I can tell you, because I cut them. Just at the head of the stairs near the telephone attached to the wall. I thought that it might be a pious scheme to keep well out of touch with the police. I cut out a foot of wire so that splicing it would be more of a job, in case it were discovered

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HIDE IN THE DARK

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Any of you any good at that kind of thing?"

There was a murmur of dissent.

"Well, fortunately for the lot of you, I'm a little better than good. I did a bit of line work abroad, before I went in the despatch riding. There isn't much point in barring the police from now on, so I'll give you a hand with it. Suppose we get along now and see what we can do with it. Dart, do you see any reason why any of the girls should stick it out any longer? Get that child of yours tucked in, Joel."

Chatty, her lips tremulous, but her voice valiant, said clearly from across the room: "Good night, Kit darling."

And Trudi's deep, charming voice, huskier than usual, said slowly:

YOU'RE the best of us, Kit. Get some sleep yourself, why don't you?"

"I'll join you at the telephone in a minute or so, Baird—just as soon as I get Hanna to her room. I'm inclined to agree with you that the sooner we get in touch with the police the better for all of us, under the circumstances."

Sherry said thickly from the doorway: "A damned sight better." He caught at the door frame, and added unhappily, "I swear to God I think it's all a rotten dream."

"No dream, old boy. Still, it's rather decent of you to think so." The red-headed young man paused abruptly in the doorway, cast a swift glance after the last couple vanishing up the dark stairs, a swifter one at the empty room, and lifted his voice.

"Think they're any pliers up there, Joel?"

"No—the tools are all in that closet to the right of the fireplace."

"Right you are. I'll bring 'em."

He crossed the room on the light sure feet that had carried him through dark places—just short of the closet he wheeled, one hand on the chapel door, the other closed fast over something else—something dark and glittering. Joel Hardy stood staring at him incredulously from the doorway, his young face drawn and old—and then in one headlong bound he was at his side, catching frantically at his arm.

"Oh, for God's sake, Kit—Kit, drop it will you? We'll get you out of this. No jury in the world would convict you for killing that filthy swine!"

"Not for murdering a man who threatened to expose me as a card sharp?" He did not move, but something else moved, darkly, across the mockery of his face. "Boy, they'll hang me higher than Haman!"

"Oh, God!" The despairing face contorted in a frenzy of rebellion. "Then why couldn't you keep your mouth shut? You know damn well what she'd do to a jury, with that lovely little soft voice and those eyelashes. All she'd have to do is sit there looking like an angel made out of velvet and moonlight telling them how the hound tried to railroad her into marrying him and in ten minutes they'd be howling like banshees and wishing to God they'd been there to carve his heart out themselves!"

"Joel, I've half an idea that you're exactly right! And that's undoubtedly why you'd stick Ray up there if you were in my boots, and let her bargain for her life with a dozen butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers rather than risk your own precious skin by suggesting that you knew considerably more about the murder than she did, I suppose?"

"Ray? I'd see them in hell before they touched a hair of her—" He halted, staring wildly at the grimly

amused countenance a handbreadth away. "Oh...Lindy, of course—sure, I get you. You can't let her pull this sacrifice stuff for you. I can't make my head work any more, but I can see that. Anyway, they'd none of them believe a word she said—a little, soft scrap like that... Though I'll swear she had me going for a minute at that."

"You weren't the only one," said Kit, drily. "She had everyone else in the room going, though you'll hardly catch them admitting it now. She's rather an amazing child. Keep an eye on her for a bit, will you, Joel? This is going to hit her fairly hard."

"Kit, listen—juries these days don't hang anyone—anyway, not if you've got a good lawyer; and we'll get you the best lawyer that ever stood a jury on its head. All they'll do to you is shut you up for a while—"

"Thirty or forty years, say?" The old smile flashed, but in the startling whiteness of the face the eyes were black. "Forty years to find out whether the filthy hole that's my local habitation is two or three paces long?... Thanks all the same, but I can think of pleasanter ways out... This way, for instance." He shifted the little shining thing in his hand, and the fingers on his arm clamped down, frantically. "Going to help me, Joel?"

The haggard young face glared back at him desperately. "What do you want me to do—kill you?"

"No. I want you to hold this chapel door for about ten seconds. They'll all be piling back the second they hear a shot and I don't want Lindy to run into me—here. She's had enough. Only Larry's taken every damn key in the place and I can't lock it... Joel, I've never asked a favor of anyone else."

Joel dropped his hand abruptly and turned his face away.

"All right—go ahead. I'd a damn sight rather you shot me."

"You'll live to tell your grandchildren that one worthless devil lived to bless the day that you were born. Would you—No, no, never mind, someone's coming. Give me ten seconds."

Lindy stood poised for a second, staring past the barrier of Joel's arms at the closing door. She flashed toward it on the wings of terror itself.

"Where was he going? What was that thing he had in his— Let me by! Let me by! Kit!"

LINDY, don't. Lindy, they'll hang him—he said so, himself... Don't—don't, dear."

"Kit!" Above that frantic pounding, that frantic voice, rose other voices, drowned beneath its frenzy. "Kit, open that door. God, don't let him... don't let him... Kit, it's Lindy—wait—wait—it's Lindy, Kit! Don't—don't—"

It cracked through the terrified clamor—clean, sharp, effortless, stilling it as abruptly as the trump of doom. And for a long moment, in that absolute hush, it seemed as though the sharp messenger of silence and death had sped home to more than one target—it seemed as though it might well have hit Lindy, clinging to the handle, her knees sagging beneath her—Joel, his face turned to the cool panel, his shoulders heaving—Gavin, halted short in his tracks, half-way across the room. It was Gavin who spoke first, moving quickly, his voice chilled steel: "Stand away from that door, Hardy."

Lindy turned slowly toward him a face of such frozen terror that for a moment he flinched.

[Continued on page 100]



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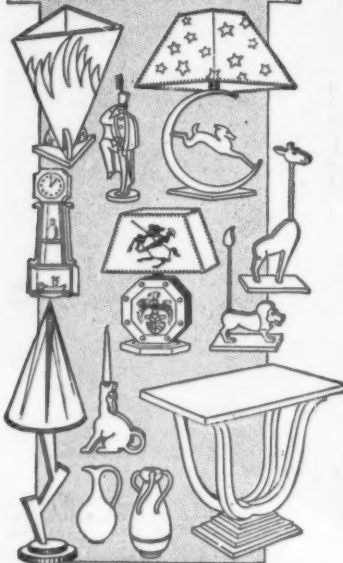


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HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 99]

"No need for you to go in there, Lindy. Just let me—"

She swayed toward him, lifting a warning finger.

"Hush! What's that? . . . Listen—"

He heard it before her voice died away faint but unmistakable, the put-put-put . . . put-put-put of a motorcycle getting laboriously under way—clearer, sharper, swelling to a comfortable roar . . .

"By God, he's done it!" yelled Sherry, his eyes bulging in his head. "Come on, you fellows—cut around to the back! Through the service quarters, this way—we can see by his lights which way he's gone."

He tore through the far door, wrenching it so that it rocked on its hinges, the pack streaming after him, galvanized to sudden and violent life.

Ray called wildly from the hall:

"Trudi—Trudi, we can see from the library windows, can't we? Help me open them—I can't reach."

"Better from the writing room; it has windows on three sides. We'll be sure to see them from there—"

"But Trudi, he can ride without lights—he said so himself. That's what he did in France. He'll get away—he'll get away! No one can tell which way he's going—"

TRUDI said slowly from the doorway: "Which way? There's only one way, the North trail to—"

She halted abruptly, her eyes seeking the shadows across the hall. After a moment she laid a monitory finger across her lips, cast a swift glance around the room, empty save for the slim figure by the fire, and asked casually as she moved forward toward the voices and the shadows: "Coming, Jill?"

The girl by the mantel said quietly: "In a minute."

She dropped on her knees before the fire, scooped a little hollow in the embers with the hearth tongs, and dropped something in it—something that caught and flickered up in a rush of dancing flames. She knelt there, her

face turned away from the bright burst—shivering as though it left her colder. At the light step behind her, she started so violently that Lindy came swiftly forward.

Jill asked: "Did he—get away?"

Lindy turned toward her eyes of black fire in a face of white flame.

YES—the motorcycle's gone. He must have used the North trail. But, darling, what in the world are you doing here? You should have been in bed a long time ago—look, the sky's getting lighter, and outside you could hear the birds—"

The girl by the fire said, not lifting her eyes: "Did you come back to look for something, Lindy?"

Something in her voice arrested the soft murmur, and after a long moment Lindy said in a strange little voice: "Yes . . . I came back to look for—a handkerchief."

Jill said: "You couldn't use that handkerchief, Lindy. It was—stained. It's there; it's burning."

Lindy whispered: "You had it—all the time?"

"That's what I came back to the room for, when Gavin caught me. I saw a corner of it when I sat in the chair by the window, and I started to pull it out—but it was . . . wet. All my fingers were red with it . . . That's why I nearly fainted."

"You've known ever since then?"

"Before then, I think . . . I've had it in my smock pocket ever since. I've been so—so frightened."

"Jill, were you frightened of me?"

"No, darling. Frightened—for you."

The little figure in lavender and pearls slipped to her knees, swift and silent as water, her arms fast about that other kneeling figure.

"Jill—darling, darling, you always took care of us; you're so wise—you know everything. You know how far it is to Rio . . . and Samarkand . . . and the moon . . . Jill—Jill, how far is it to Las Cayas in the Bahamas?"

[THE END]

PIONEER WIVES

[Continued from page 21]

I never know when my husband will fly in from his cross-country business trips, or when I shall have to drop everything and go with him. I keep my little bag packed night and day so I can hop off with him at a moment's notice, or so I can go to him if he needs me."

More ominous reason this last. But you would never know from the pioneer wife's face the picture of broken men and planes her quiet words convey. For it is another duty of the flier's wife to be gay.

"I haven't learned to be a pilot," explained one young girl, "because it takes all my time just to be a flier's wife!"

Estelle Stinson, "Eddie's" wife, has had ten years of air pioneering. As she followed her husband here, there and everywhere, all over the country making a home wherever the plane landed, she has seen aviation develop from stunt flying to the solidity of an infant industry. She was even courted in the air!

Mrs. Stinson is vital, enthusiastic, young, exactly the type of gay flying companion you would expect a breath-taking air pilot to choose. From her crown of red-gold hair to her slender feet which used to walk the concert stage, she is crackling with energy.

Although she does not pilot a plane, Mrs. Stinson is enthusiastic about the future of aviation. She has the exuberant belief of the pioneer who sees beyond the precarious present into the future.

"We shall see the family plane as well as the family car within five years," Mrs. Stinson predicts.

But before we can become a flying nation, people as a whole will have to become air-minded. And where should air-mindedness begin if not among the women of the country who are molding to a great extent the thought and ideals of the rising generation?

Thus reasoned Mrs. Ray Cooper, wife of the Michigan governor for the National Aeronautic Association, another of the nine wives who flew over the Rockies. And out of this germ grew the first woman's aeronautical association in the country which was organized in Detroit soon after the flying wives returned from their 6000 mile trip last May.

Mrs. Cooper is a tiny person to be training women to be pioneers. Dainty, small, exquisitely groomed, with the well-modulated voice of the trained concert singer, you could not imagine her swinging a pioneer musket or using a hoe. But it is spirit and not brawn

[Continued on page 101]



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PIONEER WIVES

[Continued from page 100]

which makes the modern pioneer, and Mrs. Cooper's snapping black eyes are overflowing with the vision of which pioneer dreams are made, dreams which she is helping to fashion into reality. For already women's aeronautical clubs similar to the Detroit club have sprung up in Wichita, Los Angeles, and in other air-minded cities.

ANOTHER wife who flew on the Rocky trip is Mrs. William Brock. "Dolly" Brock is at first sight the kind of gentle, pretty girl you'd expect a home-loving, ground-gripping business man to pick for a wife. Certainly she doesn't fulfill the popular idea of the constant flying companion of a daredevil chap who began doing stunts in the clouds when he was only sixteen, and whose latest stunt was to circle the world in 33 days!

"We eat, sleep and breathe aviation at our house," smiles Mrs. Brock. "When I'm not studying about it, I'm flying with my husband. He's never so happy as when he's in the air, so of course I go with him all over the country. Flying is both recreation and business for both of us. Lots of times we just go out and fly for fun, have a sort of air picnic. He's such a good pilot that I never worry about him much when he's away. But I keep alert, till I get his wire every night."

Mrs. Thomas Lanphier can understand Mrs. Brock's feeling, too, for she is the wife previously mentioned who sent her husband so gallantly off for the frozen north. But although she flies often with her husband the chances are that she will never fly an ocean with him, because she has to think of the three stalwart boys who make life a merry scramble in the big house on the shores of Lake St. Clair. She is devoted to her "men," but it is almost impossible to believe that this slender girl with the luminous eyes has a strapping son already planning where he will go to college.

Mrs. Lanphier is well-fitted to plan her sons' education, for not only did she come out from a fashionable finishing school, but she insisted upon further study at Vassar. A San Franciscan by birth, she has none of the breezy candor of the Westerner, but rather the poise and polished languor of the cosmopolitan aristocrat.

"The wife who stays behind when her husband solos, gets to be a sort of fatalist," she remarked recently. "She finally comes to believe with the Oriental that what is going to happen will happen." There was an almost imperceptible catch in her voice. What else can she believe and stay sane?

Again and again the same pioneer creed, to believe in her husband and be a good sport. Although none of these pioneer wives knew what the other ones were saying, they all have given the same answer to the little bride's query, "How do aviators' wives get that way?"

Very different has been the background of these four flying wives. Two have been on the stage, one is a home girl, and the other a polished woman of the world. Yet under their varying veneers lies the same steady courage, the same unswerving belief in their husbands' abilities, the same willingness to try the untried and to trust in the uncharted future which mark the pioneer women of yesterday and today. These flying wives and their husbands bear daily witness that America, far from being smothered in gold and materialism, as sad critics would have us believe, still has its face toward high adventure.

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SAY IT WITH MUSIC

[Continued from page 25]

hesitating and standing around the subway gates. Henry shouldered his way through all right, but Fish waited for them to decide what they were going to do, and they missed an express. Henry saw that a little advice was needed.

"Listen here," he said, when they got seats in the next train. He shouted to make himself heard over the roar. "Listen here. You can't stand back for other people these days. Times have changed since your grandmother was a girl. This is an age of go-getters."

He stopped short as Fish rose from beside him and gave his seat to some woman. With a despairing shake of the head, Henry muttered to himself: "Born to be a straphanger!"

BECAUSE of his voice and looks, Fish could have had quite a train

of girls following him. But he had eyes only for Rita, despite the fact she did not respond. But he was persistent and finally induced her to let him take her home after the dance. He was so humble about it that she strolled away afterward, probably to laugh. Henry got him into a corner, and tried to give him a condensed

course in 1929 behavior. "Look at her!" he demanded. "She thinks you're a boob. Try and don't be one. Rough her a little. She'll like it."

The advice seemed to have a temporary effect, because when he went out, he had her by the arm, instead of holding the door open and following after her.

But on the following evening whatever spirit had been argued into him was completely gone. Rita passed by, scarcely noticing him, and never let him take her home again.

TOWARD autumn the song came out. "That Sweetest Kiss," you know, and the cover page said: "Words and Music by Madison A. Wiley and Thomas Vantine."

Fish, being the sort of person he was, it was probably inevitable that he should write a song, and just that kind, too. The first time the orchestra boys heard the words, they nearly smothered holding their breath, in order not to laugh.

For instance, where it goes:

Eyes dark as skies, when day has gone,
As bright as night, and fresh as dawn.

It did not sound quite as silly when he was singing it, and when he came to the part where the fellow was supposed to be slapped by the girl, three or four of the boys in the orchestra would clap their hands together, to make the proper sound. Then he would go on, in that appealing voice:

Like an unsung song, it hurts me yet
That sweetest kiss I did not get.

"That Sweetest Kiss" grew in popularity every day. Orchestras were featuring it all over town. Somehow or other, the idea got around that the Duke had done most of the work on the music, perhaps from the way he would stand listening, with his eyes half-closed, nodding his head.

When he happened to be standing near Fish at the close of the song, naturally he would bow, too, in acknowledgment of the applause, because it was really meant as much for him as for Fish, they being joint authors.

"Some little partner I have, eh?" he would smile, and slap Fish on the shoulder, and everybody would be looking at the Duke instead of at Fish.

To increase the Duke's power of attraction, he began to drive around in a sleek, eight-cylinder coupé. Every little while you could hear some girl's voice, giggly or sighing and sentimental, asking, "You going to take me riding in your car, Mr. Vantine?"

About the same time, friends noticed that Fish was worried. Henry asked him, as they were going home, what the trouble was.

"Finances," he replied briefly.

"How do you mean?" Henry asked, surprised.

"I had to borrow some money to meet the payments on that bungalow I'm buying over in Jersey."

"Had to borrow? I thought you were just going to invest your royalties in it."

"I'll tell you something," he said, "but, of course, I don't

want it to go any farther. I went down to the publisher the other day, and it seems that Vantine has drawn some money—in advance."

"You mean—out of your share?"

"Looks that way. Only temporarily, of course."

That made Henry mad. Not at the Duke, to be sure, for in this day, every man has to take what he can get. It was Fish that riled him.

"You poor boob!" Henry poked him. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I guess it's too late to do anything."

"Too late?" Henry exploded. "You smiling sap! Why don't you sue him for that auto? He bought it with your money. Why don't—"

"That would make unfavorable publicity," Fish interrupted.

"Then why don't you bust—no. Wait. You couldn't beat him up. He's too big. Let's figure. You could hire a couple of—"

"No," said Fish, "I'll just let it go this time."

Henry flung away from him in despair.

THE Crystal Slipper was a pretty lively place those nights. Lots of new people were coming. Besides "That Sweetest Kiss," there was a public dance contest which brought a great deal of patronage. The Duke took Rita for a partner. No other couple had a chance. After they won, they were called out to give an exhibition.

It was pretty to see them, the Duke holding Rita close, whirling and bending in perfect harmony. Somehow or other, Fish began to batter the crash cymbals too hard, and Smitty had to motion him to ease down.

"I don't like Vantine hanging around Rita," he confided to Henry a little later. "I've found out some things about him," and he recounted what most of the orchestra already knew.

[Continued on page 103]



Even her coat told the need of Mum

No one is entirely exempt from perspiration, and all perspiration has an odor. Thus many women who are most fastidious in all other details of their toilette may still offend in this one respect. Proof of this offense hangs in their own closets. Even an outer garment may at times hold such proof.

Such offense is embarrassing, yet so easily avoided! A dab of the snowy cream called Mum will neutralize every bit of unpleasant odor—at the underarm—or elsewhere—and then you are safe in the closest contact. You have definitely removed all risk of embarrassment for several hours.

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SAY IT WITH MUSIC

[Continued from page 102]

"He shouldn't be hanging around a nice girl like Rita. She's not his kind." "Well, that's her business," Henry replied. Inwardly he was tickled, for Rita had been pretty high-hat, and the Duke, he felt sure, would take some of it out of her.

But Fish went over to Rita, and, after asking to take her home, fumbled for words to express what he wanted to say. "This fellow Vantine," he stammered at last, "he's a nice chap in his way, but—"

Rita gave him an arctic smile, jerked her head and walked away. When Vantine came around later, she agreed to go with him after the dance. When they started out, she walked beside him, without turning her head. The Duke looked back and winked at the orchestra boys.

Fish watched them with that grin of his, and then a funny thing happened. One moment it was the same old grin, soft and pliant. The next, although not a line of it had changed, it was hard like steel. He grabbed his hat, rushed out, and got a taxicab.

THE Duke drove over to a place called "Padlock Inn," where you could get something to eat, and drink, if you wished it. Vantine took Rita in, and led her to a table in a sort of an alcove. He drank a little, and they talked, waiting for their order. He turned the conversation to "That Sweetest Kiss." With his arm on the back of her chair, he explained that the music was really all his, but that he liked to give Fish part of the credit for it, before the public.

"And don't you think the words are rather whimsical?" he chuckled. "I was a little bit afraid Fish wouldn't be able to do it, when I gave him the idea. But he put it into rhyme pretty well."

Rita suddenly leaned forward. She did not say a word. For she knew she, herself, had given Fish the idea for the words.

Now it flashed over Rita if Vantine lied about one thing probably he was lying all the way. But she waited.

The Duke went on: "A lot of ado over a kiss. Outside of songs, things aren't done that way, these days."

He dropped his arm around Rita and drew her toward him, to kiss her.

"You cheat!" she exclaimed, and tried to slap him. But he caught her wrists, and told her to snap out of it, and, when he saw she was in earnest, he got a little mad.

Then Fish came up suddenly from somewhere, and the first thing he said very calmly was, "I know I'm not invited. But may I join your party here?"

"You may take me home," declared Rita.

Vantine never lost his poise for an instant. He sort of laughed at her, and let go of her wrists. "If that's the way you feel," he remarked lightly, "you can run along."

Rita was white and shaking as Fish turned and helped her with her coat.

One of the performers began to sing. It happened that the music was "That Sweetest Kiss." He had just reached:

Like an unsung song, it hurts me yet
That sweetest kiss I did not get.

Rita stopped still, and grasped Fish's arm, as he held the door open for her.

"Do you think," she asked, drawing very close to him, "that you could write another verse to that song?"

Fish nodded, as he followed her out of the door. And in the darkness he whispered:

"Each day those kisses sweeter grow,
As we live and love in our bungalow."

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GLAZO

BACK TO NORMAL

[Continued from page 7]

of the films that we are seeing now possess that degree of mobility, of fluidity, of imaginative breadth that has always been the principal virtue of the screen. The "talkies" are becoming less and less talkative; they are telling their stories largely in terms of pictures that move.

The beginnings of this reform which was at once progressive and reactionary, were to be observed in *The Broadway Melody* and in *Alibi*. With the appearance of *Bulldog Drummond*, the triumphant return to the fundamental principles of the cinema was really celebrated by all those who had feared that the cinema was in danger of being talked to death.

Bulldog Drummond was originally a stage play, a heavy melodrama, which was distinguished by its inability to take itself seriously. It might have been transplanted to the screen, as were *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, *The Letter*, *Nothing But the Truth*, *Gentlemen of the Press* and *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, with no appreciable change in dialogue or in structure. But the pro-

ducer of *Bulldog Drummond*, Samuel Goldwyn, and its director, F. Richard Jones, wisely decided that it should be set forth in action rather than in words.

In so far as acting is concerned, the threatened eclipse of the former film stars has failed to materialize. A few of the old favorites have vanished, blaming the talkies; but the painful fact is that almost all of those who have gone were due to go anyway, movietone or no movietone. Certainly, set forth in action rather than in words, none of the recruits from the Broadway stage have managed to equal the superb performances given by Bessie Love in *The Broadway Melody*, Mary Pickford in *Coquette*, Norma Shearer in *The Trial of Mary Dugan* or Ronald Colman in *Bulldog Drummond*.

Since his elevation to a star's estate in Hollywood, Mr. Colman has had but scant opportunities to display his abilities as a comedian. He has been either grimly serious, as in *Beau Geste*, or ostentatiously romantic, as in *Two Lovers*. In *Bulldog Drummond* he fairly glitters with humor.

WORDS AND MUSIC

[Continued from page 8]

Stravinsky's latest important ballet production, *Les Noces* ("The Wedding Rites"), has had a similar fate. Written for Diaghileff in 1922, it was produced in Paris the following year with great success. Only a year ago last spring it managed to get a performance in concert form by the League of Composers. In April of this year the League, having waited in vain for some professional producing organization to step forward, finally took its courage in hand and produced "Wedding Rites" in the ballet form for which Stravinsky wrote them.

Having dared greatly, the League did the job with admirable skill. It enlisted the services of Leopold Stokowsky as conductor, of Sergei Soudaikine as designer of scene and costume, and of Elizaveta Anderson-Ivantzoff as dance-director. It provided a quartet of distinguished singers, including Nina Koshetz and Sophie Braslau; another quartet of equally distinguished pianists; a dancing company of thirty-one; a chorus of twenty-seven; and served up the whole at the Metropolitan Opera House before a capacity audience whose more affluent members had paid ten dollars apiece for their seats.

"The Wedding Rites" is, as you may have surmised, not the simplest piece in the world to produce.

Soudaikine's scenery for the New York production is extremely difficult to describe, and really quite simple and understandable to look at. It is in the style of primitive Russian wood-carving, and represents the highly conventionalized interiors of three Russian homes. At the right are some amorphous objects that convey the house of the bridegroom; at the left, a similar collection of knickknacks represents the home of the bride. In the center is the future home of the young couple, symbolized directly and naïvely by the wedding bed.

The performance was a brilliantly schooled one, the dancers trained to the minute and the chorus and soloists, needless to say, performing prodigies under the Stokowski baton. And yet, for one spectator at least, the whole thing didn't quite come off. It may have been the staging, which differed from that of the original Paris production, not only in its vivid coloring (in the Paris version the costumes and scenery were all black-and-white), but in its greater literalness.

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5611	14-18, 36-42	50	5764	12-20	45	5808	S. Med. Lg.	35	5824	14-18, 36-42	50
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5622	14-18, 36-42	50	5767	14-18, 36-46	45	5810	14-16, 36-42	35	5826	14-16, 36-42	35
5623	14-18, 36-46	45	5768	14-18, 36-46	35	5811	14-16, 36-42	35	5827	14-16, 36-42	35
5624	4-14	35	5771	14-18, 36-42	35	5812	14-16, 36-42	35	5828	6-20	35
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5731	4-14	35	5799	14-18, 36-42	50	5815	14-18, 36-42	50	5831	14-16, 36-42	50
5746	6-14	35	5800	14-18, 36-42	45	5816	14-18, 36-42	45	5832	14-16, 36-42	65
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TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

(Continued from page 8)

see them objectively. He can even talk of "cabbages and kings" to divert a frightened younger officer while the two of them wait for the signal to start out on a raid that may mean death.

None but the men who have been through war can tell us the inner truth about it. Writers of succeeding generations can give us the historical facts and the sweeping perspective that only time can lend, but inevitably, if they have poetry or romance in their nature, they tend to glorify the heroisms of war. *John Brown's Body*, Stephen Vincent Benét's magnificent epic poem of the Civil War, recently awarded the Pulitzer Prize, is realistic enough, yet it tends to glorify the men who fought on both sides. In all events Mr. Benét is more concerned with the essence of things American than with the essence of war, and it is for that reason that I urge you to read *John Brown's Body*.

Like Mr. Benét, Joseph Hergesheimer would have us understand the

heart of the old South better than most of us do who live north of the Mason and Dixon line. In his collection of Civil War sketches fragrantly called *Swords and Roses*, he executes striking portraits of a few famous ladies and a number of gentlemen soldiers of the Confederacy who were typical of their kind, for they were moved by an extreme loyalty and an unassailable courage, but also by an intense hatred and a dangerous conviction of aristocracy which were to prove their ultimate undoing.

But perhaps you are crying, enough of war themes! As a relief, then, I suggest that you read the Pulitzer Prize novel, *Scarlet Sister Mary*, by Julia Peterkin. Laid in a colony of South Carolina negroes, far from the influence of white people, it is redolent with the imaginative superstition and poetry so native to that race. But it has a still larger significance, for it is a study of human nature, not just of black nature.

THE ALTAR OF HONOR

(Continued from page 23)

and before it was over she felt that it was not a party at all, but that she actually belonged to this atmosphere of geniality which so short a time before she had feared to enter. She thought Basil Conister was quite the nicest man she had ever met. His gentleness and his complete absence of subtlety appealed to her very strongly. She also discovered that he was a lover of the country, and this instantly established a bond between them, though he shook his head when she confessed with some shame that she was too nervous to ride. "That means you haven't been taught properly," he said. "You wouldn't be nervous if I had the teaching of you."

And very curiously in her heart she agreed with him.

LADY CRAVENSTOWE did so audibly. "Ah, yes! If you had the teaching of her on those lovely slopes of Culverly! There isn't a girl living who wouldn't enjoy that." "Where is Culverly?" Charmaine asked.

It was Basil who answered her. "It's my cousin's place—one of the old family inheritances of England, the sort of place you would love."

"I should think she would!" said Lady Cravenstowe warmly. "It's a dream of a place and has been owned by the Conisters for ages. I was a Conister you know. I was born there. Some day I shall get Hugh to let me take you down there for a visit. Poor old Hugh! He is the present Lord Conister. He injured his spine in a motor-accident and is quite helpless."

"I'd love to go," said Charmaine, "if you think he wouldn't mind."

"Yes, you would like him," said Basil. "You might stand in awe of him a little at first, but you would soon get over it. He is quite one of the best."

"All the Conisters are," said Lady Cravenstowe humorously. "I believe we date back to the Knights of the Round Table, and they were the essence of good form as everybody knows."

"You really ought to have known Basil as a boy," she went on to Charmaine. "He was so plausible, and always had an excellent reason for everything he did, however outrageous."

Basil laughed. "Now don't give a wrong impression of me!" he begged. "You're making me out a horrid rouge,

which I'm not. Miss Audley, I appeal to you for protection."

"Oh, do call me Charmaine!" she said. "I like it so much better."

"So do I," he said promptly. "But I didn't know I might."

"I don't think I should let him if I were you, dear," said Lady Cravenstowe judiciously, "until you know each other a little better."

"Oh, I'm sorry," murmured Charmaine humbly. "I didn't think it mattered what anybody called me. You let Sir Robert Blakely call me Cinderella."

"I have no authority over him," said Lady Cravenstowe, with a smile.

"Whereas," explained Basil with an answering smile, "she rules me with a rod of iron. But I'm hanged if that Blakely fellow is going to steal a march on me. If he is allowed to call you Cinderella—"

"He isn't!" said Charmaine hastily. "He just did, that's all."

"I should like to wring his neck!" "Oh, why?" said Charmaine, looking startled. "It doesn't really matter."

"Not if I may call you Cinderella too," he said.

She turned to Lady Cravenstowe with a childish gesture of coaxing. "May he?" she pleaded.

"And what are you going to call him?" said Lady Cravenstowe, a hint of warning in her voice.

"Oh, I am the prince of course," said Basil, lightly coming to the rescue. "I shall be calling on you with a glass slipper one of these days."

She turned back to him with a merry laugh. "I hope it'll fit!"

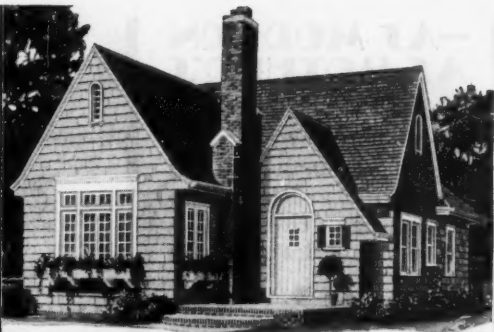
"I'm sure I hope it will," Lady Cravenstowe said. "If I am to be the fairy godmother, I'll see that it does."

IT DEPRIVED the day's happenings of some of the glamor to be closely cross-questioned by Sylvia on her return, but Charmaine endured the inquisition with her customary submission.

"Well, I hope you've made a good impression," said Sylvia at length. "But if you were as uncommunicative to them as you are to me, I should think they must have put you down as half-imbecile. I daresay you're tired though," she added more kindly, as Charmaine's color rose. "It's been a new experience, and no doubt you'll soon learn to be brighter. Run along now and amuse yourself!"

(Continued on page 106)

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THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[Continued from page 105]

Scarcely had she reached her room when there came a knock at her door and Marie's voice without.

"Mademoiselle, there is a gentleman on the telephone asking for you."

Charmaine sprang up. "A gentleman! Oh, Marie, who?"

"He did not give his name." Charmaine was already speaking into the telephone: "Hello! I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting. Who is it, please?"

A cheery voice answered her. "Hello, Cinderella! Is that you? I say, are you doing anything this evening?"

"Oh, no!" said Charmaine. "That is, I mean—I don't think so."

"That's all right. Think again!" laughed back the voice. "I shall be at the door in two minutes to take you out for a run in my little Hop-o'-my-Thumb. So tie your scalp on tight, for she's hot stuff!"

AND Charmaine, feeling that that settled it, acquiesced without further scruple. She dressed hastily therefore with Marie's aid, and when the roar of Sir Robert Blakely's car broke upon the calm of the square she was already on her way to the ground floor. Sir Robert did not speak to her until forced to slacken at a crossroads, and then his voice held a laughing challenge.

"Well, Cinderella! Not wishing yourself back at home yet?"

"I'm just loving it!" she said. He laughed. "What a kid you are! Well, we'll get off this main road anyhow. I'm for pulling up under a tree for a rest."

Her mood changed instantly. "Oh, of course! You're tired!" she said. "How selfish of me not to think of that!"

"No, I'm not specially tired," he said. "We'll go on again presently. What time have you got to be back?"

"Oh, any time!" said Charmaine. "Sylvia will be out to dinner."

"What!" He turned on her keenly. "You'll be quite alone?"

Something in his look vaguely disturbed her.

He turned the car and they found themselves in a narrow by-road laden with the scents of spring.

"Isn't it lovely?" said Charmaine. "Lovely!" said Sir Robert.

And then to her complete astonishment he stopped the car, leaned deliberately over her, and kissed her on the lips.

"There!" he said. "I've been aching to do that ever since we started."

"Oh!" gasped Charmaine, divided between amazement and distress.

He smiled down at her, his face still close to hers. "It's all right, little girl," he said. "It just means I'm fond of you. You don't mind, do you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I do!" faltered Charmaine, bewildered and unhappy. "I don't like it. It was all my fault for coming. I do wish I hadn't." Repressed tears made her voice quiver. "But it's no good wishing. It's too late. Please, Sir Robert, take me home now!"

"Call me Baba like the rest!" he said persuasively. "And I say, why is it too late? You're not maimed for life, just because a wicked man stole a kiss, you know. You'll get over it. Why, let me look at you—it doesn't show in the least!"

She did not make any comment on his remark, but sat in silence, deeply pondering.

"Ah, I thought so," said Sylvia. "My dear, I think you are successfully launched without my going to the expense of entertaining on a large scale

for you. Here is Lady Cravenstowe writing to know if she may borrow you, as she puts it, for a dance at Mrs. Granard's on the tenth. Mrs. Granard is her sister-in-law. It's a young people's affair and she offers to chaperone you and put you up for the night. Would you like it?"

Like it! Charmaine's heart leapt at the bare idea. "Oh, how good she is!" "She is rather," said Sylvia, "though I never get very far with her myself. Mrs. Granard is extremely smart. I suppose Marie can find you something decent to wear. It's rather short notice—only three days."

"Oh, I've got a lovely dress," said Charmaine eagerly. "I never thought I should have a chance to wear it, but Marie said she was sure I should. But, Sylvia," her face suddenly clouded, "I can't dance properly."

"Good gracious!" cried Sylvia. "You'd better have some lessons at once. I'll speak to Marie. She can arrange it."

And so that afternoon, escorted by Marie, Charmaine went to her first dancing lesson *chez* Madame Valence and proved herself at short notice an apt pupil.

Like all who met Charmaine, the girl's sheer sweetness and beauty combined with her shy modesty appealed to Madame very strongly she prophesied a great conquest for *la petite ingénue*, and only regretted that it was too late in the season for her presentation.

Charmaine entered Lady Cravenstowe's house on the occasion of the dance with much less trepidation than before, and she was received with less ceremony, since the lordly footman had received instructions to conduct her upstairs at once.

She was met on the threshold by Lady Cravenstowe herself, regal in black velvet and pearls, who drew her into the room with a warm smile of welcome and kissed her.

"You are wearing white!" she said. "I am so glad, child, I wanted you in white."

Charmaine wondered why, but refrained from asking lest she should seem to be courting a compliment.

"Come, sit down and tell me a little about yourself!"

Lady Cravenstowe drew her down beside her on a settee and held her hand in hers. "But I haven't anything to tell," said Charmaine humbly. "I've never done anything."

THAT doesn't matter," said Lady Cravenstowe. "In fact, my dear, I like you all the better for that. You are so delightfully young and unprejudiced. I hear you have been brought up by your eldest sister whom I have never met. What is she like? Are you very devoted to her?"

"Oh, no!" said Charmaine hastily. "She— isn't a bit that sort."

"Ah!" A faint smile showed in the shrewd, kindly eyes. "She doesn't spoil you evidently."

"No," said Charmaine, her voice very low. "She doesn't like me. You see, she is only my half-sister."

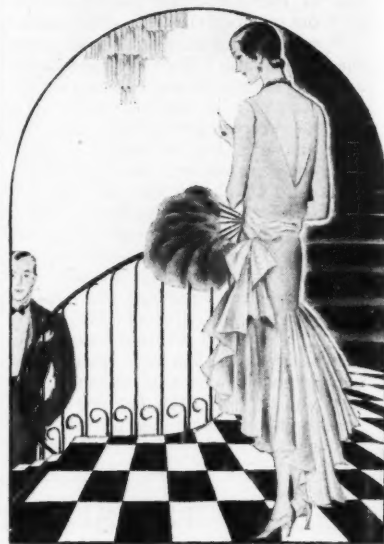
"I quite see," said Lady Cravenstowe reassuringly. "And your father? What of him? Does he never come to town?"

"No, never," said Charmaine. "He and Griselda only care for hunting and horses. They never bother about anything else."

"And you don't like horses?" "No, I'm afraid of them." Charmaine suppressed a shiver. "My mother was killed in the hunting-field."

[Continued on page 124]

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Exquisite Candle Shades all Finished and a Garden to Embroider



With the Candle Shades are included the Metal Tops and Fasteners



No. 1727. Beautifully hand-colored reproductions of old Godey millinery fashions adorn this lovely pair of candle shades. Their soft colorings against the parchment tint of the background will harmonize with the color scheme of any room. You simply apply the tiny fasteners at side and glue in the metal top, all included in pattern, ready to put together. Two shades, 4½ inches high. Price, 75 cents.

No. 1726. These lovely Godey shades might well be called little works of art, so beautifully are they hand-colored. Their soft tints will harmonize with any room, and add to it a real air of distinction. Tiny fasteners and metal tops are included to fit all standard fixtures. A coat of varnish for antique effect can be added if desired. Two shades, 4½ inches high. Price, 75 cents.



No. 1730. Flower Garden design for Picture or Tray (10 x 14 inches) is stamped on canvas, with the special wools included for working the entire design. The lovely colors, twenty in all, used in this fascinating old English garden makes it a delightful piece of handwork to pick up at odd moments, and the stitches are those that everyone knows. A special color chart indicating the position of each color

is given with the pattern directions; beginning with the thatched roof, windows and door, next comes the garden itself with colorful hollyhocks, larkspur, etc., then the verdant trees and the clear blue-and-white skyscape atop of all. And when you have finished it and pressed it flat with a hot iron, it will be ready for framing—a veritable treasure to possess. Price, \$1.75.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed above.

No. 587
popular
pointed
and sh.
pannier

Patterns

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



Paris Makes New Style Points with Seamings

THERE are always details that date a new Paris frock as belonging to the season just beginning instead of the one coming to an end, and pointed treatments are just such a detail in the new French showings. Almost every designer uses them in some form or other, yet there is no uniformity because the points are used in ways as original as the lines of the dresses themselves. In one frock on this page, the points are a minor detail, used to suggest a higher waistline in an evening gown of stiff silk. In the other frock, pointed effects are the theme of the dress, with pointed seamings, a pointed cape collar and dipping hemline.

No. 5814. The quaint type of evening gown popular every season has a frock with a pointed sash and longer panels at the back and sides, the side ones looped up to form panniers. Size 16 requires 7 yards 35- or 39-inch material.

No. 5821. The draped waistline is suggested by inverted tucks in the front of a graceful evening gown which has pointed seamings, cape collar and flaring skirt cut in deep points. Size 16, 3¾ yards 39-inch with skirt cut crosswise.

LECHO
DE
PARIS



No. 5832. Typical of Vionnet's new diagonal treatments is a simple frock cleverly seamed and carrying a scarf. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch.

No. 5831. A draped waistline is suggested by a separate girdle in a graceful Miler Socurs frock. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch.



An Eye on the Future

By Therese Clemenceau

SIMPLE, practical dresses of this season are provided with little windows. There are no shutters or glass panes and no curtains through which one can peep. Nevertheless they are windows, consisting of an oval, round or square opening. The edge may have a piping of the same material as the dress, or may be embroidered in bright silk. To safeguard our morals however, all that can be seen through these windows is a slip worn underneath, the color and fabric of which have been carefully selected. These openings may be small and numerous or large and few and far between. These in a word, are the counterpart of appliqué work.

Tailor-made skirts show a real tendency to reach so high

above the waist that they sometimes look like corselet skirts and two small bones are used to keep up the fabric. They have however, two different outlines, the back of the skirt is straight and unadorned while the front is so circular that flares crowd together and are quite a contrast to the repose of the straight cut at the back. Other skirts are trimmed with horizontal, vertical and even slanting machine stitches which give an amusing effect.

On simple little dresses, collars and high cuffs are frequently seen. They may be plain provided they are made of silk when the dress is of wool, and are of a contrasting shade, of course. Chinese prints, XVIth century prints also look very charming, and when it comes to embroidery I cannot praise loudly enough the handi-



work of Roumania, Spain and Northern countries whose skill and good taste in the selection of patterns and colors are admirable. These should be of rough linen to which time has given a mellowed appearance.

And now belts are being worn in pairs. However strange it may sound, leather, alligator, snake and other animals are used to make two identical belts with identical buckles. They close in opposite directions, one buckle on the left hip and one on the right or else one buckles in front and the other at the back. If you do not like the idea there is another you may prefer. It is that of a wide, very wide belt, laced up with a round cord, finished at the ends with bright metal edgings and as a third novelty I mention the belts forming quite a point at the front, a reminder of the Swiss peasant costume.

The great arbiters of fashion are recommending three-quarter length coats instead of jackets and this is quite welcome for change and novelty always fascinates women. In order that such a coat should be really chic it must not be narrow in any way.

Its allure resides in the fact that it is ample and flowing. It is trimmed with a long narrow fur collar running into two bands down to the bottom of the coat without button or fastening. The three-quarter length coat is closed and held in place.

There is a new manner of using black lace for informal evening wear. The décolleté is more pronounced and reaches out to the utmost frontier of decency. Then lace is thrown over it like a veil and comes up to about where the neck begins. The sleeves undergo the same treatment and transparent lace covers the arm and half the hand giving somewhat the effect of mittens. The skirt short in front and long at the back also on the sides is charmingly sheer. The lace is draped over tulle and a crepe de Chine trowser substituted for the usual short slip. It ends just below the knee. Do not believe that this new model is so daring that it cannot be worn! If such is your impression, my description is to blame for I can assure you that it is in perfect taste.

Plain velvets in dark rich shades will be popular this coming season and printed velvets still have a very popular vogue.

No. 5830. Princess lines are subtly suggested in a London Trades frock decorated with seamings. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards 39-inch; contrasting, 5/8 yard 35-inch.

No. 5833. Pointed seamings accent the clever circular cut of the skirt of a Miler Socurs frock. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards 39-inch, lace 3/4 yard 35-inch.

L'Echo de Paris



The Autumn Mode Outdoors

THE weather of early autumn makes costumes such as these a smart necessity in any well-filled wardrobe. The short jacket ensemble with both the dress and jacket of light weight woolen is a first departure from summer styles. For cooler days, one needs the warmth of a three-quarter length coat over a frock. While the long coat, cut on practical straight lines and completely covering the dress serves for the first cold days and may continue to serve continuously throughout the winter months.

No. 5680. The roll collar of a coat cut on slender straight lines is smartly trimmed with fur or fur fabric. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch; lining, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch.

No. 5622. A French ensemble has a simple frock trimmed with bands and flat bows, and a separate short jacket. Size 36 requires, dress, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material; jacket and dress with sleeves, 6 yards 39-inch.

No. 5717. Pockets head inverted pleats on the skirt of a frock combined with a three-quarter length coat. Size 36, dress, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 35-inch; dress, coat, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 39-inch.

L'Écho de Paris



Three Daytime Silhouettes

THREE favorite silhouettes of this season are illustrated in these French outdoor clothes. One ensemble is designed on youthful lines with a frock cut straight, and a straight seven-eighths length coat. The other ensemble varies the straight line silhouette by having the two-piece frock and the coat slender and straight to a low line, and then slightly flaring by means of a shaped flounce. The separate coat shows the princess silhouette, slender and fitted to the waistline and then widely flaring.

No. 5616. The lines of the surplice blouse are cleverly repeated in the wrap-around skirt and long coat of an autumn ensemble. Size 36, blouse, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch; skirt, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch; coat, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch.

No. 5820. The coat of an ensemble closes with tie ends cut in one with the yoke and falls open to reveal a frock pleated in front. Size 36, dress, 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 32-inch material; coat, dress, 6 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards 39-inch.

No. 5824. Princess lines are a smart feature of a coat which is cut slender to the hipline and widely flaring in the back. Size 36, 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch or 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch; lining, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch.

Width at the Hemline Accents the New Length of Line in Afternoon Frocks

LONG slender lines are the important feature of most of the new afternoon frocks, and as a wide hemline accents the slenderness of the rest of the dress, hemlines are becoming wider and wider. In some frocks, the width is actual, achieved by circular cut or by inserting godets all around the hem. Other frocks keep a slender sheath foundation, and add an appearance of width by means of circular tiers or flounces, placed low enough below the hipline to preserve the slender lines of the frock, and often dipping below the hemline.



5825



5825



5819



5819

L'ECHO
DE
PARIS

No. 5819. Godets inserted in the front and back of the skirt give a flattering silhouette to a simple frock slightly bloused by a sash tied in front. Size 36 requires 27½ yards 35-inch material; contrasting, ⅝ yard 35-inch.

No. 5825. Two tiers on the skirt of an afternoon frock are cut to fall flat in the front and in the back flare and dip in long points. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 35-inch, 4⅞ yards 33-inch or 3½ yards 54-inch material.

French Couturiers Suggest the Normal Waistline in Frocks for Every Type

NOT every figure can wear frocks with a waist sharply defined at the normal line. So French couturiers in certain models have invented ways of suggesting normal waistlines that every type of figure can wear. Sash ends appliquéd at each side of the waist may be tied tightly or loosely, sharply defining the waist or making only a faint suggestion of draping at the waistline. A frock that has a sash in back to mark the waist at the top-of-the-hips line, in front has three inverted tucks that suggest the normal waistline.



5815



5815



5822



5822

L'ECHO
DE
PARIS

No. 5815. Sash ends appliquéd on and tied in a bow at each side give a slightly draped waistline effect. A separate panel adds length in back to the flaring skirt. Size 36, 4 3/8 yards 35-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard 35-inch.

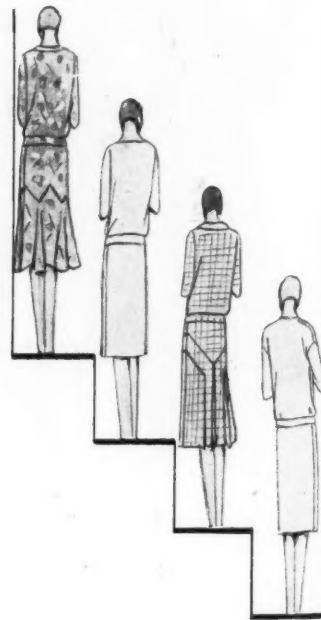
No. 5822. A godet inserted in the front, and flaring panels in apron effect lend graceful lines to the skirt of a simple frock. Inverted tucks suggest a draped waistline. Size 36, 4 1/2 yards 35-inch or 3 yards 54-inch.

L'ECHO de PARIS



Woolen Frocks Find Favor in Paris

PARIS is creating more and more frocks for daytime of light weight woolen fabrics, some of them frocks that accompany a coat of the same material to form an ensemble and others that are intended to be worn alone or with a scarf or fur. They are of such light woolens that they overcome the usual objection to woolen frocks in steam-heated American houses, and being so light, they are made in models that are equally attractive made up in silks.



No. 5768. Drop shoulders, draped neckline finished with a bow, and a front panel of pleats lend distinction to a frock. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch; tie, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 4-inch.

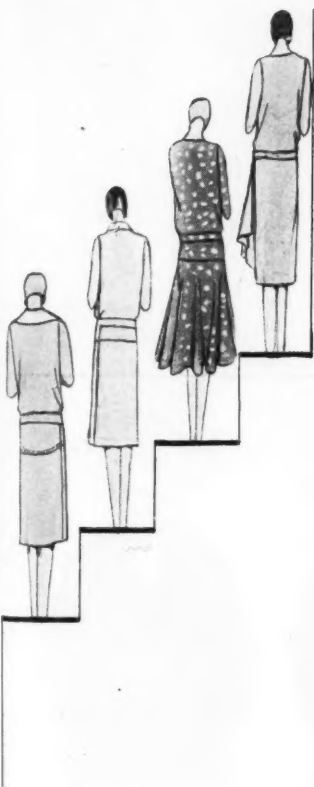
No. 5748. The skirt of a tailored frock is cleverly seamed and pleated front and back to give fullness while preserving the slender lines. Size 36, 3 yards 54-inch material.

No. 5754. The neckline of a simple frock is slightly draped and finished with a bow. Seamings accent a group of pleats in front. Size 36, 4 yards 35-inch material.

No. 5747. A slender frock bloused by a belt has a circular flounce joined to the frock with pointed seamings, and a soft jabot. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch material.

New Tailored Frocks Include All Types

SUITABILITY to the person who is to wear it and to the occasion when it will be worn is the rule that governs French daytime frocks, so the tailored fashions that form the smartest costumes for daytime include all types. One may have a soft feminine type of tailored frock with a circular skirt and a bow at the neck and waist, or a frock with crisp pleats, tailored in every detail. Or frocks that compromise by having tailored lines, and soft feminine details.



5760



5816



5765

L'ECHO de PARIS



5767

No. 5760. Curved seamings suggest a higher waistline and head a group of pleats in the front of the skirt. Size 36, $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 35-inch; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 35-inch.

No. 5816. Pleats are arranged between two pockets on the skirt of a straight frock. A narrow belt marks the waistline. Size 36, $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 35-inch or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch.

No. 5765. A frock with a slender bodice and circular skirt has a neckline slightly draped and finished with a bow. Size 36, $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 32-inch with skirt cut crosswise.

No. 5767. The bodice of a daytime frock is cut surplice and the wrap around skirt falls in a flare. Size 36, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 39-inch.

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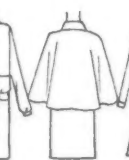
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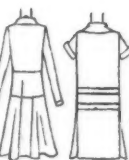
5774



5692



5771



5731



5764



5746



5032



No. 5774. Seamings accent a group of pleats in the front of a straight frock bloused by a narrow sash. Size 14, 2½ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 5692. Nothing is smarter for school than an ensemble consisting of a one-piece frock and a separate jacket. Size 10, 4¾ yards 35-inch; collar, ¼ yard 35-inch.

No. 5731. The modern ensemble is translated into children's fashions in a one-piece frock with cape. Size 10, dress, cape, 2¾ yards 54-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 39-inch.

No. 5764. The princess line is particularly becoming to youthful figures. This frock has circular skirt with shaped yoke. Size 11, 3 yards 39-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 39-inch.

No. 5764. A reefer coat made with a double-breasted front closing and patch pockets forms a smart school costume for a little girl. Size 4, 1¼ yards 54-inch material.

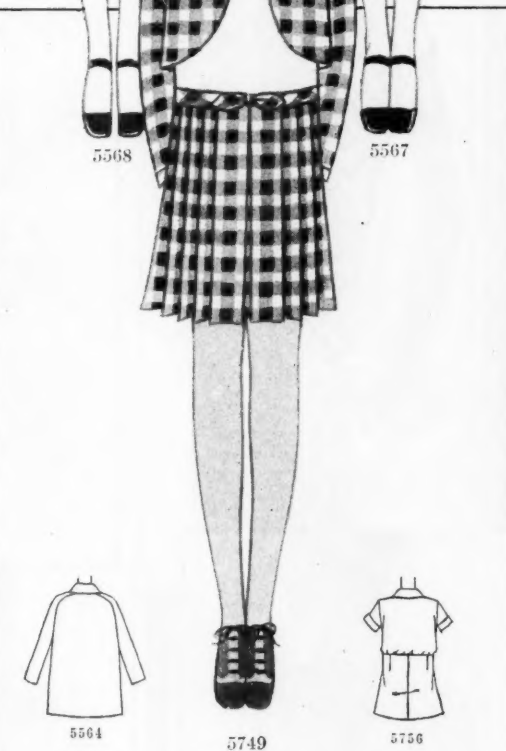
No. 5746. A side closing trimmed with soft bows is a style feature attractively carried out in two materials. Size 8, 2½ yards 32- or 35-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 35-inch.

No. 5809. The same reefer coat cut in a shorter length and made of mannish fabric is equally attractive for a little boy. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 54-inch material.

No. 5032. A little boy's suit is very simply made with short knee trousers and a jacket which has patch pockets. Size 6, 1¾ yards 54-inch; collar, ¼ yard 36-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 104.

PARIS



No. 5564. A little boy's raglan coat is double-breasted and has flaps that suggest inset pockets. It is accompanied by a round cap to match. Size 4, 1½ yards 54-inch.

No. 5607. Drop shoulders and seamings give soft fulness to the dress. A straight line frock bloused by a narrow sash. Size 6, 1¾ yards 39-inch; collar, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 5756. The waist of a little boy's suit is cleverly cut to reveal a vestee. Collar and cuffs are contrasting. Size 4, 1¾ yards 27-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 35-inch.

No. 5772. Circular side sections give soft fulness to the skirt of a frock which has short puff sleeves and a sash that ties in a bow. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 32-inch.

No. 5749. A dress made with a pleated skirt and a contrasting blouse has a separate Eton jacket. Size 12, waist, 1¾ yards 39-inch; jacket, 1¾ yards 39-inch; skirt, 2½ yards 39-inch.

No. 5817. A suspender costume has a pleated skirt attached to a shaped yoke and contrasting blouse. Size 12, blouse, 1¾ yards 35-inch; skirt, 1¾ yards 54-inch.

No. 5567. A raglan coat is made with double-breasted front closing and a collar that may be worn low or fastened high in the neck. Size 8, 1¾ yards 54-inch.

No. 5568. A frock with contrasting skirt, waist and simple jacket form a smart ensemble for a little girl. Size 8, blouse, 1¾ yards 35-inch; skirt, 1¾ yards 54-inch.

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5813



5771



5812

L'ECHO DE PARIS
The Separate Blouse
Acquires New Style
Importance as Part of
a Two-Piece Frock or a
Three-Piece Costume

No. 5813. The deep V neckline of a costume blouse is finished with a vest and a collar attached to jabot. Size 36, 2½ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5771. A bow knotted through the fabric drapes the neckline, and another drapes the waist of a short kimono-sleeved blouse. Size 36, 2 yards 32-inch.

No. 5812. The deep belt is curved up in front, slightly draped and finished with a bow. A bow trims the neckline. Size 36, 2¾ yards 35-inch material.

No. 5811. A new blouse in jacket effect has double-breasted front closing and roll collar with one-sided jabot. Size 36, 2¾ yards 39-inch material.



5811

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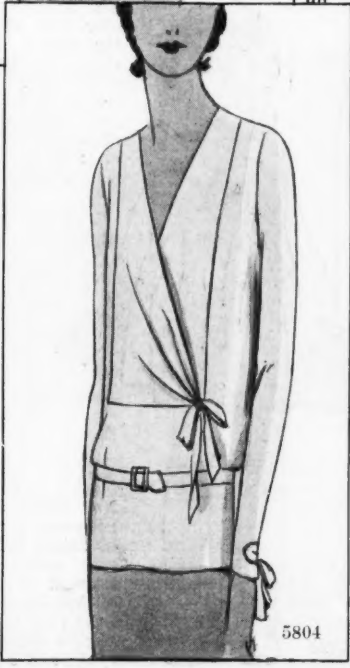
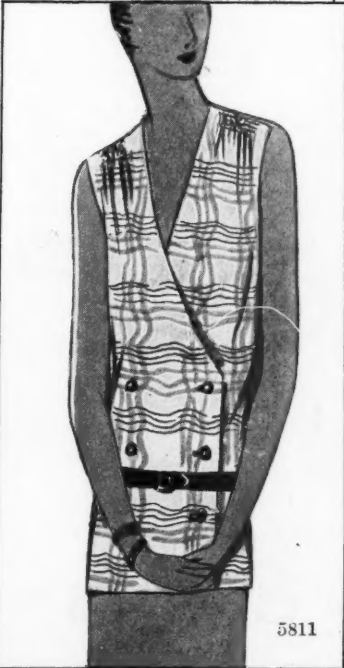


No. 5761. Shirrings at the right side and sash ends tied at the left give a draped waistline to a new blouse. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards 32-inch material.

No. 5813. A finish for a V neckline is formed by a soft jabot attached under a narrow band. Size 36, 2 1/4 yards 35-inch; jabot, 3/4 yard 35-inch.

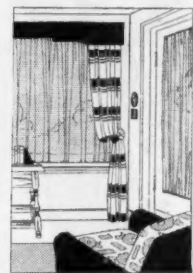
No. 5804. A simple blouse has a draped vest crossed in front and finished with a bow. A belt marks the waistline. Size 36, 2 1/2 yards 39-inch material.

No. 5811. A smart sleeveless blouse for the autumn ensemble crosses in front in double-breasted effect, closing with six buttons. Size 36, 1 1/2 yards 32-inch.



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1731
5705

1731
5611



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No. 1723. A new vine line through the center of the straight smocked yoke is smart for a dainty bloomer frock when worked in rose, a color favorite for 2, 4 and 6 years.



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No. 1725. Gather ye straight-stitched daisies while ye may and scatter them in color over a whole linen frock from hem to neckline for little misses of 2, 4 and 6 years.

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Samplers and Pillows are in Vogue to Vary and Smarten Rooms

By Elisabeth May Blondel



1729



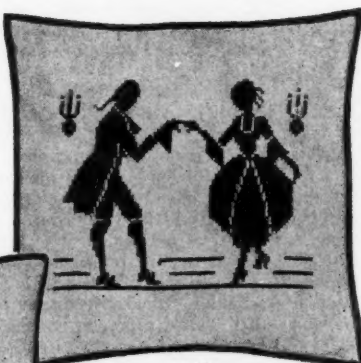
1728

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1721

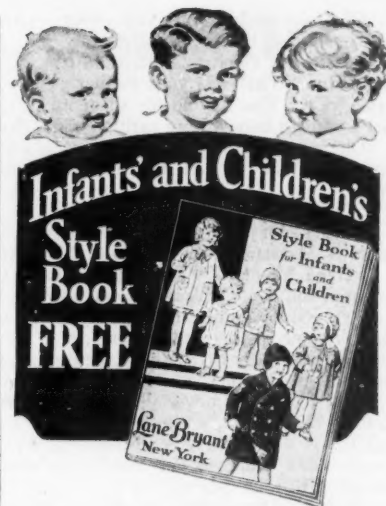
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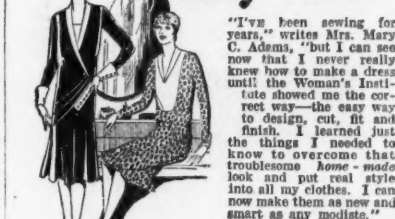
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THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[Continued from page 106]

"Oh, poor child! And you never got over the horror of it." Lady Cravenstowe's voice was warm with sympathy. "What was your mother's name, dear? You remind me so of a girl I used to know in my early married days in India."

"Oh!" breathed Charmaine. "Could it have been my mother? She was in India once. She met my father there."

"What was her name, dear?"

"Verena Maynard," said Charmaine softly. "My name is Maynard, too—Charlotte Maynard."

"Verena Maynard!" Meditatively Lady Cravenstowe repeated the name. "Yes, that was the girl I knew. She was ten years younger than I, very lively and fascinating. She had all the men at her feet, I remember; but the one she really cared for was married. I never saw your father. My husband and I left India before she was married. I was never very intimate with her." She paused. "Yes, you are like her, very like her. Only you lack her vivacity. She was all a-sparkle with life." Lady Cravenstowe squeezed her hand again reassuringly. "I am going to take care of you as far as I can. Tell me, you feel quite happy with my nephew, Basil, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Charmaine, coloring deeply. "I like him very much."

"That's right," said Lady Cravenstowe warmly. "You need never be afraid of him. He is one of the right sort. But go carefully with the others, dear! Remember, it is better to move slowly in all things than to have to retrace your steps afterward."

THE ball that night was of a brilliance far surpassing Charmaine's wildest dreams. It amazed and dazzled her. Crowds of young men were presented to her, and her card very speedily filled. Suddenly she discovered that Basil's name would not figure there at all if she continued to dispense her favors so lavishly. She turned in some distress from the laughing group around her, breaking away to join him where he stood a few yards from her, unobtrusively looking on.

"Oh, please!" she cried rather breathlessly. "How many do you want? They are going so fast."

"I should like all that are left if I may have them," he said.

"Oh, of course!" she answered eagerly. "There are four at the end. Would you like those?"

Again he looked at her with an expression that made her thrill with a delicious embarrassment.

"May I really have those?" he asked. "Ah, here comes the Black Sheep! Are there any others?"

"Yes." Feverishly she prompted him, standing at his elbow. "Oh, there, look! And there! Put your name down quick, before he gets here!"

She heard him laughing to himself as he scribbled his initials in the spaces she indicated; but she could not laugh. The approach of Sir Robert Blakeley filled her with apprehension.

"You've got a few left for me, I hope?" he asked.

She shook her head, her card pressed nervously to her breast. "I'm afraid I haven't. They've all gone so fast!"

He held out his hand. "Oh, Cinderella! That's too bad of you. Mayn't I look? Surely you can squeeze out one for me?"

Charmaine backed away, trying to laugh though her eyes were scared. "I can't indeed. There isn't one left—not one! Is there, Mr. Conister?"

"No, you're quite booked up," he agreed with his easy air of banter. "It wasn't my fault, I assure you, Blakeley. I've come off very badly myself."

Sir Robert looked at him, and something like a veiled sneer showed for a moment in his face. Then he turned again to Charmaine. "Well, you'll give me some of the extras, won't you? Don't tell me he's got all those!"

It was Basil who answered before she had time to frame an excuse. "Afraid you're too late. Those are just what I have got. We arranged it before we got here. You see, Miss Audley is staying with my aunt."

"My luck is out tonight, it seems," Sir Robert said. "But what about another run in Hop-o'-my-Thumb day after tomorrow? I'll call around for you, shall I, as I did before?"

SHE felt herself turn scarlet, and at the same moment there came a mocking laugh behind her, and she glanced round to see Linda Kennedy who had approached unnoticed. She was dressed in vivid red.

"I shouldn't go with him too often if I were you," she said. "We all know that he's bold and bad, and Hop-o'-my-Thumb has a tiresome little trick of breaking down at midnight sometimes on lonely roads. But perhaps that's already happened, has it?"

Charmaine did not answer. She could not. The hostility of this brilliant woman was unlike anything she had ever encountered. She had no weapon of defense, and stood stricken. But at that moment the orchestra broke into the first dance, and with absolute coolness Basil at once stepped forward and appropriated her.

"Come along!" he said. "This is mine, isn't it?"

Then quite simply he spoke to her and her suspense was over. "I think it's always rather a mistake," he said "to try to be polite to people like Blakeley. It's sheer waste of time. Don't be badgered into doing things with him! Try being rude to him!"

"Oh, I couldn't!" said Charmaine.

"What! Afraid?" he asked.

She did not answer him, but her silence was a guilty admission which after a moment or two he challenged.

"But I say, there's nothing to be afraid of! Are you afraid of everybody? Afraid of me?"

Throughout the dances that followed, Charmaine seemed to herself as though she moved in a dream. "Having a good time, dear?" asked Lady Cravenstowe,



LEARNING

By ROSE FREEMAN

*There are so many foreign lands
And towns and rivers too;
So many words to write and spell,
So many kinds of sums as well
That children have to do.*

*And kings and queens and emperors
And when they lived and died:
I think my head is rather small . . .
I sometimes wonder if it all
Will ever go inside.*

and Charmaine answered, "Oh, yes!" smiling. Lady Cravenstowe smiled, pleased to see that her protégée had overcome her shyness.

"Such a sweet child!" she remarked to her sister-in-law and hostess, as Charmaine's next partner led her away. "I don't think I have ever seen anything lovelier than those straight black brows above those glorious violet eyes. And her hair!"

"Yes, a great beauty!" agreed Mrs. Granard. "She will probably make her mark. Are you presenting her?"

"Not this season. It is too late. But I shall do my best to manage it next," answered Lady Cravenstowe.

"I expect she will be married long before then," said Mrs. Granard. "She is such an ingénue. Someone is sure to get her."

"Not just anyone," said Lady Cravenstowe with determination. "I shall see to that."

Mrs. Granard laughed. "You seem to have adopted her. Where are her people?"

"They don't count," replied Lady Cravenstowe. "And I am going to see fair play."

It would have comforted Charmaine to have heard those words, for she was in very nearly a panic when Basil Conister came to her for their next dance.

It was a dark recess to which he took her and further screened from observation by a huge flowering plant that trailed drooping boughs laden with white blossom in front of the velvet settee which occupied the nook.

"Think this'll do?" he asked cheerily. "I've been hunting for a suitable corner ever since I left you, and this is the best I can find."

He followed and sat beside her, and in a moment her agitation reached him. He stretched out a quiet hand and gently took one of hers.

"You are shivering," he said. "What is it? Getting tired?"

"No, I'm not really tired," she said, "but it's nice to sit down. Haven't you been dancing at all?"

"I couldn't," he said. "I'm only an extra, luckily. There are lots of other men. I wasn't expected to turn up."

"Why couldn't you?" asked Charmaine still clinging in a kind of desperation to his sustaining hand. "Don't you like dancing?"

"I like dancing with you," he said.

A twinge of self-reproach went through her. "I meant to have saved ever so many more for you," she said. "But they went so fast—almost

when I wasn't looking."

"Never mind!" he said. "It can't be helped. It isn't your fault that everybody wants you. It's difficult to say no, isn't it?"

"Oh, very!" she said, with a sigh.

He turned quietly toward her. "You know I do want you, don't you, Charmaine?" he said.

Her hand leapt in his. It had come.

For a second or two she sat beside him quite silent, almost rigid. Then, with a piteous, childlike movement of appeal she bowed her head upon his arm, hiding her face. "Oh, don't!" she whispered. "Don't!"

He bent over her so that she could feel his breath upon her neck; but he did not attempt to hold her.

"Mustn't I?" he said. "Is it so much too soon? I shouldn't have spoken now, only I've got to go away, and I couldn't bear the thought of losing you. I'll wait any length of time if you can only give me a little hope. Can't you, Charmaine? Can't you?"

"I'm not nearly good enough," she told him haltingly. "Not nearly, not nearly!"

"My dear!" he cried. "You!"

I'M NOT!" she declared with growing vehemence because of the tender mockery with which he received the declaration. "You don't know. I'll tell you—if I can."

"You needn't tell me anything like that," he said.

"I must—I must!" Charmaine replied. "I couldn't possibly bear it if I didn't. It wouldn't be fair or right. Oh, it's very difficult," she murmured piteously. "But—but I'll try and tell you. You see, I'm not wanted at home, and I've got to marry if I possibly can and get a home somewhere else."

She choked back a sob that caught her unawares. The humiliation of telling him seemed to crush her completely. But yet not to have told him would have been unendurable.

She was in fact on the verge of running away and leaving him when he moved, drew his hand away and gathered her bodily into his arms. "That means that you are mine then, doesn't it?" he said.

"Oh, does it?" said Charmaine, yielding to him between dismay and relief. "I didn't think it would."

"Well, it does," he told her very gently. "It means that we need each other, little sweetheart, and if you don't love me yet, it's up to me to teach you."

"Oh, but I do!" she said impulsively, slipping her arms round his neck like a child. "I do love you. You're the kindest man I've ever met."

He held her tenderly, even reverently. "Thank you for that, Charmaine," he said. "I'll always be kind to you. That I solemnly swear. Will that make you happy?"

"Of course it will!" she whispered into his ear. "But you—are you sure you'll be happy with me?"

"I should be the happiest man alive at this moment," he said, "if you were brave enough to kiss me."

"Oh, must I?" cried Charmaine.

HE PUT up his hand and pressed her head gently to his shoulder. "No, darling," he said. "There is no 'must' about it. There never will be between you and me, remember that always! I love you, and I shall never want you to do anything against your will. You mustn't be afraid of me, Charmaine. I want your love, only your love, as you are able to give it."

"I do love you," she said again, half-awed and half-comforted by the gravity of his speech. "I wish I were better, more like all the rest."

"The moment I saw you the other day, my fairy queen kneeling over the flowers to kiss them, I knew that unless I could get you for my very own I should never be happy again. You didn't feel like that, I know. But anyhow you liked me, didn't you? You weren't afraid of me—after the first, were you?"

Nestled there in his arms, Charmaine felt nearer to peace and safety than ever before. "I shouldn't have liked anyone else to ask me," she told him shyly.

"That's the best thing you've said to me yet. It almost sounds as if you have made up your mind to marry me. Have you?"

"If you're sure you want me to," said Charmaine, pressing her face closer into his shoulder.

"I would marry you tomorrow if I could," he said. "Why can't you?" Charmaine asked.

He stirred. His hand sought her hidden face. "Do you really mean that?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," said Charmaine, beginning to tremble again. "No one else could ask me then."

"No one else will ask you now," he said, tenderly over-coming her faint resistance and turning her head back upon his arm. Don't be afraid, little sweetheart! You are mine and no one is going to take you away."

[Continued in OCTOBER McCALL'S]

"it is natural for me... a skin specialist... to be an advocate of yeast"...

At the famous Hospital of St. Louis, in Paris, is Dr. Paul Gastou.

A brilliant dermatologist, honored by medical societies throughout the world. What he says is a reflection of the highest opinion in his field.

The unhealthy complexion, like poor digestion, bad breath, headaches, "nerves," is usually a symptom of faulty elimination—of food wastes held too long in the body.

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DR. PAUL GASTOU OF PARIS

Well-known dermatologist; Chief of the General Laboratory of the Hospitals of the Right Bank of the Seine; former Chief of Clinic of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. He has performed important medical missions for his government in Serbia, Algeria, Western Africa and the Soudan. He says:

"That great skin specialist, Brocq, demonstrated the value of yeast in skin troubles. So it is natural for me to be an advocate of yeast. Yeast cleanses the intestine and checks the poisons. It is useful alike for the girl who wants to avoid pimples and for the man with an overworked digestive system."

Long hours in a plane... a sluggish system... complexion troubles set in"

"I am training for an endurance flight," writes Edna Campbell Ferguson, only woman member of The Sunrise Flying Club of Oceanside, Long Island. "The long hours in a plane made my system sluggish, and this brought on complexion troubles... The wife of a doctor friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. It corrected my sluggishness, cleared my skin and renewed my energy."



(At Left) Miss Ferguson snapped just as she touched the ground after parachute jump



(Left)

EDWARD AND MARY SCHNEIDER of St. Louis, Mo. Their mother writes: "Our physician has prescribed yeast for myself and all four children—for Mary, for Edward whenever he has a cold, and for my other two sons, one of whom used it for boils and the other, now the healthiest of all, built himself up with it from a mere skeleton."

EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can drink pleasantly. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. For free booklet write Health Research Dept. F-68, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.



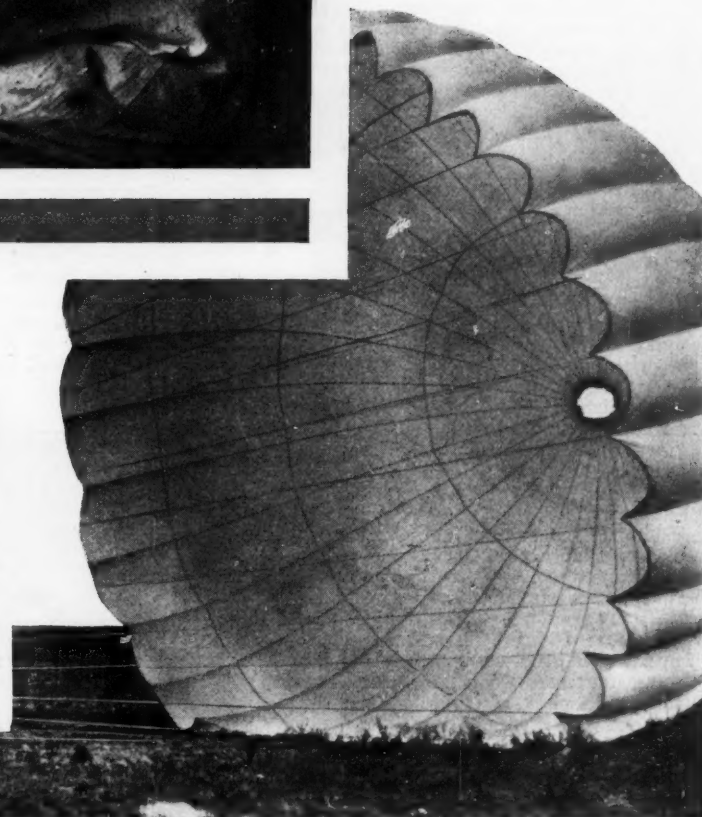
©1929 F. Co.

(Right)

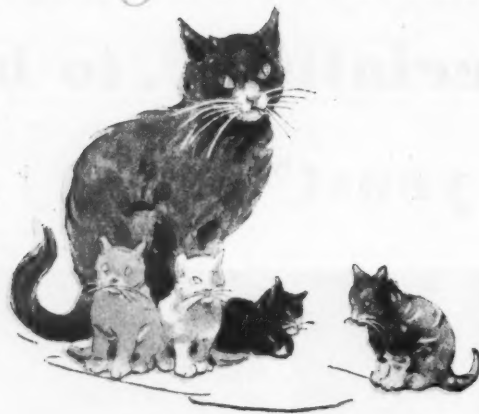
"MY SWIMMING EXPERIENCES began when I was eight," writes Frank E. Wilk of Cleveland. "When I should have been in school I was off with the crowd, paddling around in a muddy creek."

"Later I took up football, baseball and boxing. One year I was runner-up for the city diving championship."

"During my heavy athletic training I broke out with pimples and painful boils. My trainer, who has had a lifetime of experience, gave me Fleischmann's Yeast. I was soon completely rid of both pimples and boils."



A Page For Children



A Cat That Was Different

By Oren Brock

Illustrated by GERTRUDE A. KAY



THE summer Michael was nine years old he went with his mother and father to spend a few weeks by the sea. He learned to fish and swim and to dig for clams with

the men and to do lots of other seaside things. But best of all he liked fishing for lobsters with old Samuel James. Samuel James looked like all the fishermen in the world rolled into one. He was fat and round, with a curly gray beard. His arms and face were burned by the sun and wind until he was the color of Michael's leather sandals. He wore very high rubber boots, old faded blue overalls and a ragged straw hat which shaded his nice blue eyes from the sun.

Samuel James owned a large row boat and a number of lobster pots. One evening he let Michael go out with him to bring in the lobsters. Michael was so quiet and sat so still that Samuel James decided he was no bother at all and that he could go along the next night too. Or any time he wanted to go.

But the next night there was another passenger waiting round for Samuel James and his evening trip out to the lobster beds. This other passenger was Matilda, the gray cat who lived at the Inn.

Michael had known cats ever since he was a very little boy. He had a cat at home. His cousins and the neighbors had cats and there were three at his grandmother's house. But Matilda was the first cat he had even seen who went out in a boat. Matilda would walk along the stone sea wall in the evening when the fishermen were sitting there casting their lines into the water as the tide came in. She would step daintily around the biggest puddles splashed up on the stones by the waves, but she didn't seem to mind getting her feet wet. If the spray made her gray coat all wet, she went right on visiting the fishermen. Some of them gave her little pieces of bait and the very generous ones would slip her a little minnow or a piece of crawfish, when she purred and rubbed against them.

Matilda liked Michael too. She sought him out at the Inn because he rubbed her head and would run the back of his hand slowly and gently along her whiskers pressing them back against her face. So when he saw her coming down to Samuel James' boat Michael naturally supposed she was coming down to be with him.

"Go back, Matilda," he called. "Cats can't go lobster potting."

"Oh let her come," Samuel James said, looking up from the net he was mending. "She always likes fishing and the smell of the sea seems to make her happy."

So when Samuel James and Michael stepped into the row boat, Matilda sprang up on the edge and then down into the boat. She didn't snuggle down in the bottom on the nets but sat up on the stern seat in the end of the boat with Michael. She looked far out to sea. She raised her head and gazed up at the little new moon rising in the west.

That night Samuel James caught more

lobsters than he had ever caught and he told Michael that Matilda must have brought luck.

Soon everybody around the beach knew that Michael and Matilda were lobster fishermen too and that Samuel James never went out after his catch without his two friends.

One evening when it was time for Michael to go in Samuel James' boat, Matilda could not be found. He called her. Then he went back to the Inn and looked everywhere for her. But there was no Matilda. So they had to start without her.

For some reason Samuel James did not catch many lobsters that night and the next night and the next. Every night before starting out in the boat he and Michael looked everywhere for Matilda and called her. But for eight nights Matilda could not be found and for eight nights they had to go out without their little cat friend. But on the ninth



night just as Michael was ready to step in the boat they heard a familiar little meow. There on the sand and a few feet away was Matilda with a little furry bundle at her feet.

Matilda reached down and gathered the little furry bundle into her mouth. She marched, her tail standing as straight as a flag pole, right over to the boat and hopped in. Then she laid her bundle down on the stern seat. It was a little striped baby kitten. Three times she made a trip back to the Inn, each time bringing a baby cat to the boat. At the end of the third trip she stayed in the boat bending over her babies and washing their faces with her pink tongue.

"Well, is that all of our family?" asked Samuel James.

"Meow," said Matilda.

"Are we all going fishing?" asked Michael in surprise.

"We are," said Samuel James "and the more luck to us!"

So in Michael got and in got Samuel James. And off went the row boat with the old fisherman, the happy boy and the proudest cat that ever went to sea.

Cats are not all alike, mused Michael half to himself and half aloud to Samuel James. Some like cushions and saucers of cream. But some like old, wet, smelly fishing boats rowing out against the tide with Samuel James . . . and me.

These suds *last* because they're *rich*

That is why they loosen
all the dirt *so easily*



Dishes in a third less time—Chipso's rich, lasting suds speed up dishwashing. While you dry glass and silver let Chipso suds *soak* food-traces from your china. Then, while you dry the china, they will tackle the pots and pans! Easier! And this method saves your hands.



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